



A NEW VARIORUM EDITION

OF

SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

*As You Like It*

[ELEVENTH IMPRESSION]

PHILADELPHIA

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IN MEMORIAM

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## PREFACE

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ALL needful information in regard to the scope and design of this Edition may be found on p. 439 of the *Appendix*

The Text is that of the FIRST FOLIO, as accurately reproduced as a comparison almost letter by letter can make it.

There are many passages in SHAKESPEARE whereon it is desirable to have notes demanding no profundity of antiquarian research or archæological knowledge on the part of the annotator, but requiring solely keenness of intellect with clearness of thought or of expression. On such passages there cannot be, speaking for myself, too many notes nor too much discussion, provided only that we are fortunate enough to conjure into the circle such minds as DR JOHNSON'S, or COLERIDGE'S, HAZLITT'S, CAMPBELL'S, CHRISTOPHER NORTH'S, MRS JAMESON'S, or CHARLES LAMB'S; or can summon to our aid the traditions of GARRICK, or of KEAN, or of MRS SIDDONS, or listen to MRS KEMBLE or to LADY MARTIN. Indeed, the professions of 'love' and 'admiration' for SHAKESPEARE from those who can turn aside from such nights and feasts of the gods are of doubtful sincerity

At the same time, to be perfectly fair, it must be confessed that we read our SHAKESPEARE in varying moods. Hours there are, and they come to all of us, when we want no voice, charm it never so wisely, to break in upon SHAKESPEARE'S own words. If there be obscurity, we rather like it, if the meaning be veiled, we prefer it veiled. Let the words flow on in their own sweet cadence, lulling our senses, charming our ears, and let all sharp quilllets cease. When AMIENS'S gentle voice sings of the winter wind that its 'tooth is not so keen because it is not seen,' who of us ever dreams, until wearisome commentators gather mumbling around, that there is in the line the faintest flaw in 'logical sequence'? But this idle, receptive mood does not last for ever. The time comes when we would fain catch every ray of light

flashing from these immortal plays, and pluck the heart out of every mystery there; then, *then*, we listen respectfully and gratefully to every suggestion, every passing thought, which obscure passages have stirred and awakened in minds far finer than our own. Then it is that we welcome every aid which notes can supply and find, too, a zest in tracing the history of Shakespearian Comment from the condescending, patronising tone of the early critics toward the 'old bard,' with Warburton's cries of 'rank nonsense,' to the reverential tone of the present day.

It has been a source of entertainment, in this present play of *As You Like It*, to note, what I think has been but seldom noted, the varied interpretations which the character of JACQUES has received. With the sole exception of HAMLET, I can recall no character in SHAKESPEARE of whom the judgements are as diverse as of this 'old gentleman,' as AUDREY calls him. Were he really possessed of all the qualities attributed to him by his critics, we should behold a man both misanthropic and genial, sensual and refined, depraved and elevated, cynical and liberal, selfish and generous, and finally, as though to make him still more like HAMLET, we should see in him the clearly marked symptoms of incipient insanity. Indeed, so mysterious and so attractive is this character that, outside of England at least, JACQUES has often received a larger share of attention than even ROSALIND. So completely did he fascinate GEORGE SAND that in her version of the play for the French stage JACQUES is the guiding spirit of the whole drama, and is represented, by her, as so madly in love with CELIA that in a fit of jealousy he is only with difficulty restrained from fighting a duel with ORLANDO, and the curtain falls on the prettiest of ring-times between him and his adoration.

If all degrees of surprise had not been, for me, long ago exhausted concerning SHAKESPEARE, not alone at the poet himself, but at every circumstance howsoever connected with him, I should be inclined to wonder that the students of Anthropology, instead of adopting various standards, such as Facial Angles, Craniological Measurements, and the like, had not incontinently adopted one of SHAKESPEARE's comedies as the supreme and final test in determining nationality, at least as between the Gallic, the Teutonic, and the Anglosaxon races. I suggest a comedy as the test rather than a tragedy, because in what is tragic the whole world thinks pretty much alike; a fount of tears is

In every human breast, and the cry of pain is sure to follow a wound  
We are all of us like BARHAM's Catherine of Cleves, who

— didn't mind death, but she couldn't stand pinching

it makes no difference whether the unshunnable outcry is in French, or German, or English, the key-note is the same in all. But in Comedy it is far different. We may all cry, but we do not all laugh and when we laugh, we are by no means all tickled by the same straw. And it is just here wherein the difference of nationality or race consists. THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, in the short but good *Preface* to his translation of *Münchhausen*, has admirably explained the cause of this difference. 'Le génie des peuples,' he says, 'se révèle surtout dans la plaisanterie. Comme les œuvres sérieuses chez toutes les nations ont pour but la recherche du beau qui est un de sa nature, elles se ressemblent nécessairement davantage, et portent moins nettement imprimé le cachet de l'individualité ethnographique. Le comique, au contraire, consistant dans une déviation plus ou moins accentuée du modèle idéal, offre une multiplicité singulière de ressources ; car il y a mille façons de ne pas se conformer à l'archétype.'

The 'beaded bubbles winking at the brim' of English wit may, therefore, be to German eyes merely insipid froth to be lightly blown aside.

Hence it is that such a sparkling comedy as this of *As You Like It* may be made to yield the test I have spoken of. It is through and through an English comedy, on English soil, in English air, beneath English oaks ; and it will be loved and admired, cherished and appreciated, by English men as long as an English word is uttered by an English tongue. Nowhere else on the habitable globe could its scene have been laid but in England, nowhere else but in Sherwood Forest has the golden age, in popular belief, revisited the earth, and there alone of all the earth a merry band could, and did, fleet the time carelessly. England is the home of *As You Like It*, with all its visions of the Forest of Arden and heavenly ROSALIND, but let it remain there ; never let it cross 'the narrow seas.' No Forest of Arden, 'rocking on its towery top, all throats that gurgle sweet,' is to be found in the length and breadth of Germany or France, and without a Forest of Arden there can be no ROSALIND. No glimpses of a golden age do German legends afford, and time, of old in Germany, was fleetcd carelessly only by 'bands of gypsies.' Such a life as ROSALIND led in the Forest, which all English-speaking folk accept without a

thought of incongruity, is to the German mind wellnigh incomprehensible, and refuge is taken, by some of the most eminent Germans, in explanations of the 'Pastoral drama,' with its 'sentimental unrealities' and 'contrasts,' or of SHAKESPEARE'S intentional 'disregard of dramatic use and wont,' &c. &c. ROSALIND ceases to be the one central figure of the play, her wit and jests lose all prosperity in German ears, and Germans consequently turn to JAQUES and to TOUCHSTONE as the final causes of the comedy and as the leading characters of the play. The consequence is that this almost flawless chrysolite of a comedy, glittering with ROSALIND'S brightness and reflecting sermons from stones and glowing with the good in everything, becomes, as seen through some German eyes, the almost sombre background for SHAKESPEARE'S display of folly; nay, one distinguished German critic goes so far as to consider the professional Fool as the most rational character of all the *Dramatis Personæ*. Indeed, it is to be feared that of some of the German criticisms on this comedy it may be truthfully said, that were the names of the characters omitted to which these critics refer, it would be almost impossible to discover or to recognise which one of all SHAKESPEARE'S plays is just then subjected to analysis; so difficult is it for an alien mind to appreciate this comedy of *As You Like It*.

Stress has been laid in these later days on the Chronological Order in which SHAKESPEARE wrote his plays, and attempts have been made to connect their tragic or their comic tone with the outward circumstances of SHAKESPEARE'S own life; it has been assumed that, in general, he wrote tragedies when clouds and darkness overshadowed him, and comedies when his outer life was full of sunshine.

For my part. I believe that SHAKESPEARE wrote his plays, like the conscientious playwright that he was, to fill the theatre and make money for his fellow-actors and for himself; and I confess to absolute scepticism in reference to the belief that in these dramas SHAKESPEARE'S self can be discovered (except on the broadest lines), or that either his outer or his inner life is to any discoverable degree reflected in his plays: it is because SHAKESPEARE is *not* there that the characters are so perfect,—the smallest dash of the author's self would mar to that extent the truth of the character, and make of it a mask.

But assuming, for the nonce, that this belief of recent days is well grounded, and that from the tone of his dramas we may infer the experiences of his life, I cannot but think that it is an error to infer

from his tragedies that his life was certainly sad, or that because his life was sad we have his tragedies. Surely, it was not then, when his daily life was overcast with gloom, and he was 'troubling deaf Heaven with his bootless cries,' that he would turn from real to write fictitious tragedies. Do we assuage real tears with feigned ones? From an outer world of bitter sorrow SHAKESPEARE would surely retreat to an inner, unreal world of his own creation where all was fair and serene; behind that veil the stormy misery of life could be transmuted into joyous calm. *If*, therefore, this belief of recent days be true, it was, possibly, from a life over which sorrow and depression brooded that there sprang this jocund comedy of *As You Like It*.

The extracts from KREYSSIG, who, of all German commentators, seems to have best caught the spirit of this play, have been translated for me by my Father, the REV DR FURNESS, to whom it is again my high privilege and unspeakable pleasure to record my deep and abiding thanks.

H. H. F

*February, 1890.*





## *Dramatis Personæ.*

*DUKE* of Burgundy.

Frederick, *Brother to the Duke, and Usurper of his Dukedom.*

Amiens, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his*  
Jaques, } *Banishment.*

5

*Dramatis Personæ*] First given by Rowe (ed. i) and substantially followed by all Editors. In Rowe (ed. ii), after the names Corin and Sylvius, there is added '*A Clown, in love with Audrey*,' and '*William, another Clown, in love with Audrey*.' Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton followed Rowe (ed. ii). Capell added '*a Person presenting Hymen*.'

5. *Jaques*] The pronunciation of this name has never been decisively determined. A discussion in regard to it arose in the pages of *The Athenæum* for the 31st of July, the 14th and 21st of August, and the 4th of September, 1880; by some of the participants it was held to be a monosyllable, and by the others a disyllable. The discussion ended, as literary journalistic discussions generally end, in leaving the disputants, as far as the public can judge, more firmly convinced than ever of the soundness of the views with which they started. For the monosyllabic pronunciation no authority was cited, merely personal preference was alleged. For the disyllabic pronunciation the requirements of metre were urged when the occurrence of the name in the middle of a verse shows that pronunciation to be indispensable, as in II, i, 29: 'The mel | ancho | ly Ja | ques grieves | at that,' and possibly in V, iv, 199: 'Stay, Ja | ques, stay.' I have discussed in a note on II, i, 29, all the instances where the name occurs metrically in Shakespeare, and beg to refer the student to that note, which supplements the present. In *The Athenæum* for the 20th of May, 1882, H. BARTON BAKER gives of this disyllabic pronunciation four examples from Greene's *Friar Bacon*, five from his *James IV*, one from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, another from his *Solitman and Perseda*, and two from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Noble Gentleman*. The value of this list, for our present purpose, is impaired by the fact that none of these characters is supposed to be English, and in each case, therefore, '*Jaques*' may possibly have received a foreign pronunciation.

On the other hand, HALLIWELL says 'the name of this character was pronounced *jakes*.' And FRENCH (p. 317) tells us that 'the name of the melancholy Lord Jaques belongs to Warwickshire, where it is pronounced as one syllable; "Thomas Jakes of Womersh," was on the List of Gentry of the Shire, 12 Henry VI, 1433. At the surrender of the Abbey of Kenilworth, 26 Henry VIII, 1535, the Abbot was Simon Jakes, who had the large pension of 100*l. per annum* granted to him. There are still some respectable families of the name in the neighborhood of Stratford; John Jaques and Joseph Jaques reside at Alderminster; Mrs Sarah Jaques at Newbold-on-Stour; and families of the name are living at Pillerton and Easington (1867).' The

Le Beau, <i>A Courtier attending on Frederick.</i>	6
Oliver, <i>Eldest Son to Sir Rowland de Boys, who had formerly been a Servant of the Duke.</i>	
Jaques, } <i>Younger Brothers to Oliver.</i>	9
Orlando, }	

evidence which French adduces is sufficient, I think, to show that the name as a monosyllable was well known in Shakespeare's day. If more be needed in proof of this monosyllabic pronunciation it is settled beyond a peradventure by the coarse, unsavory anecdote with which Harington begins his *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596 (p. 17 of Singer's Reprint), which need not be repeated here; Halliwell's word and mine may be taken for the fact. Assuming, then, this monosyllabic pronunciation, I think it is not impossible to reconcile it with the passages where the metre demands two syllables by supposing that, like many other words, such as *commandment* (see II, vii, 115 *post*), *England*, *children* and the like, there can be, when needed, the sub-audition of an extra syllable. The fact that *Jaques* was an old Warwickshire name takes it out of the rule which applies to foreign names, like *Parolles*. To me the evidence is conclusive that it was in general pronounced as a monosyllable, *Jakes*, and, when metre required it, there was, I believe, the suggestion of a faint, unemphatic second syllable.

Having thus discerned the right, let us be human and the wrong pursue. The name *Jakes* is so harsh, and so indissolubly associated with the old time 'Bowery boys,' that surely the fervent hope may be pardoned that the name *Jaques* will never be pronounced other than *Jaq-wes*.—ED.

6. *Le Beau*] This is the uniform spelling in the Folio, except in the Stage direction, I, ii, 88, which reads *Enter le Beau*.

7. *Rowland de Boys*] FRENCH (p. 316): It is very probable that Shakespeare took the name of his knight from an old but extinct family of great note in Leicestershire and Warwickshire, whose memory was long preserved in the latter county, Sir Ernald or Arnold de Boys, Arnold being easily transposed to Roland, and thence we have Orlando. The manor of *Weston-in-Arden* was held by Sir Ernald de Boys, *temp.* Edw. I, paying yearly to the Earl of Leicester 'one hound called a Brache, and seven pence in money for all services.' There were four generations in succession of the lords of the manor of *Weston-in-Arden*, each of whom is called Sir Ernald de Bosco, or de Boys.

9. *Jaques*] To avoid confusion with the 'melancholy Jaques,' WIELAND changed this to *Jakob*. LE TOURNEUR adopted *James* in his *Dramatis Personæ*, but by the time the Fifth Act was reached he had forgotten the substitution, and *Jaques*, not *James*, enters on the scene. It was Wieland, I am afraid, who started the custom in Germany, which has survived, I am sorry to say, even to the present hour, of translating, and of changing at will, the names of Shakespeare's characters. The infection spread even to that most admirable translator, François-Victor Hugo. Scarcely a play of Shakespeare's can be read in German wherein names with which we are all familiar from our childhood are not distorted and disguised beyond recognition, and however often they may occur in reading it is always an effort to recall the original. Who of us, however at home he may be in German, can recognize at first sight *Frau Hurlig*? or *Schaal* and *Stille*, or those two associates lost to everlasting redemption under the disguise of *Holzapfel* and *Schleerwein*? Perhaps it may be urged that these

Adam, an old Servant of Sir Rowland de Boys, now following the Fortunes of Orlando.	10
Dennis. Servant to Oliver.	
Charles, A Wrestler, and Servant to the Usurping Duke Frederick.	
Touchstone, a Clown attending on Celia and Rosalind.	
Corin, } Sylvius, } <i>Shepherds.</i>	15
William, a Clown, in Love with Audrey.	
Sir Oliver Mar-text, a Country Curate.	17

names, in that they have a meaning, ought to be translated, and there might be some justice in the plea if that meaning were always a key to the character. But it is rarely so. The names are simply those of the lower orders, and to bear, originally, a meaning is characteristic of all such names, the meaning, however, had long before ceased to have any special connection with the present owner of the name. In the play before us, in the translation of Dr Alexander Schmidt and in that of Herwegh, the two most recent translators and among the very best, mention is made of *Hannchen Freundlich*; who would recognise under this disguise Touchstone's *Jane Smile*? Touchstone himself figures as *Probstein*, and Audrey is *Käthchen*; and they come near to be married by *Ehren Olivarius Textdreher*. Perhaps we should be grateful that we are not called upon to read the tragedy of '*Dörfschen*, Prince of Denmark.' Would our German brothers relish the retaliation which should speak with delight of *Glitter's* 'Song of the Bell,' or of the tragedy of 'Faust and *Peggie*,' or, better still, '*Fist and Peg*'? If this be wellnigh sacrilege, let them be gently reminded that our Shakespeare names have become a part of the language of our hearths and homes, and can be no more translated or changed than can the meaning at this late day be extracted from the Aztec name, *America*, and our country be referred to as *The Hills* —Ed.

17. Sir Oliver] JOHNSON: He that has taken his first degree at the University is in the academical style called *Dominus*, and in common language was heretofore termed *Sir*. This was not always a word of contempt; the graduates assumed it in their own writings; so Trevisa, the historian, writes himself *Syr* John de Trevisa. CRITICAL REVIEW (Dec. 1765, p. 409): Had Mr Johnson been more of an anti-quarian, he would have been a much better editor of Shakespeare. He would then have known that this is no academical, but a pontifical style. The popes, not to be behindhand with our kings before the Reformation, arrogated to themselves a power of knighthood, both in England and Scotland; and the honour was sold by their legates or agents to churchmen who could pay for it, which great numbers did in both kingdoms. STEEVENS: We find the same title bestowed on many divines in our old comedies. NICHOLS: A clergyman, who hath not been educated at the universities, is still distinguished in some parts of North Wales by the appellation of *Sir*. Hence the Sir Hugh Evans in the *Merry Wives* is not a Welsh knight who hath taken orders, but only a Welsh clergyman without any regular degree from either of the universities. WRIGHT: The corresponding Latin '*Dominus*' still exists in the Cambridge Tripos lists in its abbreviated form D<sup>s</sup>.

Rosalind, <i>Daughter to the Duke.</i>	18
Celia, <i>Daughter to Frederick.</i>	
Phoebe, <i>a Shepherdess.</i>	20
Audrey, <i>a Country Wench.</i>	

*Lords belonging to the two Dukes, with Pages,  
Foresters, and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE lyes first near Oliver's House, and after-  
wards partly in the Duke's Court, and partly in  
the Forest of Arden.* 25

17. Mar-text] NEIL (p. 45): Martext was perhaps employed during the Marprelate controversy as a satirical designation for one who could not be expected to give such expositions of Scripture as more learned vicars were able to do, with a *soupçon* of puritanical reference to 'blind leaders of the blind.'

18. Rosalind] FLETCHER (p. 200): Few readers may now be aware that *Rosalinda* is, in truth, a Spanish name,—the adjective *lindo* or *linda* having no complete synonym in English, but expressing beauty in the most exalted, combined with the ordinary sense,—meaning, in short, *exquisitely graceful, beautiful, and sweet*. The analogy will at once be seen which the image of the graceful rose bears to the exquisite spirit of Rosalind, no less than to her buoyant figure in all its blooming charms.

21. Audrey] HALLIWELL: 'Audry, Sax., it seemeth to be the same with Etheldred, for the first foundresse of Ely church is so called in Latine histories, but by the people of those parts, S. Audry.'—Camden's *Remaines*, ed. 1629, p. 77. The name was occasionally used in Warwickshire in the time of Shakespeare. 'Anno 1603, the ix.th of May, Thomas Poole, and Audry Gibbes, were married.'—*Parish Register of Aston Cantlowe*. Awdrev Turfe is one of the characters in Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*

# As you Like it.

## *Actus primus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Orlando and Adam.*

*Orlando.*



S I remember *Adam*, it was vpon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poore a thousand Crownes, and as thou faist, charged my brother on his bleffing to breed mee well : and

5

Scena] Scena F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
An orchard. Rowe. Oliver's House.  
Pope. Oliver's Orchard. Theob. Orchard of Oliver's House. Cap.  
3. *fashion*] *my father* Warb. Han.  
Cap. *fashion*. He Mal. Var. Coll. ii,  
Ktly. *fashion* ;— Wh. *fashion*,—

Dyce i, Sta *fashion*,—he Dyce iii  
Huds.  
4. *me by*] *me*. By Johns. *me* : B<sub>3</sub>  
Steev.  
*poore a*] *a poore* F<sub>2</sub>. *a poor* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
Rowe +, Cap. Var. Steev. Coll. Sing.  
Hal.  
5. *Crowmes*] *Crowns* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

As you Like it] TIECK, in Schlegel's translation (vol. iv, p. 308) suggests that the title of this play, which may have been, he thinks, originally different, was adopted by Shakespeare as a playful answer either to Ben Jonson's boastfulness in the Epilogue to *Cynthia's Revels*, or else to his contempt for his audience expressed in the Induction to *Every Man Out of his Humour*. In the former, the Epilogue himself, at a loss to know how to characterise the play, bursts forth in the last line with, 'By — 'tis good, and if you like 't you may;' and in the latter, Asper, the poet, before he leaves the stage to take his part as an actor in the performance, says: 'Now I go To turn an actor, and a humorist, Where, ere I do resume my present person, We hope to make the circles of your eyes Flow with distilled laughter: if we fail, We must impute it to this only chance, Art hath an enemy call'd ignorance.' Whereto, according to Tieck, Shakespeare gives answer in the title to this play: 'As you like it, or, just as you please, it is a Comedy. Not in itself, but just as you, the spectators, choose to pronounce it by your approval.' 'This reference to Ben Jonson,' continues Tieck, 'can be discerned throughout the whole play by the attentive reader who is familiar with the times and with the works of the rival dramatists.' There seems to be no foundation for Tieck's surmise; he overlooked the date of *Cynthia's Revels*, which was first issued in 1601; and in *Every Man Out of his Humour*, Jonson in a foot-note expressly disclaims any specific allusions either to the author, that is, to himself, or to the actors. LLOYD, in Singer's edition, thinks that this title was given in the same spirit of idleness that pervades and informs so many of the scenes; 'it seems to

Enter Orlando and Adam.

reply carelessly to such a question as "How shall we entitle it?" asked by men who are fleeing the time after the fashion of the golden world. "Laud it as you like it," it seems to say, or "as you like it allow it," and this is the tenour of the epilogue of Rosalind, "I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of the play as pleases you," and so with little more strenuousness of exhortation it is left to its fate, that could not be other than a kind one.' In the 'Epistle Dedicatorie To the Gentlemen Readers,' Lodge, referring to his Novel, says: 'If you like it, so.' This phrase HALLIWELL surmises may have suggested to Shakespeare the title to the play; and WRIGHT thinks 'it can scarcely be doubted' that it is so. Even if we have to yield assent, as I suppose we must, surely a little fretting and fuming may be pardoned over this filching, as it were, from Shakespeare of the originality of this title. At any rate, the words were changed in the transfer, and *As You Like It* has a charm which to *If You Like It* is denied—a charm which Shakespeare infused into all the titles of his plays, affording therein a notable contrast to all his contemporaries.

Furthermore, HALLIWELL says: 'Braithwait, however, in his *Barnaby's Journal* speaks of *as you like it* as a proverbial motto, and this seems more likely to imply the true explanation of the title of Shakespeare's play. The title of the comedy may, on this supposition, be exactly paralleled with that of *Much Ado about Nothing*. The proverbial title of the play implies that freedom of thought and indifference to censure which characterizes the sayings and doings of most of the actors in this comedy of human nature in a forest.' It is well to remember that *Barnaby's Journal* was not printed until 1648-50; in it 'drunken Barnaby' finds the shop where 'Officina juncta Baccho Juvenilem fere tobacco "Uti libet," tunc signata, Quæ impressio nunc mutata, "Uti fiet," nota certa Quæ delineatur charta.' Which is thus translated: 'A shop neighboring near Iacco, Where Young vends his old tobacco: "As you Like it;" sometime sealed, Which impression's since repealed: "As you make it;" he will have it, And in chart and font engrave it.'—p. 57, ed. 1805.—ED.

3. The abruptness of this opening sentence, and the need of a nominative to be understood before 'charged' have occasioned some discussion, and several emendations. Warburton pronounces the whole sentence as it stands 'confused and obscure.' But the 'very small alteration in the reading and pointing' which he is about to give will 'set all right.' It is this:—'As I remember, Adam, it was upon this *my father* bequeathed me; &c. 'The grammar,' continues Warburton, 'is now rectified and the sense also; which is this: Orlando and Adam were discoursing together on the cause why the younger brother had but a thousand crowns left him. They agree upon it; and Orlando opens the scene in this manner—"As I remember, it was upon this, *i. e.* for the reason we have been talking of, that my father left me but a thousand crowns; however, to make amends for this scanty provision, he charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well." This emendation CAPELL adopted with unwonted alacrity, and asserted (*Notes*, i, 54) that there never was one more certain; seeing that 'it is pointed out and confirm'd by the context in so plain a manner as to need no enforcing: The words "upon this" relate (probably) to some over-spirited action of Orlando's first youth, that displeas'd his father, and occasion'd the bequest that is spoken of, and the injunction concerning his breeding: a hint of it was proper; more than a hint had been injudicious, as being foreign to the business in hand.' 'There is,' says JOHNSON, 'nothing but a point misplaced and an omission of a word which every hearer can supply, and which therefore an abrupt and eager dialogue naturally excludes. I read thus: "As I remember, Adam, it was on this fashion bequeathed

[this fashion bequeathed . . . charged]

me. By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well." What is there in this difficult or obscure? The nominative *my father* is certainly left out, but so left out that the auditor inserts it, in spite of himself.' Sir WILLIAM BLACKSTONE pronounced Dr Johnson's reading 'awkward English,' and preferred to read thus: 'As I remember, Adam, it was in this fashion.—*He* bequeathed me by will," &c. Orlando and Adam enter abruptly in the midst of a conversation on this topic; and Orlando is correcting some misapprehension of the other. As *I* remember, says he, it was thus. He left me a thousand crowns; and, as *thou sayest*, charged my brother,' &c. This same reading of Blackstone was also proposed by RITSON (p. 57) with, however, a different punctuation:—'it was on this fashion he bequeathed me by will,' &c. 'From the near resemblance,' says HEATH, p. 143, 'between "fashion" and *father*, it seems extremely probable that this last word was the word omitted, which led in consequence to the omission also of the possessive *my*. Read, therefore, "As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion; my father bequeathed me," &c.' CALDECOTT is satisfied with what he terms 'the following easy and natural interpretation: "It was upon this fashion bequeathed me by [my father in his] will, &c., and, as thou say'st [it was, or he there] charged my brother,"' &c. 'But it is not a question of interpretation; on that score the passage is perfectly plain, it is simply a question of grammatical construction; as LETTSOM says (ap. Dyce, ed. iii) from the use of 'it was' before 'bequeathed' and 'charged,' it is impossible to say whether these two words are aorists or past participles; if they are past participles we have no antecedent for the 'his' in 'his blessing'; if they are aorists a nominative is lacking to either the one or the other. DYCE (ed. iii) says that as 'fashion' is the last word of the line, he has little doubt that 'he' was omitted by a mistake of the compositor, wherein the present editor agrees with him, especially when it is remembered how easy would have been the omission if 'he' were expressed, as it often is, by the single letter, 'a.' At the same time, it is not to be forgotten that the nominative is sometimes omitted where it can be readily supplied from the context, as here.—See *Ham.* II, ii, 67; *Mer. of Ven.* I, i, 102, or Abbott, § 399.—ED.

4. *poore a*] CALDECOTT (and Dyce, ed. ii, cites the passage presumably with approval): *A* is *one*, a number. Suppose then the bequest had been two or five or ten, you see how insufferable would be this expression, 'ten *poor* thousand crowns.' But further—'a thousand crowns' are words of the Will, which the speaker quotes; and thereby makes them, as 'twere, a substantive to his adjective 'poor.' Cf. *Ant. & Cleop.* V, ii, 236: 'What poor an instrument May do a noble deed.' [There is, however, no necessity for explaining the construction as a quotation from the Will. WORDSWORTH (p. 12) points out a similar use in the Bible of the indefinite article prefixed to plural substantives. Thus in] Luke ix, 28, we read, 'It came to pass about an eight days after these sayings,' where the expression 'an eight days' has been retained from Tyndale's trans. in 1534. In like manner, in the Apocryphal Book, 1 Macc. iv, 15: 'There were slain of them upon a three thousand men.' WRIGHT and ROLFE apparently regard 'poor' as a simple adjective, and the present case as an instance of the common transposition of the article, and refer to Abbott, § 422; but Abbott himself refers this passage to § 85, and considers 'poor' as used adverbially; which is perhaps a little strained. To me the simplest explanation would be to consider it as a transposition not of the article but of the adjective, for the sake of greater emphasis, which is, after all, practically the same as Wright's and Rolfe's explanation.—ED



there begins my fadness : My brother *Iaques* he keepses 7  
 at schoole, and report speakes goldenly of his profit :  
 for my part, he keepses me rustically at home, or (to speak  
 more properly) staies me heere at home vnkept : for call 10  
 you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that dif-  
 fers not from the stalling of an Oxe? his horses are bred  
 better, for besides that they are faire with their feeding,  
 they are taught their mannage, and to that end Riders  
 deerely hir'd : but I (his brother) gaine nothing vnder 15

7. *fadness* :] *sadness*. Pope et seq.

10. *staies*] *stays* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *stays* F<sub>4</sub>.  
*stys* Warb. Sing.

7. *Iaques*] Apart from the fact that in the introduction of this character here and at the close of the story Shakespeare merely follows Lodge, there may be found, I think, an additional reason for it in the dramatic needs of the Fifth Act. In that Act it is needful that we should at once see how the changed fortune of the Senior Duke affects also the fortunes of Oliver and Orlando; and this connection in fortune is instantly suggested to us by seeing in Jaques, the messenger of good tidings, a brother of the two men in whom we are most interested. That the name Jaques was not only given to this character, but retained after the introduction of another and more prominent Jaques, is a proof either of haste (as Wright ingeniously suggests, and wherein I agree) or of careless indifference. But the character itself, a third brother, whatsoever his name, was retained, I believe, to meet the requirements of the close of the drama. Perhaps, too, it was to meet those same requirements that, in the tender treatment of a younger brother by Oliver, and in the latter's capacity to discern the fine traits in Orlando's character, we are to detect the elements of a better nature in Oliver, a soul of goodness in things evil, which will need but the refining influence of Celia's love to work a satisfactory reformation of his character, and thus go far to obliterate, or at least to soften, in this charming play 'the one smirch' therein, which Swinburne finds in the marriage of Celia and Oliver.—ED.

8. *schoole*] There was apparently no distinction drawn between a School and a University. Hamlet went to 'school' in Wittenberg.

10. *staies*] *WARBURTON*, whose *cacoethes meliorandi* was, of a truth, *insanabile*, here proposed to substitute *sties*, and, with more assurance than logic, asserts that the emendation is confirmed by the subsequent allusion to 'stalling of an ox.' Even Dr JOHNSON was overcome, and pronounced *sties* not only better, but more likely to be Shakespeare's word. MASON (p. 80) cogently observes that 'if *sties* had been the original reading the subsequent comparison would have been taken from hogs, not from oxen.' DYCE in his first edition pronounced Warburton's emendation 'very probable,' and asserted that there was 'not the slightest force in the objection urged against it by Mason,'—a note which Dyce withdrew in his third edition. There is no emphasis here, I think, on the word 'stays'; any emphasis on this word would in fact impair the antithesis between 'keep' and 'unkept,' which is meant to be of the strongest.—ED.

14. *mannage*] This good English translation (whereof see many examples in Schmidt s. v.) is now, I think, quite lost, and we have returned to its French original, *manège*.—ED.

him but growth, for the which his Animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I : besides this nothing that he so plentifully giues me, the something that nature gaue mee, his countenance seemes to take from me : hee lets mee feede with his Hindes, barres mee the

19 *countenance*] *discountenance* Warb.  
Han.

20. *Hindes*] *hinds* F<sub>4</sub>.

19. *countenance*] WARBURTON reads *discountenance*; JOHNSON pronounces the change needless, 'a countenance is either good or bad;' and here it means, says CAPELL, 'an evil countenance.' CALDECOTT interprets it, 'the mode of his carriage towards me,' which DYCE cites with approval. WRIGHT gives its meaning as 'favour, regard, patronage,' and SCHMIDT as 'appearance, deportment.' It is not difficult to paraphrase it on these lines, so as to meet the requirements of an expression which we all of us almost instinctively understand at once. And yet I cannot but think that WALKER has here detected a refinement of meaning which has been hitherto unobserved. He asks (*Crit.* iii, 59): 'Does not "his countenance" here mean *his entertainment of me, the style of living which he allows me?* Selden's *Table Talk*, art. *Fines*: "The old law was, that when a man was fined he was to be fined *salvo contememento*, so as his countenance might be safe, taking *countenance* in the same sense as your countryman does, when he says, If you will come unto my house I will show you the best countenance I can; that is, not the best face, but the best entertainment. The meaning of the law was, that so much should be taken from a man, such a gobbet sliced off, that yet notwithstanding he might live in the same rank and condition he lived in before; but now they fine men ten times more than they are worth." Such, I think, is the meaning of the word in Chaucer, *Perseus Tale*, *Remedium Luxurie*: "This maner of women, that obseruen chastitee, must be clement in herte as well as in body and in thought, and mesurable in clothing and in *contenance*, abstinent in eting and in drinking, in speking and in dede," &c. Spenser, *Shepherds Calender*, *Ægl.* v [l. 81, ed. Grosart]: "But shepherds (as Algrind used to say) Mought not live ylike, as men of the lay: With them it fits to care for their heire, Enaunter ther heritage doe impaire; They must provide for meanes of maintenaunce, And to continue their wont countenaunce." So understand, *Faerie Queene*, Bk. v, cant. ix [l. 239, ed. Grosart]: "Then was there brought as prisoner to the barre, A Ladie of great countenance and place, But that she it with foul abuse did marre;" &c.' Walker also cites an example from Ford, but it is not perfectly clear to me that in this case the meaning is the same; Dog, a Familiar devil, in *The Witch of Edmonton*, says to Cuddy Banks (p. 263, ed. Dyce): 'Nor will I serve for such a silly soul: I am for greatness now, corrupted greatness; There I'll shug in, and get a noble countenance;' &c.—ED.

19. *seemes*] CAPELL thinks that 'we have here another example of that singular usage of the common verb "seem" which is so conspicuous in *Macb.* I, ii, 46: 'so should he look That seems to speak things strange, and *Ib.* I, v, 27: 'Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem To have thee crown'd withal;' 'in both of which it comprehends the idea of desire or intention; so here "seems to take from me" means —seems as if it wished to take from me.' I think this is slightly over-refined. Give to 'seem' its common meaning of *appear*, and is not then the *wish* or the *will* implied?—ED.

place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my  
gentility with my education. This is it *Adam* that  
grieues me, and the spirit of my Father, which I thinke  
is within mee, begins to mutinie against this feruitude.  
I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wife  
remedy how to auoid it. 25

*Enter Oliuer.*

*Adam.* Yonder comes my Master, your brother.

*Orlan.* Goe a-part *Adam*, and thou shalt heare how  
he will shake me vp. 30

*Oli.* Now Sir, what make you heere?

*Orl.* Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

*Oli.* What mar you then fir?

*Orl.* Marry fir, I am helping you to mar that which  
God made, a poore vnworthy brother of yours with  
idleneffe. 35

*Oliuer.* Marry fir be better employed, and be naught  
a while. 38

27. Scene II. Pope +.

Enter...] After line 30, Coll. et seq.

29. *a-part*] *apart* Fl.

30. *Adam* retires. Dyce, Coll. ii.

31. *heere*?] *heere*? F<sub>2</sub>. *here*; F<sub>3</sub>.

*here*? F<sub>4</sub>.

33, 34. *mar*] *marre* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub>.

37. *be naught*] *do aught* Han. *be*  
*nought* Warb. Johns. Cap.

20. *Hindes*] SKEAT (*Dict.* s. v.): A peasant. The *d* is excrement. Anglosaxon *htina*, a domestic; but the word is unauthenticated as a nom. sing., and is rather to be considered a gen. pl.; so that *htina* really stands for *htina man* = a man of the domestics. [I have heard an Irish farmer in this country constantly use the word when referring to farm-labourers.—ED.]

20. *barres*] ABBOTT, § 198: Verbs of ablation, such as *bar*, *banish*, *forbid*, often omit the preposition before the place or inanimate object. Thus, 'We'll *bar* thee from succession.'—*Wint. T.* IV, iv, 440, or 'Of succession'—*Cymb.* III, iii, 102, becomes 'Bars me the place,' [in the present instance], and also in *Mer. of Ven.* II, i, 20.

21. *mines*] WRIGHT: Undermines the gentleness of my birth, and so destroys it.

31. *make*] STEEVENS: That is, What do you here? So, in *Ham.* I, ii, 164. CALDECOTT: We find the same play upon the word between the King and Costard in *Love's Lab. L.* IV, iii, 190.

34. *Marry*] WRIGHT: An exclamation from the name of the Virgin Mary, used as an oath. Here it keeps up a poor pun upon 'mar.'

37, 38. *be naught a while*] WARBURTON, after a fling at Theobald, says that this is a North-country proverbial curse equivalent to a *mischief on you*. So, Skelton [*Agaynst A Comely Coystroume*, l. 62] 'Correct fyrst thy self; walk, and be nought! Deme what thou lyst, tho knowyst not my thought.' 'Or rather,' says CAPELL, 'Be harg'd to you! for that is now the phrase with the vulgar.' STEEVENS pronounced Warbur-

*Orlan.* Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskes with them? what prodigall portion haue I spent, that I should 40  
come to such penury?

*Oli.* Know you where you are fir?

*Orl.* O fir, very well: heere in your Orchard.

*Oli.* Know you before whom fir?

*Orl.* I, better then him I am before knowes mee: I 45

44. *whom*] *home* F<sub>3</sub>

45. *I, better*] *Ay, better* Rowe.

45. *then*] *than* F<sub>4</sub>.

45. *him*] *he* Pope+, Cap. Steev. Coll

Sing, Clke, Ktly, Huds.

ton's explanation 'far-fetched,' and said that the words meant 'no more than this: "Be content to be a cypher, till I shall think fit to elevate you in consequence." It was certainly a proverbial saying, and is found in *The Stories of King Darius*, 1565: "Come away, and be nought awhile, Or surely I will you both defyle." JOHNSON, until he had learned the meaning from Warburton, supposed the phrase to mean: 'It is better to do mischief than to do nothing.' WHITER affirms that the meaning is manifestly: '*Retire,—begone*, or as we now say in a kind of quaint, colloquial language, *make yourself scarce,—vanish,—vote yourself an evanescent quantity*.' GIFFORD, in a note on Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* (p. 421, where the phrase 'be curst awhile' occurs), lashes, of course, Steevens and Malone ('from Mr Whiter,' he sighs, 'better things might be expected'), and then states that 'the explanation of Warburton is as correct as it is obvious, and may be proved "by witnesses more than my pack will hold." It will be sufficient to call two or three: "Peace and be naught! I think the woman be phrensic"—*Tale of a Tub* [II, i, p. 160]; "If I stir a foot hang me; you shall come together yourselves, and be naught"—*Green's Tu Quoque* [p. 206, ed. Hazlitt]. It is too much, perhaps,' he continues, 'to say that the words "an hour," "awhile," are pure expletives, but it is sufficiently apparent that they have no perceptible influence on the exclamations to which they are subjoined. To conclude, *be naught, hang'd, curst*, &c. with, or without *an hour, a while*, wherever found, bear invariably one and the same meaning; they are, in short, petty and familiar maledictions, and cannot be better rendered than in the words of Warburton—a plague, or a mischief on you!' DYCE (*Remarks*, p. 60): Since the origin of verbal criticism, nothing more satisfactory has been written than the copious note of Gifford. . . . The first part of Warburton's note is wrong; the expression was certainly not confined to the 'North country.'

40. *prodigall portion*] This may be a case of prolepsis; that is, 'what portion have I prodigally spent;' thus also 'the gentle condition of blood' in line 46, 'the condition of gentle blood,' or as in 'two weak evils, age and hunger,' II, vii, 138, and elsewhere. Schmidt's *Lexicon* (p. 1420) gives many instances. Or, since the allusion is so clear to the Parable, it might be possibly the genitive of apposition, and equivalent to 'what prodigal's portion have I spent;' in this case the two words should be joined by a hyphen.—ED.

45. *him*] For other examples of where 'him' is put for *he*, by attraction to *whom* understood, see ABBOTT, § 208. Here the 'whom' precedes so closely that it might be almost termed a case of attraction through proximity.

45, &c. The emphasis here is, I think: '*I* know you are my eldest brother, &c.,

know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle con- 46  
 dition of blood you should know me: the courtesie of  
 nations allows you my better, in that you are the first  
 borne, but the same tradition takes not away my blood,  
 were there twenty brothers betwixt vs: I have as much 50  
 of my father in me, as you, albeit I confesse your com-  
 ming before me is nearer to his reverence.

*Oli.* What Boy. (this.

*Orl.* Come, come elder brother, you are too young in 54

47. *me.*] *me.* Johns.

50. *vs.*] *us.* Pope.

51. *me, as you,*] *me; as you, F.* *me,*  
*as you; F.* Rowe et seq.

51, 52. *your...reverence.*] *you coming*  
*before me are nearer to his revenue* Han.

53. *Boy.*] *boy,*— Cap.

53. menacing him with his hand.

Johns. strikes at him. Wh. ii.

54. collaring him. Johns. takes him  
 by the throat. Wh. ii.

and you should so know me.' "So" is here,' says Allen, 'equivalent to accordingly, in pursuance of the same obligation: if I am to know you as a brother (the eldest), you are bound to know me as a brother (the youngest).' According to WORDSWORTH (p. 36), 'know' is used here in the biblical sense of *acknowledge*.

52. *reverence*] WARBURTON: That is, The 'reverence' due to my father is, in some degree, derived to you as the first-born. But I am persuaded that Orlando did not here mean to compliment his brother or condemn himself; something of both which there is in that sense. I rather think he intended a satirical reflection on his brother, who by letting him feed with his hinds treated him as one not so nearly related to old Sir Robert [*sic*] as himself was. I imagine, therefore, Shakespeare might write: Albeit your coming before me is nearer his *revenue*, i. e. though you are no nearer in blood, yet it must be owned, indeed, you are nearer in estate. CAPELL highly approved of this emendation, and added that 'Oliver's taking fire as he does, which gives occasion to his brother to collar him, was caused by something in the tail of this speech that gave him offence; and this he could not find in the submissive word "reverence."' WHITER: Orlando uses the word in an ironical sense, and means to say that his 'brother by coming before him is nearer to a respectable and venerable elder of a family.' The phrase *His reverence* is still thus ironically applied, though with somewhat of a different meaning, and we frequently use the expression *your worship*, both with a grave and ludicrous signification nearly in the same manner. This sense will account for the anger of Oliver, and for the words which they mutually retort upon each other respecting their *ages* in the next two lines. It is extremely curious that Shakespeare has caught many words, and even turns of expression, belonging to the novel from which the play is taken; though he has applied them in a mode generally different and often very remote from the original. This has certainly taken place in the present instance, and the passage which contains it will likewise supply us with another example. Rosader or Orlando is introduced making his reflections on the indignities which he had suffered from his brother Saladine or Oliver. 'As he was thus ruminating his melancholy passions, in came Saladine with his men, and seeing his brother in a brown study and to forget his wonted *reverence*, thought to *shake* him out of his dumps.' Orlando says in

*Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine?

55

*Orl.* I am no villaine: I am the yongest sonne of Sir Rowland de Boys, he was my father, and he is thrice a villaine that faies such a father begot villaines: wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had puld out thy tongue for faying so, thou hast raild on thy selfe.

60

*Adam.* Sweet Masters bee patient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.

*Oli.* Let me goe I fay.

*Orl.* I will not till I please: you shall heare mee: my father charg'd you in his will to giue me good education: you haue train'd me like a pezzant, obfcuring and

65

67

57. Boys] Rowe+, Cap. Mal. Cam. Rife, Wh. ii. Boyes Ff. *Bois* Steev. et cet.

60. *puld*] *pull'd* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

61. *fo*] *fo*; F<sub>4</sub>. *so*. (shaking him) Coll. ii.

62. Adam.] Adam (coming forward) Coll. Dyce, Sta.

62. *Masters*] *Master* Ff, Rowe.

67. *me*] *me up* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe+. *pezzant*] *peasant* F<sub>4</sub>.

Shakespeare: 'Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will *shake* me up.' [It is evidently the irony in the tone, whatever the word, which inflames Oliver; as Whiter shows, that word may well be 'reverence.'—ED.]

53. Boy] COLERIDGE (p. 7): There is a beauty here. The word 'boy' naturally provokes and awakens in Orlando the sense of his manly powers; and with the retort of 'elder brother,' he grasps him with firm hands and makes him feel he is no boy.

54. STAUNTON: The obscurity in this line is at once cleared up by a passage in the original story: 'Though I am *eldest* by birth, yet, never having attempted any deeds of arms, I am *youngest* to perform any martial exploits.' Stung by the sarcastic allusion to his *reverence*, Oliver attempts to strike his brother, who seizes him, observing at the same time, 'You are *too young* at this game of manly prowess; in this, I am the elder.' NEIL: This play upon words has more in it than meets the ear. 'Elder' not only means 'one born before another,' but also the name of the plant *Sambucus*, the elder-tree or alder-tree, the *pith* of which is large, light, and little worth. Hence the Host calls Dr Caius contemptuously 'my heart of elder'—*Merry Wives*, II, iii, 3—as equal to 'faint-hearted one.' There was also a tradition 'Judas was hanged on an elder'—(*Love's Lab. L.*, V, ii, 610), and from this it became suggestive of treachery and deceit. The phrase therefore signifies, 'My faint-hearted, deceitful first-born brother, you are too young (you give me a title betokening rather fewer years than I have attained to) in this epithet "boy!"' [The action here is so distinctly set forth that stage directions, and some editors have inserted them, are wholly superfluous, if not intrusive.—ED.]

55. *villaine*] JOHNSON: This word is used by Oliver in its present meaning for a worthless, wicked, or bloody man; by Orlando in its original signification, for a fellow of base extraction.

67, 68. *obscuring . . . qualities*] ALLEN (MS): 'Qualities' is equivalent to *qual*

hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities : the spirit 68  
 of my father growes strong in mee, and I will no longer  
 endure it : therefore allow me such exercises as may be- 70  
 come a gentleman , or giue mee the poore allottery my  
 father left me by testament, with that I will goe buy my  
 fortunes.

*Oli.* And what wilt thou do ? beg when that is spent ?  
 Well fir , get you in . I will not long be troubled with 75  
 you : you shall haue some part of your will , I pray you  
 leaue me.

*Orl.* I will no further offend you , then becomes mee  
 for my good.

*Oli.* Get you with him, you olde dogge. 80

*Adam.* Is old dogge my reward : most true , I haue  
 lost my teeth in your seruice : God be with my olde ma-  
 ster, he would not haue spoke such a word. *Ex. Orl. Ad.*

*Oli.* Is it euen so, begin you to grow vpon me ? I will 84

68. *from me*] *me from* Pope, Han.

iii.

74. *do ? beg*] *do—beg ?*—Dyce iii.

83. Scene III. Pope +.

79. *good.*] *good.* (releasing him) Coll.

84. *so,*] *so ?* Rowe.

*ifications.* Perhaps: obscuring (*ἀπαρτίζων*) [*in me*] my own gentlemanlike qualities, and hiding *from* me those, which I might see and imitate, from *without* (*i. e.* in the persons of others). Cf. *1 Hen VI*: V, i, 22, 'You have suborn'd this man Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.' *Hen. V*: I, i, 63, 'And so the Prince obscured his contemplation Under the veil of wildness.'

74, 75. *thou . . . you*] Throughout this quarrel between the brothers, and throughout the subsequent conference between Oliver and Charles, it is worth while to observe, and to appreciate if we can, the use of 'thou' and 'you,' which appears, at first sight, to be almost indiscriminate. Skeat's admirable and general rule, given in his *Preface to William of Palerne*, p. xlii, and cited in this edition at *Oth.* II, ii, 275, and at *Mer. of Ven.* I, ii, 35, should be borne in mind: 'Thou is the language of a lord to a servant, of an equal to an equal, and expresses also companionship, love, permission, defiance, scorn, threatening; whilst *ye* is the language of a servant to a lord, and of compliment, and further expresses honour, submission, entreaty.' Abbott, § 235, says that in almost all cases some change of thought or some influence of euphony may be detected which will prove sufficient to account for a change of pronoun; and furthermore (§ 232), when the appellative 'sir' is used even in anger, *thou* generally gives place to *you*. It is well worth while to ponder the varying shades of emotion thus indicated here.—ED.

76. *will*] Is there not a contemptuous emphasis on this word, which may bear a double meaning, in its reference to their father's Will which Orlando had invoked? In a modern text, I think, it might well be printed with quotation-marks.—ED.

84. *grow*] COLLIER (ed. i): This is probably right, in reference to the 'rankness' mentioned in the next line; but it has been suggested to me, that possibly Shakespeare

phyficke your ranckeneffe, and yet giue no thoufand crownes nēyther : holla *Dennis*. 85

*Enter Dennis.*

*Den.* Calls your worfhip

*Oli.* Was not *Charles* the Dukes Wraftler heere to fpeake with me? 90

*Den.* So please you, he is heere at the doore, and importūnes acceffe to you.

*Oli.* Call him in : 'twill be a good way : and to morrow the wraftling is.

*Enter Charles.* 95

*Cha.* Good morrow to your worfhip.

*Oli.* Good Mounfier *Charles* : what's the new newes at the new Court? 98

89. *Wraftler*] *Wraftle F.* *Wrestler*  
Rowe.

93. Exit *Dennis*. Johns. et seq.

wrote, '*growl* upon me,' following up the simile of the 'old dog,' which Oliver had just applied to Adam. [It is scarcely worth while to do more than to record this emendation, which Halliwell has adequately estimated by remarking that *growl* would refer to Adam, whereas this speech clearly refers to Orlando. WRIGHT interprets 'grow upon' by *encroach*, and cites *Jul. Cas.* II, i, 107: 'Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises, Which is a great way growing on the south.' HALLIWELL paraphrases: 'to increase in disobedience to my authority.' I think it means simply that Oliver is beginning to find out that Orlando is growing too big on his hands to be treated any longer like a boy. NEIL, however, asserts that 'grow' is 'a provincialism for swell, become sulky, murmur, repine.'—ED.]

85. *ranckenesse*] WRIGHT: Luxuriant growth, exuberance; hence, insolence.

89. *Wrastler*] The pronunciation, as indicated by this spelling, is still general among the common people in this country, as will at once occur to all who have read—and who has not?—Bret Harte's 'Luck of Roaring Camp.'—ED.

97. Good] In one of Walker's excellent articles, which he rather infelicitously names 'Omission by Absorption,' it is suggested (*Crit.* ii, 263) that the text here should be 'Good *morrow*, monsieur Charles; &c. I think there can be no doubt of it. The *morrow*, however, was not 'absorbed,' but omitted altogether; the compositor's eye was misled by the 'morrow' directly above in the preceding line.—ED.

97. *Charles*:] CAPELL (*Notes*, 55) says that the true punctuation here is a note of admiration, and then 'the force of the speech, duly pronounced, will be: "Ah, good monsieur Charles! are you here?—Well, what's the," &c.'

98. *new Court*] I mistrust this 'new.' If Oliver was aware that there was a 'new' court, Charles's information that the old duke had been banished (which fact had created the 'new court') would have been quite superfluous, and he would scarcely have referred to this banishment as 'old news.' Moreover, in repeating a question he who is questioned naturally repeats the very words. Charles's failure, in the text, to do this when he repeats Oliver's question, not only casts an additional



*Charles.* There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the  
 olde newes: that is, the old Duke is banished by his yonger brother the new Duke, and three or foure louing  
 Lords haue put themfelues into voluntary exile with  
 him, whose lands and reuenues enrich the new Duke,  
 therefore he giues them good leaue to wander. 100

*Oli.* Can you tell if *Rosalind* the Dukes daughter bee  
 banished with her Father? 105

*Cha.* O no; for the Dukes daughter her Cofen so  
 loues her, being euer from their Cradles bred together,  
 that hee would haue followed her exile, or haue died to  
 stay behind her; she is at the Court, and no lesse beloued  
 of her Vncle, then his owne daughter, and neuer two La-  
 dies loued as they doe. 110

*Oli.* Where will the old Duke liue?

*Cha.* They say hee is already in the Forrest of *Arden*, 114

102. *into*] *into* a F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe.

103. *reuenues*] *veuenues* F<sub>4</sub>.

105. *Dukes*] *old Duke's* Han. Johns.  
 Coll. iii.

107. *Dukes*] *new Duke's* Han. Warb.  
 Johns. Cap. Coll. iii.

109. *hee*] *he* F<sub>2</sub>, *she* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub> et seq.  
*her*] *their* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe.

suspicion on 'new,' as I think, but also suggested to Lettsom (ap. Dyce, ed. iii) to ask: 'Ought we not to read, There's no *new* news, &c.?'—ED.

105, 107. *Dukes*] Hanmer's emendation (see Text. Notes), which is also found in Collier's (MS), met with Johnson's approval as 'necessary to the perspicuity of the dialogue,' and Dyce also considered it 'highly probable that Shakespeare so wrote. But in Malone's opinion the change is 'unnecessary; the ambiguous use of the word "duke" in these passages is much in Shakespeare's manner.' Heath, also, disapproved of the change, 'which could proceed only from an itch of emendation. The words which follow, "her cousin," sufficiently distinguish the person intended.' Unquestionably, Hanmer's emendation makes the passage clearer, but, I think, any editor now-a-days would be 'temerarious' who should adopt it.—ED.

109. *hee*] A misprint easily detected.

109, 110. *to stay*] That is, in staying behind her. See II, vii, 182; III, v, 66; V, ii, 103; also, for this indefinite use of the infinitive, ABBOTT, § 356, and Shakespeare *passim*.

114. *Forrest of Arden*] MALONE: *Ardenne* is a forest of considerable extent in French Flanders, lying near the Meuse and between Charlemont and Rocroy. It is mentioned by Spenser in his *Astrophel* [1596, line 93, ed. Grosart]: 'Into a forest wide, and waste he came Where store he heard to be of saluage pray. So wide a forest and so waste as this, Nor famous *Ardeyn*, nor fowle *Arlo* is.' But our author was furnished with the scene of his play by Lodge's Novel. [The foregoing passage from Spenser, Malone cited as from *Colin Clouts Come home againe*. The citations by the earlier editors have to be so frequently corrected that I never think it worth while to call attention to the trifling and venial misprints, which nevertheless do seem

## [114. Forrest of Arden]

to have a mission when, as in the present case, they mislead subsequent editors, who, having 'conveyed' without acknowledgement the learning of their predecessors, stand betrayed by the adoption of errors. In the present instance there is abundant excuse for Malone. The running title of *Astrophel* is, as Grosart has pointed out, through a printer's error, *Colin Clouts Come home againe*.—ED.] KNIGHT: Nothing can more truly show how immeasurably superior was the art of Shakespeare to the art of other poets than the comparison of Lodge's description [see Appendix] with the incidental scene-painting of *his* forest of Arden. It has been truly and beautifully said (*Edin. Rev.* vol. xxviii) of Shakespeare: 'All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together, and, instead of interfering, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets, but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth.' But there are critics of another cast, who object to Shakespeare's forest of Arden, situated, as they hold, 'between the rivers Meuse and Moselle.' They maintain that its geographical position ought to have been known by Shakespeare, and that he is consequently most vehemently to be reprehended for imagining that a palm-tree could flourish, and a lioness be starving, in French Flanders. We most heartily wish that the critics would allow poetry to have its own geography. We do *not* want to know that Bohemia has no sea-board; we do *not* wish to have the island of Sycorax defined on the map; we do *not* require that our forest of Arden should be the *Arduenna Sylva* of Cæsar and Tacitus, and that its rocks should be 'clay-slate, grauwacke-slate, grauwacke, conglomerate, quartz-rock and quartzose sandstone.' We are quite sure that Ariosto was thinking nothing of French Flanders when he described how 'two fountaines grew, Like in the tast, but in effects unlike, *Plac'd in Arden*, each in other's view: Who tastes the one, love's dart his heart doth strike; Contrary of the other doth ensw, Who drinke thereof, their lovers shall mislike' [i, st. 78, ed. 1634]. We are equally sure that Shakespeare *meant* to take his forest out of the region of the literal when he assigned to it a palm-tree and a lioness. Lady Morgan tells us, 'The forest of Ardennes smells of early English poetry. It has all the greenwood freshness of Shakespeare's scenes; and it is scarcely possible to feel the truth and beauty of his exquisite *As You Like It* without having loitered, as I have done, amidst its tangled glens and magnificent depths.' We must venture to think it was not necessary for Shakespeare to visit Ardennes to have described 'An old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age, And high top bald with dry antiquity;' and that, although his own Warwickshire Arden is now populous, and we no longer meet there 'a desert inaccessible,' there are fifty places in England where, with the *As You Like It* in hand, one might linger 'from noon to dewy eve,' and say, 'Ay, now am I in Arden.' FRANÇOIS-VICTOR HUGO (p. 54): Apercevez-vous au bout de cette clairière cette forêt profonde dont l'automne dore les cimes mélancoliques? C'est la forêt des Ardennes! Mais ne vous y trompez pas, ce n'est pas la forêt historique à travers laquelle la Meuse conduit à la dérive le touriste charmé. Vous ne trouverez dans ces halliers ni le manoir d'Herbeumont, ni le château-fort de Bouillon, ni la grotte de Saint-Remacle. La forêt où nous transporte le poète n'a pas d'itinéraire connu; aucune carte routière n'en fait mention, aucun géographe ne l'a défrichée.—C'est la forêt vierge de la Muse. Elle rassemble dans sa pépinière unique toutes les végétations connues: le sapin du Nord s'y croise avec le pin du Midi, le chêne y coudoie le cèdre, le houx s'y acclimaté à l'ombre du palmier. Dans ses taillis antédiluviens l'Arche a vidé toute sa ménagerie; le serpent de l'Inde rampe dans les hautes herbes qu'effleure le daim

## [114. Forrest of Arden]

effaré; le rugissement de la lionne y fait envoler un essaim de cerfs.—La la guerre et la vanité humaines n'ont jamais été admises à bâtir leurs demeures: là, ni palais ni forteresses. Tout au plus, sur la lisière du bois, quelque humble toit de chaume. [HALLIWELL notes Drayton's reference, in his Fifty-third *Idea*, to 'Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing, Amidst the dainty dew-impearled flowers,' and 'to "the rough woodlands" of Arden described in Poly-Olbion.' But this description in *Poly-Olbion* seems to me far more noteworthy than is the bare mention of the name as it occurs in the *Idea*; the mere name Arden is to be found in other *Ideas* as well as in the Fifty-third. The first hundred and fifty lines, more or less, of the *Thirteenth Song of Poly-Olbion* are devoted to a description of the Forest of Arden in Warwickshire, and on this description Drayton dwells with especial affection, apostrophising Warwickshire as his own 'native country which so brave spirits hast bred.' Is this a gentle nod of recognition to Shakespeare? The Song then goes on to say that of all the forests in Britain, this is the greatest, and that 'We equally partake with wood-land as with plain, Alike with hill and dale; and every day maintain The sundry kinds of beasts upon our copious wastes That men for profit breed, as well as those of chase.' Here all birds are to be found, the 'throstel, with shrill sharps,' 'the nightingale hard by,' 'the woosel near at hand, that hath a golden bill;' and here also are 'both sorts of season'd deer; Here walk the stately red, the freckled fallow there: The bucks and lusty stags amongst the rascals strew'd, As sometimes gallant spirits amongst the multitude.' A hunt is then described, horns are sounded and the hunters cheer, and 'being then imboss, the noble stately deer When he hath gotten ground (the kennel cast arrear) Doth beat the brooks and ponds for sweet refreshing soil,' until at last, 'oppress by force, He who the mourner is to his own dying corse, Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall.' But this is not all, everything which sorts with solitude is to be found here. The hermit here 'leads a sweet retired life,' 'From the lothsome airs of smoky-cited towns' 'Suppose twixt noon and night, the sun his halfway wrought,' 'the hermit comes out of his homely cell,' 'Who in the strength of youth, a man at arms hath been; Or one who of this world, the vileness having seen, Retires him from it quite; and with a constant mind Man's beastliness so loaths, that, flying human kind, The black and darksome nights, the bright and gladsome days, Indifferent are to him.' 'This man, that is alone a king in his desire, By no proud ignorant lord is basely over-aw'd;' 'nor of a pin he weighs What fools, abused kings, and humorous ladies raise.' 'Nor stirs it him to think on the imposter vile, Who seeming what he's not, doth sensually beguile The sottish purblind world; but, absolutely free, His happy time he spends the works of God to see.' I have given these extracts from Drayton, to which I am not aware that attention has ever been called, not only to show the deep impression on him which his friend Shakespeare's *As You Like It* had made, so that we seem to hear the very echo of the words of Jaques and of the Duke, but to show that to Drayton as well as to every listener at the play the 'Forest of Arden' was no forest in far-away France, but was the enchanted ground of their own home. That Shakespeare intended it to be so regarded, and meant to keep his audience at home, no matter in what foreign country soever the scene be laid, may be detected, I think, in the allusion to 'Robin Hood,' a name around which clustered all the romance of forest life. Let that name be once uttered as a key-note, and every charm of a life under the greenwood tree, be it in the forest of Sherwood or of Arden, is summoned up and the spell of the mighty magician begins.—Ed.]

and a many merry men with him ; and there they liue 115  
like the old *Robin Hood* of *England* : they fay many yong  
Gentlemen flocke to him euery day , and fleet the time  
carelesly as they did in the golden world.

*Ol.* What , you wrastle to morrow before the new 120  
Duke.

*Cha.* Marry doe I fir : and I came to acquaint you  
with a matter : I am giuen fir secretly to vnderstand, that  
your yonger brother *Orlando* hath a disposition to come  
in disguis'd against mee to try a fall : to morrow fir I  
wrastle for my credit , and hee that escapes me without 125  
some broken limbe, shall acquit him well : your brother  
is but young and tender, and for your loue I would bee  
loth to foyle him, as I must for my owne honour if hee 128

121. *came*] *come* F., Rowe, Pope, Han.

115. a many] For many other instances of the insertion of *a* before numeral adjectives, see ABBOTT, § 87

115, 116. and there . . . *England*] Schmidt, in his admirable revision of Schlegel's translation, thus translates this sentence: 'und da leben sie wie Zigeuner-volk.' Few examples could better illustrate than this how emphatically, how ineradicably, Shakespeare belongs to England, and how impossible it is to transplant him to any foreign soil. Surely never a foreigner lived who better mastered the language of Shakespeare than he to whom we all owe gratitude for the *Shakespeare-Lexicon*, and yet on his ears the name Robin Hood falls with a dull, unmeaning sound; and all that band of merry men, who 'in summer-time when leaves grow green, And flowers are fresh and gay,' with Will Scarlet and Little John fleeted the time carelessly,—all this band, the gods of every English-speaking boy's idolatry and summed up in the one name Robin Hood, is to the learned German merely 'a band of gypsies.'—ED.

117 fleet] WRIGHT notes this as 'an instance of Shakespeare's habit of forming verbs from adjectives,' and ROLFE says that it is only here used transitively by Shakespeare, though as 'an intransitive verb it occurs often.' [Way (*Prompt. Parv.* s. v. *Fletyn*) cites Harrison, who in his *Description of England*, says 'the Lime water . . . which commeth . . . from the hills, fleting upon rockie soil, so falleth into the sea.'—*Holinsh. Chron.* i, 58. Halliwell says that a vessel is said to fleet when the tide flows sufficiently to enable ner to move. Is it too fanciful to suppose that in the use of this word in this particular passage, where a gay, careless, happy life flows on from hour to hour without a ripple of annoyance, there was in Shakespeare's mind a dim association between this word to *fleet*, and the meaning to *float*, to *flow*?—ED.]

122. a matter] For other instances where 'a' is used for 'a certain' see Abbott, § 81.

126. shall] ABBOTT, § 315: That is, must, will have to. WRIGHT refers to V, i, 14. [See also II, iv, 92.]

come in : therefore out of my loue to you, I came hither  
to acquaint you withall, that either you might stay him 130  
from his intendment, or brooke such disgrace well as he  
shall runne into , in that it is a thing of his owne search,  
and altogether against my will.

*Oli.* Charles, I thanke thee for thy loue to me, which  
thou shalt finde I will most kindly requite : I had my 135  
felse notice of my Brothers purpose heerein, and haue by  
vnder-hand meanes laboured to disswade him from it ;  
but he is resolute. Ile tell thee *Charles*, it is the stubborn-  
nest yong fellow of France, full of ambition, an enuious  
emulator of euery mans good parts, a secret & villanous 140  
contriuier against mee his naturall brother : therefore vse  
thy discretion, I had as lief thou didst breake his necke  
as his finger. And thou wert best looke to't ; for if thou  
doest him any flight disgrace, or if hee doe not mightilie  
grace himselfe on thee, hee will practise against thee by 145  
poyson, entrap thee by some treacherous deuise, and ne-  
uer leaue thee till he hath tane thy life by some indirect  
meanes or other : for I assure thee, (and almost with  
teares I speake it) there is not one so young, and so vil-  
lanous this day liuing. I speake but brotherly of him, 150

137. *him*] *them* F.

138. *Ile*] *I F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>*, Rowe+

146. *entrap*] *to entrap* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe.

150. *liuing*.] *living*, Var. '21.

130. withall] ABBOTT, § 196: Sometimes *this* is understood after 'withal,' so that it means *with all this*, and is used adverbially: 'So glad of this as they, I cannot be, Who are surprised withal'—*Temp.* III, i, 93, *i. e.* surprised with, or at, this. Here, however, perhaps, and elsewhere certainly, *with* means *in addition to*, and 'with-all (this)' means *besides*; as in, 'I must have liberty withal,' II, vii, 51 [of this present play, and also in 'Marry, do, to make sport withal,' in I, ii, 26.] But [in the present line] there is no meaning of *besides* and 'withal' means *therewith, with it*.

138. *Ile tell thee*] The same phrase occurs in IV, i, 206; and Lettsom questions if it be not here a blunder for *I tell thee*. DYCE: It is not a blunder.

138. *it is*] The use of this impersonal phrase may be as various as the mood of man. Here, as WRIGHT points out, its import is contemptuous. In 'It is a pretty youth,' III, v, 118, there is a touch of coquettish familiarity.—ED.

141. *naturall*] HALLIWELL: This term did not formerly, as now, imply illegitimacy. '*Filius naturalis*, a natural or lawfully-begotten son.'—*Nomenclator*, 1585.

142. *breake his necke*] See the Tale of Gamelyn, in Appendix.

143. *thou wert best*] See ABBOTT, § 230, for this and other 'ungrammatical remnants of ancient usage.'

145. *practise*] DYCE: To use arts or stratagems, to plot.

but should I anathomize him to thee, as hee is, I must  
blush, and weepe, and thou must looke pale and  
wonder. 151

*Cha.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you : if hee  
come to morrow, Ile giue him his payment : if euer hee  
goe alone againe, Ile neuer wrastle for prize more : and  
fo God keepe your worship. 155 *Exit.*

Farewell good *Charles*. Now will I stirre this Game-  
ster : I hope I shall see an end of him ; for my soule (yet  
I know not why) hates nothing more then he : yet hee's  
gentle, neuer school'd, and yet learned, full of noble 160

151. *anathomize*] *anatomize* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

158. *Farewell*] Oli. *Farewell* Ff et

157. *Exit. Rowe.* After *Charles*, line seq.

158, Cap. Dyce, Cam. Wh. ii.

160. *he*] *him* Han. Johns.

153. wonder] MACDONALD (p. 126) : If any one wishes to see what variety of the same kind of thoughts Shakespeare could produce, let him examine the treatment of the same business in different plays ; as, for instance, the way in which the instigation to a crime is managed in *Macbeth*, where Macbeth tempts the two murderers to kill Banquo ; in *King John*, where the King tempts Hubert to kill Arthur ; in *The Tempest*, where Antonio tempts Sebastian to kill Alonso ; [the present passage cited] and in *Hamlet*, where Claudius urges Laertes to the murder of Hamlet.

158 et seq. COLERIDGE (p. 107) : This has always seemed to me one of the most un-Shakespearian speeches in all the genuine works of our poet ; yet I should be nothing surprised, and greatly pleased, to find it hereafter a fresh beauty, as has so often happened to me with other supposed defects of great men.—1810.

It is too venturous to charge a passage in Shakespeare with want of truth to Nature ; and yet at first sight this speech of Oliver's expresses truths which it seems almost impossible that any mind should so distinctly, so livelily, and so voluntarily have presented to itself, in connection with feelings and intentions so malignant, and so contrary to those which the qualities expressed would naturally have called forth. But I dare not say that this seeming unnaturalness is not in the nature of an abused wilfulness, when united with a strong intellect. In such characters there is sometimes a gloomy self-gratification in making the absoluteness of the will (*sic pro ratione voluntas*!) evident to themselves by setting the reason and the conscience in full array against it.—1818.

158. Gamester] STEEVENS : In the present instance and in some others, this does not mean a man viciously addicted to games of chance, but a frolicsome person. [The meaning is probably more specific here, and Caldecott is nearer right in defining it as 'disposed to try his fortune at this game.' In the story of *Faustina the Emperess* in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, gladiators are said to be 'a certaine sort of gamsters in Rome, which we terme to bee maisters of defence,' ii, p. 104, ed. Haslewood.—Ed.]

160. then he] See ABBOTT, § 206 et seq. for other instances of 'he' used for *him* ; 'she' for *her* ; 'thee' for *thou*, &c. And also I, ii, 17, 266.

161. gentle] Cf. 'gentle condition of blood,' *supra*.

161, 162. noble deuise] WRIGHT : That is, of noble conceptions and aims. In

deuife, of all forts enchantingly beloued, and indeed 162  
 fo much in the heart of the world, and especially of my  
 owne people, who beft know him, that I am altogether  
 mifprifed : but it fhall not be fo long, this wraftler fhall 165  
 cleare all : nothing remaines, but that I kindle the boy  
 thither, which now Ile goe about. *Exit.*

### *Scœna Secunda.*

*Enter Rosalind, and Cellia.*

*Cel.* I pray thee *Rosalind*, sweet my Coz, be merry. 2

Scœna Secunda.] Scene IV. Pope + .	before the Dukes Palace. Cap.
The Dukes Palace. Rowe. Open walk	1, 3. Cellia.] Celia Ff.
before the Dukes Palace. Theob. Lawn	2. my Coz] Coz Pope, Han.

a copy of F<sub>4</sub>, which formerly belonged to Steevens, he has marked these lines as descriptive of Shakespeare himself.

162. sorts] RITSON: In this place it means ranks and degrees of men.

162. enchantingly] CALDECOTT: That is, to a degree that could only be the supposed effect of a spell or *incantation*. WALKER (*Crit.* ii, 88) compares for the thought: 'such a holy witch That he enchants societies unto him; Half all men's hearts are his,' *Cymb.* I, vi, 166.

165. misprised] WRIGHT: Cotgrave gives 'Mespriser. To disesteeme, contemne, disdain, despise, neglect, make light of, set nought by.'

166. kindle] STEEVENS: Cf. *Mach.* I, iii, 121, 'enkindle you unto the crown.' NARES: To inflame, and thence to incite, to stimulate; that is, to inflame the mind.

1. Rosalind] MRS JAMESON (ii, 143): It is easy to seize on the prominent features in the mind of Beatrice, but extremely difficult to catch and fix the more fanciful graces of Rosalind. She is like a compound of essences, so volatile in their nature, and so exquisitely blended, that on any attempt to analyze them, they seem to escape us. To what else shall we compare her, all-enchanting as she is?—to the silvery summer clouds, which, even while we gaze on them, shift their hues and forms, dissolving into air, and light, and rainbow showers?—to the May-morning, flush with opening blossoms and the roseate dews, and 'charm of earliest birds'?—to some wild and beautiful melody, such as some shepherd-boy might pipe to 'Amarillis in the shade'?—to a mountain streamlet, now smooth as a mirror, in which the skies may glass themselves, and anon leaping and sparkling in the sunshine—or rather to the very sunshine itself? for so her genial spirit touches into life and beauty whatever it shines on! BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE (April, 1833, p. 547. *Qu.* Thomas Campbell?): But lo! One more delightful, more alluring, more fascinating, more enchanting, more captivating than Beatrice! In pure nature and sweet simplicity, more delightful is Rosalind; in courteous coquetry and quaint disguise, more alluring is Rosalind; in feeling, playing with fancy, and in fancy by feeling tempered, (ah! shall

*Ros.* Deere *Cellia*; I shew more mirth then I am mistressesse of, and would you yet were merrier: vnlesse you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learne mee how to remember any extraordinary pleasure. 3 5

*Cel.* Heerein I see thou lou'fst mee not with the full waight that I loue thee; if my Vncle thy banished father had banished thy Vncle the Duke my Father, so thou hadst beene still with mee, I could haue taught my loue to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth 10 12

4. *were*] *I were* Rowe ii et seq.

6. *any*] *my* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe i.

we call her serpent?) more fascinating is Rosalind; in sinless spells and gracious glamour, (what a witch!) more enchanting is Rosalind; and when to 'still musick' 'enters Hymen, leading her in woman's cloathes' and singing 'Then is there mirth in Heaven, When earthly things made even Atone together,' feelest thou not that more captivating is Rosalind—a snow-white lily with a wimple of dew, in bride-like joyance flowering in the forest! LADY MARTIN (p. 409): What the courtly Le Beau had so plainly seen to be the state of the Duke's mind was not likely to have escaped Rosalind's quick, sensitive nature. She feels the cloud of her uncle's displeasure hanging over her and ready to burst at any moment. She will not pain Celia with her forebodings, who is so far from surmising the truth that these first lines she speaks are a gentle reproach to Rosalind for her want of gayety. . . . It is obvious that Celia has no idea that Rosalind has fallen out of favour with the usurping Duke. . . . Rosalind will hide from Celia the trouble she sees looming for herself in the not far distance.

4. and would you yet were merrier] JOURDAIN (*Philol. Soc. Trans.* 1860-1, p. 143) proposes to allot these words to Celia, with an interrogation-mark after them. Although we can thus retain the text of the Folio and reject Rowe's emendation of '*I were*,' yet it is at the cost of an even greater change, without any corresponding improvement of the sense, as far as I can see. COLLIER suggests that the original text might be intelligible if we suppose Rosalind to express a wish that Celia were yet even merrier than she appeared to be, an explanation which HALLIWELL says obscures the chief point of Rosalind's speech. ALLEN thus paraphrases the text with Rowe's emendation: "the mirth which I already *show* is more than I *really feel*; and do you *still* (nevertheless) insist I shall be merrier?" Cf. for the transposition of "yet" line 165 *post*: "I come but in" for "I but come in." Rowe's emendation seems absolutely necessary.—ED.

6. *learne*] This use of 'learn' for *teach* (see Abbott, § 291) is still common throughout New England. WORDSWORTH calls attention to its use in the Prayer-Book version of Ps. xxv, 2: 'Lead me forth in thy truth, and learn me.'

10. *so*] ABBOTT, § 133: *So* is used with the future, and the subjunctive to denote *provided that*. The full construction is 'be it (if it be) *so that*.' 'Be it' is inserted in 'Be it so (that) she will not,' *Mid. N. D.* I, i, 39.

12. *so wouldst thou*] ALLEN (MS): That is, 'so wouldst thou [have taught *thy* love to take *my* father for thine].' We should *now* be obliged to write the *vice versa* out in full.



of thy loue to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine 13  
is to thee.

*Rof.* Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, 15  
to reioyce in yours.

*Cel.* You know my Father hath no childe, but I, nor  
none is like to haue; and truly when he dies, thou shalt  
be his heire; for what hee hath taken away from thy fa-  
ther perforce, I will render thee againe in affection: by 20  
mine honor I will, and when I breake that oath, let mee  
turne monster; therefore my sweet *Rose*, my deare *Rose*,  
be merry.

*Rof.* From henceforth I will Coz, and deuise sports:  
let me see, what thinke you of falling in Loue? 25

*Cel.* Marry I prethee doe, to make sport withall: but  
loue no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport ney-  
ther, then with safetie of a pure blush, thou maist in ho-  
nor come off againe.

*Rof.* What shall be our sport then? 30

*Cel.* Let vs fit and mocke the good housewife *For-*

17. *but I*] *but me* Han.

19. *heire*;] *heire*? Fl.

13. *so . . . as*] For other examples of *so* before *as*, which are not very common in Shakespeare, see Abbott, § 275.

17. *but I*] See I, i, 160; and line 266 *post*.

17, 18. *nor none*] For double negatives, see Abbott, § 406, and Shakespeare *passim*.

25. See Lodge's *Rosalynde*, Appendix.

26. *withall*] See I, i, 130.

28. *pure blush*] WRIGHT: A blush that has no shame in it. ALLEN paraphrases: thou may'st come off in (the possession of thy) *honor*, having *saved* (preserved) a *pure* blush.

31. *mocke . . . wheele*] JOHNSON: The wheel of Fortune is not the *wheel* of a *housewife*. Shakespeare has confounded Fortune, whose wheel only figures uncertainty and vicissitude, with the Destiny that spins the thread of life, though not indeed with a wheel. [This is one of Dr Johnson's unhappy notes which must be offset by a hundred happy ones. There was no confusion in Shakespeare's mind here nor anywhere else; he knew the symbolism in the wheel of Fortune quite as well as Dr Johnson. Fluellen in *Henry V.*: III, vi, 35 (as Wright points out) explains to Pistol that 'Fortune is painted with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation.' HARNESSE, whose original notes though few are good, well says: '*Good housewife* seems applied to Fortune merely as a jesting appellation, without any reference to the wheel on which she stood. The wheel of Fortune was an emblem of her mutability, from which Celia and Rosalind proposed to drive her by their wit, that she might ever after cease to be inconstant.'—ED.]

*tune* from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee  
bestowed equally. 32

*Ref.* I would wee could doe fo : for her benefits are  
mightily misplaced, and the bountifull blinde woman 35  
doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

*Cel.* 'Tis true, for those that she makes faire, she scarce  
makes honest, & those that she makes honest, she makes  
very illfavouredly.

*Ref.* Nay now thou goest from Fortunes office to Na- 40  
tures : Fortune reignes in gifts of the world, not in the  
lineaments of Nature.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Cel.* No ; when Nature hath made a faire creature, 44

37, 38. *those...&c.* Om Rowe i. 43. *Enter...* After line 47, Dyce,  
39. *illfavouredly*] *ill favouredly* F<sub>2</sub>. Sta.  
*illfavouredly* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *ill favoured* Rowe 43. *Clowne.*] Touchstone Theob. ii.  
ii+, Coll. (MS), Dyce iii, Huds. 44. *No ;*] *No !* Theob. *No ?* Han.

31. *housewife*] WHITE (ed. ii; note on *Oth.* II, i, 132) : In Shakespeare's day, and in some parts of England still, this word is pronounced *husif*, which has passed into *hussy*. [The pronunciation *husif* is still quite general, I think, in this country; and is always given to certain little pocket-books containing needles, thread, thimble, &c. To call Fortune a *husif* is jocular, but to call her a *hussy* is a little too jocular; nor do I imagine that White would have counselled that pronunciation here, though it is appropriate enough in the passage in *Othello*.—ED ]

35. *blinde woman*] From many instances where rhythm obliges us to pronounce as one word with the accent on the first syllable, such words as *wise man*, *true man*, *long man*, &c., WALKER (*Crit.* ii, 139) suggests that these words be printed and pronounced *blindwoman*.

38. *honest*] STAUNTON: That is, chaste. [See III, iii, 15, and V, iii, 5 ]

39. *illfavouredly*] CAPELL (i, 55) : Alter'd by the four latter moderns [*i. e.* Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton] into *ill-favoured*; in order, as may be suppos'd, to make the antithesis the rounder. But how if that roundness was dislike'd by the Poet, as thinking it destructive of the ease of his dialogue? yet this he might think, and with great reason. COLLIER (ed. ii) : Strictly speaking, Fortune does not make the honest 'ill-favouredly,' but *ill-favoured*; and the adverbial termination is erased in the (MS).

40-42. *MOBERLY*: Shakespeare constantly harps on the motive powers of human action; nature, destiny, chance, art, custom. In this place he playfully distinguishes nature from chance; in *Wint. Tale*, IV, iii, he argues that the resources of art are themselves gifts of nature: 'Nature is made better by no mean, But nature makes that mean.' In *Macb.* I, iii, he shows that destiny can work itself without our help ('if chance will have me king, why chance may crown me'), and in *Ham.* III, iv, 161, he splendidly exhibits the force of custom in 'almost changing the stamp of nature.'

may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? though nature 45  
hath giuen vs wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune  
sent in this foole to cut off the argument?

*Rof.* Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when  
fortune makes natures naturall, the cutter off of natures  
witte. 50

*Cel.* Peradventure this is not Fortunes work neither,  
but Natures, who perceiueth our naturall wits too dull  
to reason of such goddesse, hath sent this Naturall for 53

47. *the*] this F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe+.

Cap. Steev. Knt, Coll. Sing. Wh. i, Sta.

48. *there is fortune*] *Fortune is there*

Ktly, Rife, Dyce iii.

F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe i, Sing. *then is Fortune*  
Dyce iii, Huds.

53. *hath*] *and hath* Mal. Dyce i, Cam.  
Wh. ii.

52. *perceiueth*] *perceiving* Ff, Rowe+,

43 Clowne] DOUCE (i, 309): Touchstone is the domestic fool of Frederick, the Duke's brother, and belongs to the class of witty or allowed fools. He is threatened with the whip, a mode of chastisement which was often inflicted on this motley personage. His dress should be a party-coloured garment. He should occasionally carry a bauble in his hand, and wear asses' ears to his hood, which is probably the head-dress intended by Shakespeare, there being no allusion whatever to a cock's head or comb. The three-cornered hat which Touchstone is made to wear on the modern stage is an innovation, and totally unconnected with the genuine costume of the domestic fool. [See Appendix, p. 309, 'Source of the Plot.']

44. No;] It is not easy to reject Hanmer's interrogation-point, which, indeed, has been generally adopted. MOBERLY gives this good paraphrase of the whole speech: 'True that Fortune does not make fair features; but she can mar them by some accident. So Nature makes us able to philosophize, chance spoils our grave philosophy by sending us a fool.'

52, 53. *perceiueth* . . . *hath sent*] MALONE suggested, and reads, '*and hath sent*.' CALDECOTT, who never deserts his Folio, says that '*perceiveth*' is equivalent to 'who, *inasmuch as she* perceiveth.' DYCE in his first edition adopted Malone's emendation, because, as he said, 'it is more probable that *and* was omitted by the original compositor than that "*perceiveth*" should be a misprint for *perceiving*;' and of Caldecott's defence he remarks that 'the general style of the dialogue is opposed to the idea of Shakespeare's having intended such an ellipsis here.' But in his last edition he adopts *perceiving* with the quiet remark that it is a correction of the Second Folio. Dyce's vacillation, a quality in which he excels, is a proof not of thoughtlessness, but of extreme thoughtfulness; it is to be regretted that with it was not joined a little more openness in confessing it, and a good deal less acrimony in criticising others. The choice here is so evenly balanced between *perceiving* of F<sub>2</sub> and the *and* of Malone that we can debate a long while over a very trifling matter. In the end, I think, however, that the gray authority of the Second Folio should prevail.—Ed.

53. *reason of*] That is, talk, discuss concerning. For the use of 'of,' as equivalent to *about*, *concerning*, see also V, iv, 59; or *Mer. of Ven.* I, iii, 54: 'I am debating of my present store,' or Abbott, § 174. See also *Mer. of Ven.* II, viii, 30: 'I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,' that is, *talked*.

our whetstone. for alwaies the dulnesse of the foole, is  
the whetstone of the wits. How now Witte, whether 55  
wander you?

*Clo.* Mistresse, you must come away to your farher.

*Cel.* Were you made the messenger?

*Clo.* No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you

*Ref.* Where learned you that oath foole? 60

*Clo.* Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour  
they were good Pan-cakes, and swore by his Honor the  
Mustard was naught: Now Ile stand to it, the Pancakes  
were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was  
not the Knight forsworne. 65

55. *the wits*] *his wits* Var. '03, Var. '13,  
Var. '21.

55. *whether*] *whither* F.  
62. *Pan-cakes*] *Pancakes* Ff.

*Witte*] Om. Rowe, Pope, Han.

53. *Naturall*] DOUCE (i, 293): Touchstone is here called a 'natural' [*i. e.* an idiot] merely for the sake of alliteration and a punning jingle of words; for he is undoubtedly an artificial fool. [Cf. Touchstone's own use of the word in his conversation with Corin, III, ii, 31, whom he calls 'a *natural* philosopher.'—ED.]

55. *whetstone*] WHALLEY (p. 36): This is a proverbial term, denoting an excitement to lying, or a subject that gave a man the opportunity of breaking a jest upon another. And Jonson, alluding to the same when he draws the character of Amorphus, says: 'He will lie cheaper than any Beggar, and louder than most clocks; for which he is right properly accommodated to the *Whetstone*, his page' [*Cynthia's Revels*, II, i, p. 265, ed. Gifford. I think Whalley is far afield when he traces any connection between the present passage and the whetstone which was given at Fairs as a prize to that clown who told the most impossible and enormous lies. Why a whetstone should have been selected as this prize has never yet been discovered. It is clear that Celia refers to the ordinary uses of the ordinary stone. WRIGHT appositely cites the title of Robert Recorde's Arithmetic, 1557: 'The Whetstone of Witte.'—ED.].

55. *the wits*] In the Variorum of 1803 this was changed to '*his wits*.' As no reason was given for the change, nor even a reference to it, I am inclined to think that it is a mere typographical oversight, precisely such a substitution of words as WALKER (*Crit.* i, 309) conceived to have taken place in the second word '*wits*,' which he suggested should be *wise*, an emendation also proposed by SPEDDING; DYCE (ed. iii), however, thinks the emendation doubtful, 'because it seems to be at variance with what Celia says just before, "who, perceiving *our natural wits too dull*," &c.'; wherein, I think, all will agree.—ED.

55, 56. *How . . . you?*] STAUNTON: The beginning, probably, of some ancient ballad. WRIGHT: 'Wit, whither wilt,' was a proverbial expression. See IV, i, 160.

65. *forsworn*] BOSWELL: The same joke ['such as it is'—Wright] is found in the old play of *Damon and Pythias*: 'I have taken a wise oath on him, have I not, trow ye? To trust such a false knave upon his honesty? As he is an honest man (quoth you?) he may bewray all to the king, And break his oath for this never a whit.' [ed.

*Cel.* How proue you that in the great heape of your knowledge? 66

*Rof.* I marry, now vnmuzzle your wisedome.

*Clo.* Stand you both forth now: stroke your chinnes, and sweare by your beards that I am a knaue. 70

*Cel.* By our beards(if we had them)thou art.

*Clo.* By my knauerie (if I had it) then I were: but if you sweare by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight fwearing by his Honor, for he neuer had anie; or if he had, he had fworne it away, before 75  
euer he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard.

*Cel.* Prethee, who is't that thou means't?

*Clo.* One that old *Fredericke* your Father loues. 78

68. *your*] *you* F<sub>2</sub>.

77. *is't*] *is* F<sub>2</sub>, Rowe +.

78. *Fredericke*] *Ferdinand* Cap. conj.

Coll. ii.

Dodsley, vol. iv, p. 60]. CALDECOTT: Richard, swearing by his 'George, his garter, and his crown,' is answered in much the same way by Queen Elizabeth, who says he swears 'By nothing; for this is no oath,' *Rich. III.* IV, iv, 374.

70. *sweare by your beards*] GREY (i, 163) refers to the oath of the porter 'by goddes berde' in the *Tale of Gamelyn*, 295.

78. *old Fredericke*] In the last Scene of the last Act we are told that the name of Celia's father is Frederick, and there would be no difficulty here in Touchstone's reply were it not that Rosalind speaks as though the name of her father also were Frederick. As it is impossible that the two brothers should both have the same name, one of two changes must be made. Either the name Frederick must be changed, or the answer given to Rosalind in line 79, must be given to Celia. This latter emendation THEOBALD was the first to propose and to adopt, and it is the simplest solution of the two. The instances are numerous, filling more than ten pages in Walker (*Crit.* ii, 177-189), wherein speeches in the Folio are assigned to the wrong characters; the present is in Walker's list. It is to be noted that it is Celia's question that Touchstone is answering, and when he says 'your father,' must he not mean Celia's father? CAPELL did not approve of Theobald's emendation, and preferred to change the name, but Capell should be always allowed to speak for himself—he stands solitary in style: 'Two of the Poet's editors [Theob. and Han.] have given this speech [l. 79] to Celia; assigning for reasons, first—that she is the questionist; that the answer therefore ought naturally to be address'd to her and reply'd to by her; and in the next place—that "Frederick" is the name of *her* father. To the first of these reasons, it may be reply'd, that Celia is effectually answer'd; but the matter of his answer concerning Rosalind most, the Clown turns himself in speaking to her; to the second, that "Frederick" is a mistake, either of the Poet's through haste, or of his compositor's, as we shall endeavour to shew by and by; first observing that the speech cannot be Celia's, for two very good reasons: we have no cause to think that she would have been so alert in taking up the Clown for reflecting upon her father; who (besides) is not the person reflected upon, that person being call'd "*old* Frederick." Throughout all this play Shakespeare calls his two dukes "*Duke senior*," and "*Duke*

[old Fredericke your Father]

*junior*" [see II, i, 1], giving no proper name to either of them, except in this place, and in [line 228 of this scene, and in V, iv, 158]: his original makes them both kings, and kings of France; calling the elder, Gerismond; the younger, and the usurping king, Torismond: these names the Poet chose to discard (perhaps, for that he thought them too antiquated), putting "Frederick" instead of the latter; but not instantly hitting upon another that pleas'd him, when he had occasion to mention the former, he put down "Frederick" there too, with intention to alter it afterwards. There is a name in the Novel, which might (possibly) be that intended for Gerismond; and this the reason why it was taken away from it's owner, Orlando's second brother; and "Jaques" bestow'd upon him for "Fernandine," his name in the novelist; however that may be, it can be no very great licence to put "Fernandine" [into the present line] or *Ferdinand* rather; and get rid of a name by that means, which will be for ever a stumbling-block to all those who read with attention.' MALONE was evidently impressed with Capell's emendation, but he did not venture to adopt it (Collier was the only editor temerarious enough to do that). 'I suppose,' says Malone, 'some abbreviation was used in the MS for the name of the rightful, or *old* duke, as he is called (perhaps *Fer.* for *Ferdinand*), which the transcriber or printer converted into Frederick.' He disapproves of giving the next speech to Celia instead of Rosalind, because 'there is too much filial warmth in it for Celia: besides, why should her father be called *old* Frederick? It appears from the last scene of the play that this was the name of the *younger* brother.' Whereunto STEEVENS replies: 'Mr Malone's remark may be just; and yet I think the speech which I have still left in the mouth of Celia exhibits as much tenderness for the fool as respect for her own father. She stops Touchstone, who might otherwise have proceeded to say what she could not hear without inflicting punishment on the speaker. "Old" is an unmeaning term of familiarity. It is still in use, and has no reference to age.' This last observation in regard to 'old' DYCE (*Remarks*, p. 61) pronounced 'just.' CALDECOTT will neither renege Frederick, nor affirm Celia, nor turn his halcyon beak for one instant away from the First Folio. 'The Clown,' he urges, 'might turn towards Rosalind, though addressed by Celia; or might speak inaccurately; neither would it be out of character to make him do so. The answer of Rosalind, at the same time, seems to shew that it was her truly respectable father that was meant.' COLLIER (ed. 1) made a bold suggestion that 'perhaps the name of the knight was Frederick, and the clown's answer ought to run "One old Frederick, that your father loves," which only changes the place of "that."' This suggestion was not repeated in his next edition, where he upholds and adopts Capell's *Ferdinand* on the score that it 'makes the whole dialogue natural and consistent, and it does no violence to the poet's language merely to introduce a change of name'—a reason which applies with equal force to the change of '*Ros.*' to '*Cel.*' In Collier's third and last edition Theobald's change is adopted in the text with the following note: 'In the old copies this speech is by mistake given to Rosalind. Theobald was the first to detect the error, which has not been repeated'—an oversight for which Collier's venerable age is an ample excuse. DYCE quotes Caldecott's remark that the clown 'might speak inaccurately,' and affixes two exclamation-marks. NEIL follows the Folio, and, supposing that Touchstone gives 'a jocular answer addressed first to Celia and then explanatorily to Rosalind,' thus prints line 78: '[*To Celia*] One that old Frederick [*to Rosalind*], your father, loves.' [The many examples collected by Walker of speeches wrongly assigned in the Folio seem to me amply sufficient to justify Theobald's change here. The error may be due, how-

*Rof.* My Fathers loue is enough to honor him enough;  
speake no more of him, you'l be whipt for taxation one 80  
of these daies.

*Cto.* The more pittie that fooles may not speak wife-  
ly, what Wifemen do foolishly.

*Cel.* By my troth thou faiest true : For, since the little  
wit that fooles haue was silenced, the little foolerie that 85  
wife men haue makes a great shew ; Heere comes Mon-  
sieur the *Beu.*

*Enter le Beau.*

*Rof.* With his mouth full of newes.

*Cel.* Which he vvill put on vs, as Pigeons feed their 90  
young.

79. *Rof.*] *Celia.* Theob. Han. Johns.  
Steev. Knt, Sing. Hal. Wh. Dyce, Sta.  
Ktly, Cam. Rife, Coll. iii.

*him enough;*] *him :—enough!*  
Han. Johns. Steev. Sta. Cam. Wr. Wh.  
ii. *him. Enough:* Mal.

*him enough*] *him* Gould.

83. *Wisemen*] *Wise men* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe.

86, 87. *Monsieur*] *Mounseieur* Ff.

87. *the Beau.*] *Le Beau.* Ff.

88. Scene V. Pope+.

*le Beau.*] *Le Beau.* Ff. After line

93, Dyce, Sta. Cam. Wh. ii.

ever, to Shakespeare himself, and be but another proof of that haste in composition which Wright finds in the play.—Ed.]

79. honor him enough:] This punctuation, which has been followed by a majority of the Editors, COLLIER asserts to be 'in Shakespeare's characteristic manner,' and adds, I think with truth, that Hanmer's punctuation, as well as Malone's, 'sacrifices the point of the reply.'

80. whipt] DOUCE: This was the discipline usually inflicted on Fools. [See *Lear*, I, iv, 105, where Lear says to the Fool: 'Take heed, sirrah; the whip.']

80. taxation] MALONE: That is, censure or satire. See II, vii, 74 and 89.

83, 86. Wisemen . . . wise men] These two forms should be, I think, retained in a modern text. See V, i, 34.—Ed.

84. since . . . was silenced] For other instances of the simple past for the complete present with 'since,' see ABBOTT, § 347.

85. silenced] JOHNSON: Shakespeare probably alludes to the use of Fools or jesters, who for some ages had been allowed in all courts an unbridled liberty of censure and mockery, and about this time began to be less tolerated. WRIGHT: Perhaps referring to some recent inhibition of the players. See *Ham.* II, ii, 346. FLEAY (*Life and Work of Sh.*, p. 208) thinks that this 'alludes probably to the burning of satirical books by public authority 1st June, 1599,' and holds this allusion to be an important indication of the date of the play.

90. put on vs] I doubt the need of analysing here the exact meaning of 'put,' or of citing other passages where it is to be found. Its special meaning is plainly, almost too plainly, conveyed by *Celia's* simile, which is distended to its fullest extent by the

*Ref.* Then shal we be newes-cram'd.

92

*Cel.* All the better : we shalbe the more Marketable.

*Boon-iour, Monsieur le Beau,* what's the newes?

*Le Beau.* Faire Princeffe,

95

you haue lost much good sport.

*Cel.* Sport : of what colour?

*Le Beau.* What colour Madame? How shall I answer you?

*Ref.* As wit and fortune will.

100

*Clo.* Or as the destinies decrees.

*Cel.* Well said, that was laid on with a trowell.

102

94. Boon-iour, Monsieur] Boon-iour  
Mounseur Ff.  
what's the] what the F<sub>2</sub> what  
F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe+

96. much good] much F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe,  
Pope, Han.  
98. Madame] Madam Ff.  
101. decrees] Ff, Rowe, Cam. decree  
Pope et cet.

suggestion that they 'shall be more marketable,' because the heavier by the operation.  
—ED.

96. good sport] COLLIER (ed. ii) : From what follows this observation we learn that Le Beau pronounced 'sport' affectedly *spot*, and Celia retorts it upon him in his own way, '*Spot?* of what colour?' The old corrector of F<sub>2</sub> made this change in order to render a point clear which has hitherto been missed by all Editors. [This emendation is so specious that apparently it staggered Collier's opponents. Of course they do not adopt it, but they do not exclaim against it. MOBERLY and NEIL are, I think, the only avowed converts; nay, Moberly amplifies it, and suggests that 'with a finicking pronunciation, the next line would end with "answer ye," rhyming to "decree."' The best answer to Collier is given indirectly by WRIGHT, who shows that 'colour' is 'used for *kind*, *nature*, in *Lear*, II, ii, 145: "This is a fellow of the self-same colour Our sister speaks of:" where the Quartos actually read "*nature*." Apposite as this citation seems and satisfactory as it may appear to us, I am afraid that Celia's use of the word was neither so satisfactory nor so clear to Le Beau. He is evidently gruelled by it, and at a loss for a reply. His answer would have been prompt enough had he at once thus understood the word 'colour.'—ED.]

101. destinies decrees] Another of the many instances where a final *s* is interpolated; see I, iii, 60. WRIGHT: It is by no means to be regarded as an example of the old Northern plural in 's,' which, so far as Shakespeare is concerned, is a figment of the grammarians.

102. trowell] GREY (i, 163) : A proverbial expression for a great lie. See Ray's *Proverbs* [p. 49, ed. 1817. The first ed. of Ray is dated 1670; it is useless therefore as an unsupported authority for any phrase of Shakespeare's like this.—ED.]. JOHN-SON: I suppose the meaning is, that there is too heavy a mass of big words laid upon a light subject. RITSON: It means a good round hit, thrown in without judgment or design. M. MASON: To do anything strongly and without delicacy. MOBERLY: Well rounded off into a jingle; the lines being pronounced 'As wit and fortune will. Or as | The destinies decree.' [I doubt if this last interpretation will gain many converts,



- Clo.* Nay, if I keepe not my ranke. 103  
*Rof.* Thou loofest thy old smell.  
*Le Beau.* You amaze me Ladies : I would haue told 105  
 you of good wraffling, which you haue lost the fight of.  
*Rof.* Yet tell vs the manner of the Wraffling.  
*Le Beau.* I wil tell you the beginning : and if it please  
 your Ladiships, you may see the end, for the best is yet  
 to doe, and heere where you are, they are comming to 110  
 performe it.  
*Cel.* Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.  
*Le Beau.* There comes an old man, and his three fons. 113

103. *ranke*.] *rank*—Rowe et seq.

113. *fons*] *sons*,—Theob. et seq.

104. *loofest*] *lofest* F<sub>4</sub>.

The phrase carries its own explanation to every man, woman, or child who has ever watched a mason at work. TIECK (p. 309), premising that the phrase, 'be it proverbial or not, is incomprehensible,' wonders if there be not herein 'a malicious allusion to Ben Jonson, who, as all the world knew, had been, in his youth, a mason.' It is to be feared that Gifford would have emptied the printer's case of exclamation-marks after this suggestion of Tieck's, had he ever seen it—ED.]

103. *ranke*] CALDECOTT: 'Rank' is quality or place. The unsavory perversion of Rosalind's is obvious. So also in *Cym.* II, i, 17. COWDEN-CLARKE: Touchstone as the professional jester, uses this word 'rank' to express 'rate of talking,' 'way of following up one joke with another;' while Rosalind puns upon it in the sense of 'rancid,' 'offensively scented.'

104. *old smell*] NEIL: Holinshed says: 'The making of new gentlemen bred great strife sometimes among the Romans, I meane when those which were *Novi homines* were more allowed of for their virtues newlie seene and shewed, than the *old smell* of ancient race latelie defaced,' &c.—*Description of England*, chap v. [p. 162, ed. 1574]. Rosalind banters Touchstone by taking 'rank,' meaning own place, to signify *true station* in one sense and *strong-scented* in another, and so employs this equivoque.

105. *amaze*] JOHNSON: This is not to astonish or strike with wonder, but to perplex, to confuse, so as to put out of the intended narrative. WRIGHT: The word 'amazement' was originally applied to denote the confusion of mind produced by any strong emotion, as in Mark xiv, 33: 'And they began to be sore amazed, and to be very heavy.'

110. *to doe*] ABBOTT, § 359: The infinitive active is often found where we use the passive, as in 'such a storm As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,' *Low. Com.* 102. This is especially common in 'what's to do' (*Twel. N.* III, iii, 18) for 'what's to be done.' So in 'Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust.'—*Sonn.* 129, that is, *not to be trusted*.

113. *There comes*] ABBOTT, § 335: When the subject is as yet future, and, as it were, unsettled, the third person singular might be regarded as the normal inflection. Such passages are very common, particularly in the case of 'There is.' See *Oth.* I, i, 188: 'Is there not charms.' See also V, ii, 76 of the present play.

*Cel.* I could match this beginning with an old tale.

*Le Beau.* Three proper yong men, of excellent growth 115  
and prefence.

*Rof.* With bills on their neckes : Be it knowne vnto 118  
all men by these presents.

116. *prefence.*] *presence*,— Theob. et seq.

117, 118. *Be...presents*] Given to Clown, Warb.

117. *With...neckes*] Given to Le Beau, Farmer, Dyce, Huds.

118. *presents.*] *presents*,— Theob. et seq.

115. *proper*] CALDECOTT: That is, of good figure and proportion.

117, 118. WARBURTON supposes that Rosalind and Touchstone are playing 'at a kind of cross purposes,' and to serve out Rosalind for catching him up in line 104, Touchstone now, 'to be quits with her, puts in—"Know all men by these presents." She spoke of an instrument of war, and he turns it to an instrument of law of the same name, beginning with these words: So that they must be given to him.' FARMER says, "'With bills on their necks" should be the conclusion of Le Beau's speech.' [Thus between Warburton and Farmer no word of the speech is left to Rosalind at all.] Farmer continues: 'Mr Edwards ridicules Dr Warburton, "As if people carried such instruments of war as *bills* and *guns* on *their necks*, not on *their shoulders*!" But unluckily the ridicule falls upon himself. Lassels, in his *Voyage of Italy*, says of tutors, "Some persuade their pupils that it is fine carrying a *gun* upon *their necks*." But what is still more, the expression is taken immediately [from Lodge's novel.' See Appendix, p. 362]. JOHNSON: Where meaning is so very thin as in this vein of jocularly it is hard to catch, and therefore I know not well what to determine; but I cannot see why Rosalind should suppose that competitors in a wrestling match carried *bills* on their shoulders, and I believe the whole conceit is in the poor resemblance of *presence* and *presents*. CAPELL: The humour of Rosalind's speech, such as it is, took its rise from Le Beau's word 'presence.' 'Bills' are—labels. STEEVENS added others to Farmer's proof from Lodge's novel, of the practice of wearing bills on the neck; in Sidney's *Arcadia* [book i, p. 68, ed. 1598] 'Dametis . . . with a sword by his side, a Forrest bill on his necke.' Again in Rowley's *When You See Me You Know Me*, a stage direction conveys almost the same idea: 'Enter King and Compton with bills on their backs' [p. 28, ed. Elze]. M. MASON (p. 81) believed that neither an instrument of war, nor one of law, was meant by 'bill,' but merely a label or advertisement, as we say a *play-bill*, a *hand-bill*. CALDECOTT: From the [foregoing] instances it is highly probable that an allusion is here made to the undoubted usage of 'bills, forest-bills, and bats' being carried on the neck; although the leading idea holden out is manifestly that of 'scrolls or labels,' with an inscription running in a legal form, and for the purpose of a conceit between 'presence' and 'presents.' 'The watchman's weapon,' says DOUCE (ii, 51), was the bill; but Stowe (*Annals*, p. 1040, ed. 1631) informs us 'that when prentizes and journey-men attended upon their masters and mistresses in the night, they went before them carrying a lanthorne and candle in their hands and a great long club on their necks.' COLLIER (ed. i) is inclined to accept Farmer's distribution of the speeches. 'Lodge calls the father "a lustie Franklin of the country" with "two tall men that were his sonnes," and they would properly be furnished "with bills on their necks."' DYCE adopted Farmer's emendation in his first edition, and remained constant to it in his

*Le Ben.* The eldest of the three, wrestled with *Charles* the Dukes Wraftler, which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life in him : So he feru'd the second, and so the third : yonder they lie, the poore old man their Father, making such pittiful dole ouer them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping. 120 125

*Rof.* Alas.

*Clo.* But what is the sport Monsieur, that the Ladies haue loft ?

*Le Ben.* Why this that I speake of.

*Clo.* Thus men may grow wiser euerie day. It is the first time that euer I heard breaking of ribbes was sport for Ladies. 130

*Cel.* Or I, I promise thee.

*Rof.* But is there any else longs to see this broken 134

127. *Monsieur*] *Mounseieur* Ff.

129. *this*] *this is F*, Rowe i.

130. *may*] Om. Rowe, Pope, Han.

131. *heard*] *heard of F*, Rowe i.

134. *see*] *set* Theob. Han. Warb. Cap.

*feel* Johns. conj. Walker, Dyce iii, Huds. Coll. iii.

subsequent editions, pronouncing it undoubtedly right; 'for if they [*i. e.* the words "with bills on their necks"] are spoken by Rosalind, the whole humour of the passage evaporates.' [This, I think, is somewhat too strongly expressed. And yet Farmer's suggestion is so ingenious that I am inclined to say 'Ditto to Dr Johnson,' and confess that 'I know not well what to determine.'—ED.]

120. which Charles] ABBOTT, § 269: *Which* being an adjective frequently accompanies the repeated antecedent, where definiteness is desired or where care must be taken to select the right antecedent. This repetition is, perhaps, more common with the definite 'the which.' See *post* II, i, 36; II, vii, 125.

121. that] For the frequent omission of *so* before *that*, see Abbott, § 283.

126. Alas] COWDEN-CLARKE: It is often by such apparently slight touches as these that Shakespeare depicts the moral perfection of his characters and gives them their crowning charm. By this single word he shows us Rosalind pausing in the full career of her sportive word-banding, struck with pity for the poor old father's grief. His women are always true women; not mere heedless, heartless wits, but witty from the very depths of their sweet and sensitive natures.

134–136. But . . . Cosin] In the Cambridge Edition there is recorded an Anonymous conjecture whereby this speech is given to Touchstone as far as 'rib-breaking.' To Rosalind is given the rest: 'Shall we see this wrastling, Cosin?'

134. any else longs] For the omission of the relative in this very elliptical phrase ('any one else *who* longs'), see ABBOTT, § 244, where many parallel instances are given.

134. see this broken Musicke] WARBURTON asserts that the pleasantry of Rosalind's repartee must consist in the allusion she makes to *composing in music*. 'It

Muficke in his fides? Is there yet another doates vpon  
rib-breaking? Shall we see this wraftling Cofin? 135

*Le Beau.* You muft if you ftay heere, for heere is the  
place appointed for the wraftling, and they are ready to  
performe it. 139

138. *for the*] for Ff, Rowe.

necessarily follows, therefore,' so he says, 'that the poet wrote—*see* this broken music.' This emendation received CAPELL's approval. HEATH (p. 145): Possibly it might be '*get* this broken music.' JOHNSON: If any change were necessary, I should write '*feel* this broken music.' But '*see*' is the colloquial term for perception or experiment. So we say every day: *see* if the water be hot; I will *see* which is the best time; she has tried, and *sees* that she cannot lift it. In this sense '*see*' may be here used. CALDECOTT paraphrases: witness the crash made by his broken bones; get so rough a handling. WALKER (*Crit.* ii, 299): *Feele*, surely; and so Johnson conjectures, although he doubts whether any change is required. DYCE (ed. iii) adopted this emendation, remarking that the error '*see*' was evidently derived from the close of the speech, 'Shall we *see* this wrestling, cousin?' It may be as Dyce says, but I always mistrust these 'errors of anticipation.' What has once passed through a compositor's mind, and under his fingers, may, it is conceivable, readily recur. But the case is altered when the error is in the future. Why is it not simpler to take Walker's explanation that the error arose from the confusion, a confusion very, very common, of the long *s* and *ff*? Rosalind repeats her question with a variation; since the second time she refers to the wrestler, and not to a spectator, it seems but natural that she should have referred in the first question also to the wrestler—an additional reason for adopting Dr Johnson's emendation—ED.]

134, 135. broken Musicke] WRIGHT: This was first explained by Mr Chappell (*Popular Music*, &c, p. 246) as the music of a string band. But he has since altered his opinion, and has kindly favoured me with the following explanation: Some instruments, such as viols, violins, flutes, &c., were formerly made in sets of four, which when played together formed a 'consort.' If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result is no longer a 'consort,' but 'broken music.' The expression occurs in *Hen. V.* V, ii, 263, 'Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken.' And Bacon, *Essay* xxxvii, p. 156: 'I understand it, that the Song be in Quire, placed aloft, and accompanied with some broken musicke.'

136. Shall . . . Cosin] COWDEN-CLARKE suggests that this should be uttered in a tone to indicate the purpose *not* to see it. BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE (April, 1833, p. 549, *qu.* Campbell?): Ought Rosalind to have remained to see the wrestling after having been told by Le Beau that Charles had thrown the three sons of the old man, and left them lying on the ground with broken ribs and little hope of life? On hearing of the rib-breaking Rosalind only said, 'Alas!' Probably she would not have *gone* to see the wrestling, for she asks Celia's advice; but Celia replies, 'Yonder, sure, they are coming; let us now *stay* and see it.' And there is Orlando. 'Is yonder the man?' asks Rosalind; and would you have had her to leave him, who, 'alas! is too young, but looks successfully,' in the hold of the Duke's wrestler, without sending strength to all his sinews from the sympathy shining in her troubled eyes? As for

*Cel.* Yonder fure they are comming. Let vs now stay 140  
and see it.

*Flourish.* Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles,  
and Attendants.

*Duke.* Come on, since the youth will not be intreated  
His owne perill on his forwardneffe. 145

*Rof.* Is yonder the man?

*Le Beau.* Euen he, Madam.

*Cel.* Alas, he is too yong : yet he looks successefully

*Du.* How now daughter, and Cousin:  
Are you crept hither to see the wrastring? 150

*Rof.* I my Liege, so please you giue vs leaue.

*Du.* You wil take little delight in it, I can tell you  
there is such oddes in the man : In pitie of the challen- 153

142. Duke] Duke Frederick. Rowe.  
Duke junior. Cap.

Scene VI. Pope+.

144. *intreated*] *entreated* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

149. *Cousin*] *Cofin* Ff.

151. *I*] *Ay*, Rowe.

152. *you*] *you*, Ff.

153. *in the*] *on the* Anon. (ap. Cam.  
Ed.)

*man*] *men* Han. Warb. Johns.  
Cap. Steev. Mal. Sing. Wh. i, Dyce, Sta.  
Coll. (MS) ii, iii, Ktly, Rife, Huds.

the vulgarity of wrestling, 'tis a pretty pastime; and then Orlando could do nothing vulgar.

145. ALLEN (MS): Instead of 'his forwardness is at his own peril,' it is to be understood as 'his danger is based upon his own forwardness.'

150. Are you crept] For instances of some few intransitive verbs, mostly of motion, with which *be* and *have* are used, see ABBOTT, § 295.

153. oddes in the man] CAPELL pronounced Hanmer's change 'palpably necessary.' CALDECOTT evidently refers 'man' to Orlando; and paraphrases: 'the challenger is so little of a match.' COLLIER, in his first edition, agrees with Caldecott, in his second and third he was overborne by his 'old Corrector.' BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE (Aug. 1853, p. 197): We take leave to say that Hanmer was *not* right in altering 'man' to *men*. What is meant to be said is, 'there is such superiority (of strength) in the *man*;' and 'odds' formerly signified *superiority*, as may be learnt from the following sentence of Hobbes: 'The passion of laughter,' says Hobbes, 'proceedeth from the sudden imagination of our own *odds* and eminency.' DYCE defends Hanmer's change: 'If Shakespeare had here written "*man*" (meaning Orlando), he surely would not immediately after have written "*In pity of the challenger's youth*," &c., but "*In pity of his youth*," &c. Nor, on carefully considering the passage, can I think more favourably of the old reading, because a critic in *Blackwood's Magazine* confidently maintains [as above]. A little above [line 146] "*man*" is applied to Orlando, and a little below [line 168] to Charles: here the two *men*, Charles and Orlando, are spoken of.' [Caldecott is the only editor, I think, who refers 'man' to Orlando. Clearly it refers to Charles. WRIGHT agrees substantially

gers youth, I would faine diffwade him, but he will not  
bee entreated. Speake to him Ladies, see if you can 155  
mooue him.

*Cel.* Call him hether good Monfieur *Le Beau*.

*Duke.* Do so : Ile not be by.

*Le Beau.* Monsieur the Challenger, the Princeffe calls  
for you. 160

*Orl.* I attend them with all respect and dutie.

*Rof.* Young man, haue you challeng'd *Charles* the  
Wrastler?

*Orl.* No faire Princeffe : he is the generall challenger,  
I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength 165  
of my youth.

157. *hether*] *hither* Ff.

*Monfieur*] *Mounfieur* Ff.

158. Duke goes apart. Theob.

159. *Princeffe calls*] *Princeffe calls* F<sub>2</sub>,  
F<sub>3</sub>. *princefs calls* F<sub>4</sub>. *Princesses call*

Theob. Warb. Johns. Steev. Mal. Sing.  
Sta. Huds. *princess' call* Dyce.

161. *them*] *her* Rowe, Pope, Han.

165. *but in*] *but* Ff, Rowe, Pope,  
Han.

with Blackwood, and for 'odds,' in the sense of advantage or superiority, cites *Love's  
Lab. L. I, ii, 183*: 'Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club; and therefore  
too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier.'—ED.]

159, 161. the *Princesse* calls . . . them] WHITER: It is Celia only who calls  
for him; and the answer of Orlando, 'I will attend *them*,' as Celia is accompanied by  
Rosalind, does not invalidate the ancient reading. [See Theobald's change in Text.  
Notes.] CALDECOTT interprets 'them' as 'those of the princess's party, or the prin-  
cesses.' KNIGHT observes: 'When Orlando answers, "I attend *them*," he looks  
towards Celia and Rosalind;' and COLLIER and WHITE to the same effect. WALKER  
(*Crit. i, 263*) gives this among his many instances where *s* has been interpolated or  
omitted, and adds 'certainly "the *princesses call* for you," as some editions have it.'  
In his *Vers. 248*, he again cites the passage, and asks 'Is there an erratum in both  
these words, or merely in *calls*? I think the former.' DYCE: I prefer 'the princess'  
call for you:' the plural form *princess'* occurs in *Temp. I, ii, 173*, while *princesses* is  
not once found throughout the whole of Shakespeare's works. Still, whether we  
read 'the princess calls,' &c. or 'the *princess' call*,' &c., an inconsistency will remain.  
Mr Lettsom not improbably conjectures that the speech now given to Celia, 'Call him  
hither,' &c., should have the double prefix '*Cel.* and *Ros.*': 'this notion,' he adds, 'is  
in some degree supported by the Duke's immediately preceding words, "Speak to  
him, *ladies*;" as well as by the fact that Rosalind is the first to address Orlando,  
which is not altogether consistent with Celia only requesting Le Beau to call him.  
At any rate, it seems quite impossible, if "princess" is a singular, to explain "I attend  
*them*," though Caldecott, Knight, and Collier have made the attempt.' WRIGHT: It  
is Celia who gives the order, and it may be that Orlando in his reply is thinking of  
Rosalind, and is made to say 'them' designedly. [I agree with Dyce that the error  
lies in the interpolated *s* in 'calls.' There was the sound of a plural in 'Princesse'  
which sufficed for Shakespeare's ear, but did not apparently appeal to the composi-

*Cel.* Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for  
 your yeares : you haue seene cruell prooffe of this mans  
 strength, if you saw your selfe with your eies, or knew  
 your selfe with your iudgment, the feare of your aduen-  
 ture would counsell you to a more equall enterprife. We  
 pray you for your owne sake to embrace your own safe-  
 tie, and giue ouer this attempt.

*Ros.* Do yong Sir, your reputation shall not therefore  
 be misprised : we wil make it our suite to the Duke, that  
 the wrastling might not go forward.

*Orl.* I beseech you, punish mee not with your harde  
 thoughts, wherein I confesse me much guiltie to denie

169, 170. *your eies...your iudgment*] Johns.  
*our eyes...our judgment* Han. Warb. 178. *wherein*] *Therein* Johns. conj.  
 Cap. Coll. (MS), ii, iii, Dyce iii, Huds. *herein* Cap. conj. Dyce iii. Om. Sped-  
*your own eyes...your own judgment* ding (ap. Cam. Ed.) Huds.

tor's. The triple sound of *s* in *Princesses* is certainly harsh, which is sufficient, in the present case, I think, to condemn it.—ED.]

169, 170. *your eies . . . your iudgment*] **WARBURTON**: Absurd! The sense requires that we should read, *our eyes* and *our judgement*. The argument is, Your spirits are too bold, and therefore your judgement deceives you; but did you see yourself with our more impartial judgement, you would forbear. **JOHNSON**: I cannot find the absurdity of the present reading. If you were not blinded and intoxicated (says the Princess) with the spirit of enterprise, if you could use *your own eyes to see, or your own judgement to know* yourself; the fear of your adventure would counsel you. [See Johnson's reading in Text. Notes.] **HEATH** (p. 145): A very modest proposal truly [Warburton's reading] that Orlando, who must have been taught by experience the measure of his own skill and strength, should rather refer himself to the judgement upon the first view of two ladies to whom he was till that moment a perfect stranger! **GRANT WHITE**: It would seem very superfluous to point out that 'eyes' and 'judgement' are the emphatic words here, were it not for Warburton's proposal. **WALKER** (*Crit.* ii, 7): Surely *our*. 'Your' occurs twice just before, and three times immediately after, which probably helped to mislead the printer's eye. **COLERIDGE** also says 'your' should surely be *our*. 'But,' says **WRIGHT**, 'the meaning is, "If you used the senses and reason which you possess"' [which is substantially the same interpretation as Johnson's, Heath's, White's, and Cowden-Clarke's, and which I cannot but think the true one.—ED.]

172. *own safetie*] Is not this second 'own' suspicious?—ED

175, 176. *wil . might*] For other instances of the irregular sequence of tenses, see Abbott, § 370.

178. *wherein*] **CAPELL**: This does not seem express'd with that neatness which is so conspicuous in this play above any of the others; For with what propriety can Orlando be said to be guilty in the ladies' *hard* thoughts? or why *confess* himself guilty in those thoughts. He might indeed confess himself guilty, in denying their request; and this leads to what (perhaps) is the true reading, *herein*: 'wherein'

so faire and excellent Ladies anie thing. But let your  
 faire eies, and gentle wishes go with mee to my triall; 180  
 wherein if I bee foil'd, there is but one sham'd that vvas  
 neuer gracious : if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to  
 be so : I shall do my friends no wrong, for I haue none to  
 lament me: the world no iniurie, for in it I haue nothing:  
 onely in the world I fill vp a place, which may bee better 185  
 supplied, when I haue made it emptie.

*Rof.* The little strength that I haue, I would it vvere  
 with you.

*Cel.* And mine to eeke out hers.

*Rof.* Fare you well: praie heauen I be deceiu'd in you. 190

*Cel.* Your hearts desires be with you.

187. *that*] Om. Rowe.

191. *Cel.*] Orlando. Theob. Han.

189. *eeke out*] *eeke-out* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

Warb.

stands at the head of another period, only two lines below; which might be the occasion of its getting in here. [This conjecture of Capell's has been generally credited to Mason, who also proposed it, probably independently. The latter observes]: As the word 'wherein' must always refer to something preceding, I have no doubt but there is an error in this passage, and that we ought to read *herein*, instead of 'wherein.' The hard thoughts that he complains of are the apprehensions expressed by the ladies of his not being able to contend with the wrestler. He beseeches that they will not punish him with them. MALONE: The meaning, I think, is, Punish me not with your unfavourable opinion (of my abilities); *which, however, I confess, I deserve to incur*, for denying such fair ladies any request. [Staunton quotes this; and Caldecott's paraphrase is substantially the same.] KNIGHT: Mason says 'the hard thoughts that he complains of are the apprehensions expressed by the ladies of his not being able to contend with the wrestler.' Hard thoughts! The tender interest which the ladies take in his safety to be called 'hard thoughts'—to be complained of? Surely the meaning is, Punish me not with your hard thoughts, *because* I confess me much guilty to deny what you ask. 'Wherein' is decidedly used in the sense of *in that*. WALKER (*Crit.* i, 309) suspects 'wherein,' and DYCE (ed. iii) adds that it is 'justly' suspected. WRIGHT: The construction is loose, and we must supply 'as antecedent some such expression as 'in this business,' or, as Malone suggests, 'of my abilities.' Knight's interpretation would make very good sense, but [*because* or *in that*] is not the meaning of 'wherein.' Mr Spedding would omit 'wherein' altogether.

178. *me*] For instances of 'me' used for *myself*, see Abbott, § 223.

182. *gracious*] SINGER: Anciently used in the sense of the Italian *gratiato*, *i. e.* *graced, favoured, countenanced*; as well as for *graceful, comely, well-favoured*, in which sense Shakespeare uses it in other places.

185. *onely*] This transposition is common in Shakespeare; we have another instance in 'the onely prologues' in V, iii, 12. Compare 'Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,' *Mer. of Ven.* I, i, 37, or line 50 in the same scene, 'Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.' Abbott, §§ 420, 421, gives other examples.  
 —En.



*Char.* Come, where is this yong gallant, that is fo  
desirous to lie with his mother earth? 192

*Orl.* Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modest  
working. 195

*Duk.* You shall trie but one fall.

*Cha.* No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat  
him to a second, that haue so mightilie perswaded him  
from a first.

*Orl.* You meane to mocke me after : you should not  
haue mockt me before : but come your waies. 200

*Rof.* Now Hercules, be thy speede yong man.

*Cel.* I would I were inuifible, to catch the strong fel-  
low by the legge. *Wraffle.*

*Rof.* Oh excellent yong man. 205

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who  
should downe. *Shout.*

*Duk.* No more, no more.

*Orl.* Yes I befeech your Grace, I am not yet well  
breath'd. 210

*Duk.* How do'st thou *Charles*?

194. *in it*] *it in* Var. '21 (misprint?)

204. *Wraffle.*] They *Wraffle* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

201. *mockt me*] *mockt* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe,  
Pope, Han.

208. Charles is thrown. Rowe et  
seq.

200. You meane] THEOBALD (*Lit. Illust.* ii, 329): Should not this be '*An*' you mean, &c.? MASON (p. 82): I believe we should read, '*If* you mean,' &c. CAMBRIDGE EDITORS (to whom Theobald's conj. had occurred independently) remark (*Note v*): *And* for *on* is a more probable reading than *if*, as it may have been omitted by the printer, who mistook it for part of the stage direction—'*Orl.* and' for '*Orland.*'

204. *Wraffle*] In a notice (*Sh. Jahrbuch*, ii, 274) of certain performances of Shakespeare's plays in Munich, Bodenstein mentions that, on one occasion, this wrestling-match was so arranged behind barriers that only the upper halves of the wrestlers' bodies were visible to the audience. Whether or not this arrangement is novel, or has been adopted elsewhere, I do not know, but it seems to be highly commendable, as far as it goes. It is questionable if the barriers might not be made much higher to advantage. Wrestling is a sport so unusual at this day and in this country, and our stage Orlandos and Charleses are generally such feeble adepts in it, that this match, as it is usually seen, is far from thrilling, and we are amazed not so much at Orlando's prowess as at Charles's accommodating mortality.—ED.

204, 207. Note the imperative mood of these stage-directions, indicating a stage copy.—ED.

207. downe] For the omission of verbs of motion before certain adverbs, see Abbott, §§ 30, 41, &c.

210. breath'd] SCHMIDT: That is, in the full display of my strength. Equivalent to *mis en haleine*.

*Le Beau.* He cannot speake my Lord.

212

*Duke.* Beare him awaie :

What is thy name yong man ?

*Orl.* Orlando my Liege, the yongest sonne of Sir *Roland de Boys*.

215

*Duke.* I would thou hadst beene son to some man else,  
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,  
But I did finde him still mine enemye :  
Thou should'st haue better pleas'd me with this deede,  
Hadst thou descended from another house :  
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth,  
I would thou hadst told me of another Father.

220

*Exit Duke.*

*Cel.* Were I my Father (Coze) would I do this ?

225

*Orl.* I am more proud to be Sir *Rolands* sonne,  
His yongest sonne, and would not change that calling  
To be adopted heire to *Fredricke*.

*Rof.* My Father lou'd Sir *Roland* as his soule,  
And all the world was of my Fathers minde,  
Had I before knowne this yong man his sonne,  
I should haue giuen him teares vnto entreaties,  
Ere he should thus haue ventur'd.

230

*Cel.* Gentle Cosen,

234

213, 214. Prose, Pope et seq.

Theob.

215, 216. Roland de Boys] Rowland  
de Boyes Ff.

224. Scene VII. Pope +.

226. *more*] *most* Han.

224. Exit...] Exit...with his train.

227. *sonne*,] *son* ;— Cap.

219. still] That is, constantly. See Shakespeare *passim*.

220. should'st] An instance of the peculiar use of *should*, to which attention was called in *Mer. of Ven.* III, ii, 289. It is not the past tense of *shall*, nor does it suggest compulsion or 'bounden duty' (see Abbott, § 322). Of course, at the present time we should use *would*.—ED.

227. yongest sonne] MALONE suggests that some such phrase as 'than to be descended from any other house, however high,' is to be understood. It is almost superfluous to remark that Capell's punctuation has been adopted since his day, whereby the sentence is shown to be incomplete; 'such things,' says Capell, 'have their beauty in a free dialogue.'

227. calling] STEEVENS: That is, appellation; a very unusual, if not unprecedented, sense of the word. [It is the only instance given by SCHMIDT with this meaning, who says that, in the sense of *vocation*, *profession*, 'it is always used of the ecclesiastical profession, except in *Per.* IV, ii, 43,' where Pandar says, 'Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling;' it is just possible that even in *Pericles* there is no exception to the general usage.—ED.]

Let vs goe thanke him, and encourage him : 235  
 My Fathers rough and enuious disposition  
 Sticks me at heart : Sir, you haue well deferu'd,  
 If you doe keepe your promifes in loue ;  
 But iustly as you haue exceeded all promife,  
 Your Miftris shall be happie. 240  
*Rof.* Gentleman,  
 Weare this for me : one out of suites with fortune 242

237. *Sticks*] *Sticks* F<sub>2</sub>. 239. *all*] Om. Cap. Steev. Dyce iii,  
*me at*] *at my* Han. Huds.  
 238. *loue*] *love*, Ff. *love* Cap. *promise*] *in promise* Ff, Rowe,  
 239. *iustly*] *justly*, Cap. Pope, Theob. Warb. *promise here*  
*as...promise*] *as you've here ex* Ktly.  
*ceeded promise* Han. 242. *fortune*] *fortune*; Cap

236. enuious] DYCE: Malicious.

237. at heart] This is, I think, an instance of the absorption of the definite article in the dental termination of 'at.' This absorption, originally adopted for the sake of ease in pronunciation, led gradually to the omission of the article in other cases, as in 'milk comes frozen home in *pail*,' or in 'spectacles *on nose* and pouch *on side*.'—ED.

239. iustly] KNIGHT: In the degree that you have gone beyond all expectation: but *as* justly. WRIGHT: That is, exactly. Compare the use of 'righteously,' line 13.

239. exceeded] WALKER (*Crit.* i, 288): Read, *metri gratiâ, excell'd*. I think, too, 'as y' have *here* excell'd,' &c. as an antitheton to 'in love.'

239. all promise] WHITE (ed. i, referring to 'in promise' of the Ff): But Orlando had not exceeded all in promise; he, or his performances, exceeded all promise.

242. Weare this] THEOBALD (ed. i): There is nothing in the sequel of this scene expressing what it is that Rosalind here gives to Orlando. Afterwards, in the third Act, when Rosalind has found a copy of verses in the woods writ on herself, and Celia asks her whether she knows who has done this, Rosalind replies, by way of question, 'Is it a man?' To which Celia again replies, 'Ay, and a *Chain* that *you* once wore, about his neck.' LADY MARTIN (p. 410): Rosalind needs not the prompting of her cousin to 'go thank him and encourage him;' but while Celia finds ready words, Rosalind's deeper emotion suggests to her a stronger token of the admiration he has roused. She has taken a chain from her neck, and stealthily kissing it—at least I always used to do so—she gives it to Orlando, saying (ll. 242, 243). Here she pauses, naturally expecting some acknowledgement from Orlando; but finding none come, and not knowing how to break off an interview that has kindled a strange emotion within her, she adds, 'Shall we go, coz?' Celia, heart-whole as she is, has no such difficulty. 'Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman,' she says, and turns away.

242. suites] JOHNSON: This seems an allusion to cards, where he that has no more cards to play of a particular sort, is *out of suit*. STEEVENS: It means, I believe, turned out of her service, and stripped of her livery. MALONE: So afterwards Celia says, 'but turning those *jests out of service*, let us talk in good earnest.' CALDECOTT: Its import seems equivalent to 'out of her books or graces.' HALLIWELL records the conjecture of 'an anonymous critic, "out of *sorts*," that is, discontented with the blind goddess; and another suggests the explanation "out of her favour," and not obtaining

That could giue more, but that her hand lacks meanes. 243  
 Shall we goe Coze?

*Cel.* I : fare you well faire Gentleman. 245

*Orl.* Can I not say, I thanke you? My better parts  
 Are all throwne downe, and that which here stands vp  
 Is but a quintine, a meere liueleffe blocke. 248

243. *could*] *would* Han. Dyce iii, Coll. neck. Theob.  
 iii.

245. *I*] *Ay* Rowe.

*meanes*] *meane* F<sub>2</sub>.

248. *meere*] *more* F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe.

244. Giving him a chain from her

*liueleffe*] *lifeless* Rowe it.

the *suits*, the petitions, *she* addressed other.' WRIGHT also suggests 'one to whose entreaties Fortune grants no favours, with a play upon the other meaning of the word,' namely *livery*. [See Whiter's note on II, vii, 47.]

243. *could giue more*] CALDECOTT: That is, who could find in her heart to give more, were her ability greater. WRIGHT refers to what Anthony says of Fulvia, 'She's good, being gone; The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on,' *Ant. & Cleop.* I, ii, 131.

246. *better parts*] CALDECOTT: Compare 'it hath cow'd my better part of man,' *Mach.* V, viii, 18; that is, his spirit. We may therefore conclude that by these terms *spirit and sense* were meant here

248. *quintine*] WARBURTON, to whom, despite his arrogant and offensive style, we must concede ingenuity, thus interprets this allusion, which he pronounces 'beautiful': A quintain was a *post* or *butt* set up for several kinds of martial exercises, against which they threw their darts and exercised their arms. 'I am,' says Orlando, 'only a quintain, a lifeless block, on which love only exercises his arms in jest, the great disparity in condition between Rosalind and me, not suffering me to hope that love will ever make a serious matter of it.' Whereupon, GUTHRIE (*Crit. Review*, 1765, vol. xx, p. 407) called Warburton to task, and denied that the 'quintaine' was the object of darts and arms, in fact, 'it was a stake driven into a field, upon which were hung a shield and other trophies of war, at which they shot, darted, or rode, with a lance. When the shield and the trophies were all thrown down, the "quintaine" remained. Without this information how could the reader understand the allusion of "my better parts are all thrown down"? &c.' As there seems to be here a difference of opinion as to the exact nature of a 'quintain,' all the archæological resources of the commentators were summoned to the field 'to fight for a spot,' as Steevens says, quoting Hamlet, 'whereon the numbers cannot try the cause;' and the consequence is that we have page upon page of explanations, and quotations from Latin, French, Italian, and English sources, accompanied by many wood-cuts and engravings, all of which are extremely valuable as an archæological contribution to the subject, but throw little light on Orlando's allusion other than is revealed in the definition of a quintain as given by Strutt and quoted below. For ampler researches those who list may consult: Grey, vol. i, pp. 171-173; Whiter, pp. 9-13; Variorum of '21, pp. 514-519; Caldecott, *Appendix*, p. 4; Knight, *Illustrations*, p. 220; Brand, *Pop. Antiq.* i, 177; ii, 163 (Bohn's ed.; several other authorities are there cited, some whereof are quoted by Wright); Theobald (Nichols's *Lit. Illus.* ii, 329), who cites Stow's *Survey*; and Halliwell *ad loc.* The extract from STRUTT (p. 112, ed. Hone, 1841) is as follows: 'Tilting or combating at the quintain is certainly a military exercise of high antiquity,

*Rof.* He cal's vs back : my pride fell with my fortunes,  
 Ile aske him what he would : Did you call Sir? 250  
 Sir, you haue wraffled well, and ouerthrowne  
 More then your enemies. 252

249. *fortunes,*] *fortunes* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *fortunes.* F<sub>4</sub>.

and antecedent, I doubt not, to the justs and tournaments. The quintain, originally, was nothing more than the trunk of a tree or post set up for the practice of the tyros in chivalry. Afterward a staff or spear was fixed in the earth, and a shield, being hung upon it, was the mark to strike at; the dexterity of the performer consisted in smiting the shield in such a manner as to break the ligatures and bear it to the ground. In process of time this diversion was improved, and instead of the staff and the shield, the resemblance of a human figure carved in wood was introduced. To render the appearance of this figure more formidable, it was generally made in the likeness of a Turk or Saracen, armed at all points, bearing a shield upon his left arm, and brandishing a club or sabre with his right. Hence this exercise was called by the Italians "running at the armed man, or at the Saracen." The quintain thus fashioned was placed upon a pivot, and so contrived as to move round with great facility. In running at this figure it was necessary for the horseman to direct his lance with great adroitness, and make his stroke upon the forehead, between the eyes or upon the nose; for if he struck wide of those parts, especially upon the shield, the quintain turned about with much velocity, and, in case he was not exceedingly careful, would give him a severe blow upon the back with the wooden sabre held in the right hand, which was considered as highly disgraceful to the performer, while it excited the laughter and ridicule of the spectators.' "There were other kinds of quintains," adds DYCE, "but the words of Orlando, "a quintain, a mere lifeless block," seem to show that Shakespeare alludes to the kind above described.' The simile itself was suggested, as WHITER says in substance, not only by the feats of activity which were then going forward, but by the assault upon his own heart which he had just experienced; 'the phrases "thrown down" and "stands up" were impressed on Shakespeare's mind by the subject of *wrestling* which had just occupied his attention;' it is Whiter's endeavour, be it remembered, in his thoughtful book, to explain various passages on the principle of Locke's doctrine of the Association of Ideas—ED.

250-252. BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE (April, 1833, p. 550, *qu.* Campbell?): Giving him a chain from her neck! How much worthier of a woman such frankness, not unaccompanied with reserve, than the pride that sat in the eyes of high-born beauty, as with half-averted face she let drop glove or scarf to her kneeling knight, with silent permission to dye it for her sake in his heart's blood! Not for all the world would Rosalind have sent her wrestler to the wars. But, believe us, she said aside to Celia, and in an undertone, though looking on Orlando, 'Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown More than your enemies.' She felt it was so, and could not help saying it, but she intended not that Orlando should hear the words, nor did he. All he heard was, 'Did you call, sir?' So far 'she urged conference,' and no farther; and 'twas the guileless hypocrisy of an unsuspecting heart! For our own parts, we see no reason in nature, had circumstances allowed it, why they should not have been married on the spot.

252. LADY MARTIN (p. 411): This 'more than your enemies' is very significant, and speaks plainly enough, though spoken as it would be, with great reserve of

- Cel.* Will you goe Coze? 253  
*Rof.* Haue with you : fare you well. *Exit.*  
*Orl.* What passion hangs these waights vpō my toong? 255  
 I cannot speake to her, yet she vrg'd conference.

*Enter Le Beau.*

- O poore *Orlando*! thou art ouerthrowne  
 Or Charles, or something weaker masters thee.  
*Le Beau.* Good Sir, I do in friendship counsaile you 260  
 Te leaue this place ; Albeit you haue deferu'd  
 High commendation, true applause, and loue ;  
 Yet such is now the Dukes condition,  
 That he misconstrers all that you haue done : 264

257. Enter...] Re-enter... (after line  
 259), Dyce.

261. *Te*] *F.*

264. *misconstrers*] *misconstrues* Pope.

manner, of the favorable impression which the young wrestler has made upon her. We may be sure that, but for his modest demeanour, Rosalind would not have allowed herself to confess so much.

253. LADY MARTIN (p. 411): Celia, amused, and disposed to rally her cousin about what looks to her rather more than 'falling in love in sport,' accosts Rosalind mockingly in the phrase she has used but a few minutes before, 'Will you go, coz?' 'Have with you,' Rosalind rejoins, quite understanding the roguish sparkle in her cousin's eyes, but not deterred by it from giving to Orlando as she goes an earnest 'Fare you well.' But she is still slow to leave, hoping and longing for some words from his lips addressed to herself. When Celia takes her hand and is leading her away, Celia bows slightly to Orlando; but Rosalind in a royal and gentle manner curseys to him, wishing to show her respect for the memory of his father, the dear friend of her father, and also her sympathy with his misfortunes. These she can give him, if nothing else. This scene, you will agree, needs most delicate touching in the actress. Rosalind has not much to say, but she has to make her audience feel by subtle indications the revolution that is going on in her own heart from the moment her eyes fall upon her future lover, down to the parting glance with which her farewell is accompanied. It is Juliet in the ball-room, but under conditions that demand a far greater variety of expression. There is no avowal of love; but when she lingeringly leaves the stage, the audience must have been made to feel that in her case, as in Juliet's, her heart has made its choice, and that a change has come over her akin to that which has come over Orlando. OXON (p. 49): When Celia sees that Rosalind has fallen in love with Orlando, she checks her desire to return and speak to him once more, because she sees that her cousin's effusiveness is carrying her a little too far; and she utters 'Will you go, coz?' in a *jam satis* tone.

259. Or . . . or] ABBOTT, § 136: There is perhaps a disposition to revert to the old idiom: *other . . . other*. The contraction of *other* into 'or' is illustrated by *whether* for *whethēr* in Old English and the Elizabethan dramatists.

263. condition] JOHNSON: It here means *character, temper, disposition*. So Antonio, in the *Mer. of Ven.* is called by his friend 'the best condition'd man.'

The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede

265

264. *misconsters*] 'This form,' says DYCE (*Remarks*, p. 54), 'is common in our early writers.' It represents the early pronunciation, which was probably in a transition state when the Folio was printing. We find this same form in *1 Hen. VI.* II, iii, 73 (p. 103, a, F<sub>2</sub>): 'Be not dismay'd, faire Lady, nor *misconster* The minde of Talbot;' and also in *Rich. III.* III, v, 61 (p. 190, b, F<sub>2</sub>): '*Misconster* vs in him and wayle his death,' and again, 'I be *misconsterd* in the place I go,' *Mer. of Ven.* II, ii, 184; but in the only other passages where the word occurs we have the spelling *misconstrue*: 'Alas, thou hast *misconstrued* euerything,' *Jul. Cæs.* V, iii, 84 (p. 129, a, F<sub>2</sub>); and 'So much *misconstrued* in his Wantonnesse,' *1 Hen. IV.* V, ii, 69 (p. 70, b, F<sub>2</sub>). See also *conster* in *Oth.* IV, i, 118, and note in this edition, where all the instances are given of the occurrence of that word in the Folio; from which list it appears that it was spelled *conster* three times and *construe* eight times; in *R. of L.* and in *Pass Pilg.* it is spelled *conster*; so that the proportion stands five to eight, and shows, I think, that the pronunciation was in a state of transition. See also Greene's *James the Fourth*, p. 106, ed. Dyce; and Peele's *The Arraignment of Paris*, p. 24, ed. Dyce, where Dyce cites a passage from Marston in which *conster* rhymes with *monster*.—ED.

265. *humorous*] This is defined as *capricious* by Caldecott, Knight, Dyce, Staunton, Wright, and Rolfe; Dyce adds *perverse*, and Staunton to *perverse* adds *contrarious*. Halliwell's first definition is *capricious*, but he continues, 'it is sometimes used in the sense of *fantastic*, the meaning given to the word by Minsheu, or, perhaps, *peevish*, *wayward*, as Coles has it, translating it by *morosus*. Cotgrave has, "*Averti-neux*, moodie, humorous;" and again, "*Avoir le cerveau un peu gaillard*, to be humorous, toyish, fantastical, new-fangled.'" Despite this general agreement, I doubt if 'humorous' is here exactly defined by *capricious*, or if *capricious* exactly defines the Duke. The Duke's predominant trait seems to be suspicion, bred of the treachery to his brother. This suspicion blazes forth at times, as in such inconstant starts as the banishment of Rosalind, but it is persistent and consistent, which can scarcely be affirmed of a temperament that is *capricious*. Moreover, it would never do to call the Duke's conversion and reconciliation to the Church, in the Fifth Act, a *caprice*. Yet this humorousness, whatever it be, is emphasised as a characteristic of the Duke. He is twice called 'humorous'; here by Le Beau, and again by old Adam. The only other instance where 'humorous' is used in this play is where Jaques thus characterises his melancholy; and surely if any melancholy were ever ingrained and persistent, and less liable to freaks or caprices, it is Jaques's; he himself says expressly that it is not 'fantastic.' It behooves us, then, I think, to find a meaning for 'humorous' somewhat nicer than merely *capricious*. Ben Jonson, in the *Induction to Every Man Out of his Humour*, gives a definition of 'humour,' which, contemporaneous as it is, is more likely to be exact than any modern attempt to define it; from 'humour' the meaning may be presumably extended to 'humorous.' Asper says to Mitis, 'When some one peculiar quality Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw All his affects, his spirits, and his powers, In their confusions, all to run one way, This may be truly said to be a humour.' Such a dominant trait, then, as this, it would be hardly correct to term a *caprice*, or a man thus dominated, *capricious*. A man thus 'humorous' may be *headstrong*, *wayward*, and his 'humour' may assume an odd, extraordinary turn, but it would be steady, persistent, and by no means *capricious*; it might manifest itself unexpectedly, but all the 'humorous' man's 'affects would run one way.' Wherefore, I think, and I speak with diffidence,

More fuites you to conceiue, then I to speake of. 266

*Orl.* I thanke you Sir ; and pray you tell me this,  
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,  
That here was at the Wraftling?

*Le Beau.* Neither his daughter, if we iudge by manners, 270  
But yet indeede the taller is his daughter,  
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,  
And here detain'd by her vsurping Vncle  
To keepe his daughter companie, whose loues  
Are deerer then the naturall bond of Sisters: 275

. 266. *I*] *me* Rowe +, Cap. Mal. Steev.  
Coll. Sing. Ktly.

268. *the*] *these* Rowe.

*of the Duke*] *to the Duke* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

Rowe.

269. *was*] *were* Han. Cap. Dyce iii.

271. *taller*] Ff, Cam. *shorter* Rowe  
ii +, Cap. Steev. Cald. Knt. Coll. ii, Dyce  
iii, Huds. *smaller* Mal. Bos. Coll. i, Sing.

Wh. i, Dyce i, Clke, Rlse. *lower* Sta. *less*  
*taller* Ktly. *lesser* Spedding, Wr. Wh. u.

272. *other is*] *other's* Pope +.

'humorous' in the present play is more nearly defined by *wayward*, *headstrong*, *obstinate*, than by *capricious*.—ED.

266. then *I*] See line 17 *supra*, and I, i, 160. ABBOTT, § 216: After a conjunction and before an infinitive we often find *I, thou, &c.*, where in Latin we should have 'me,' 'te,' &c. The conjunction seems to be regarded as introducing a new sentence, instead of connecting one clause with another. Hence the pronoun is put in the nominative, and a verb is perhaps to be supplied from the context. Thus here, 'More suits you to conceive *than I* (find it suitable) to speak of; i. e. 'than that I should speak of.' [See also HUNTER's plea (i, 344) for retaining archaic forms, urged at a time when there was need of it; nor is it altogether needless now-a-days, when we find as good a scholar as Keightley changing '*I*' to *me*.—ED.]

271. *taller*] See Text. Notes. MALONE: Some change is absolutely necessary; for Rosalind, in a subsequent scene, expressly says that *she* is 'more than common *tall*,' and assigns that as a reason for her assuming the dress of a man, while her cousin Celia retained her female apparel. Again, in IV, iii, Celia is described by these words, 'the woman *low*, and browner than her brother;' i. e. Rosalind. [As between *shorter* and *smaller*, Malone urges that the latter is much 'nearer to the corrupted reading.'] STEEVENS: Shakespeare sometimes speaks of *little* women, but I do not recollect that he, or any other writer, has mentioned *small* ones. MALONE. *Small* is used to express lowness of stature in Greene's *James the Fourth* [Act IV, ad fin.]: 'But my small son made prettie handsome shift To save the queene his mistresse by his speed.' KNIGHT: Shakespeare uses *short* with reference to a woman—'Leonato's *short* daughter,' *Much Ado*, I, i, 216. [This is one of the very rare omissions in Mrs Cowden-Clarke's *Concordance*, s. v. *short*.] COLLIER, in his First Edition, approves of Malone's *smaller*, and adds that '*shorter* and "daughter" read dissonantly;' but in his second edition, influenced by his Old Corrector, he adopts the 'dissonant' *shorter*. WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 60): I suspect this is a slip of Shakespeare's pen. The word he had in his thoughts was probably *shorter*, not *smaller*, which in this sense belongs to later English.



But I can tell you, that of late this Duke 276  
 Hath tane displeasure 'gainst his gentle Neece,  
 Grounded vpon no other argument,  
 But that the people praise her for her vertues,  
 And pittie her, for her good Fathers sake; 280  
 And on my life his malice 'gainst the Lady  
 Will sodainly breake forth : Sir, fare you well,  
 Hereafter in a better world then this,  
 I shall desire more loue and knowledge of you.  
*Orl.* I rest much bounden to you : fare you well. 285  
 Thus must I from the smoake into the smother,  
 From tyrant Duke, vnto a tyrant Brother.  
 But heauenly *Rosaline*. *Exit.* 288

277. *tane*] *ta'en* Rowe.

*Neece*] *Neice* F<sub>3</sub>.

279. *her vertues*] *vertues* F<sub>3</sub>.

284. *Exit.* Rowe.

285. *fare you well*] *fareyouwell* F<sub>3</sub>.

283. better world] STEEVENS: So in *Cor.* III, iii, 135: 'There is a world elsewhere.' WRIGHT: That is, in a better age or state of things. [Wordsworth (p. 300) interprets this as an expression of faith and hope, and as an allusion to the world beyond the grave. To me Wright's interpretation is decidedly the true one; Wordsworth's interpretation (which is undoubtedly a mere oversight on the part of the gentle and reverend author), would be singularly inappropriate under the circumstances.—ED.]

286. smother] WRIGHT: Out of the frying-pan into the fire. 'Smother' is the thick, stifling smoke of a smouldering fire. Bacon uses 'to pass in smother,' for *to be stifled*, in *Essay* xxvii, p. 112; and 'to keep in smother' for *to stifle*, in *Essay* xxxi, p. 134.

288. MOBERLY: These words are said and prolonged with a burst of enthusiasm which sweeps away all his gloomy reflections.

*Scena Tertius.**Enter Celia and Rosaline.*

*Cel.* Why Cofen, why *Rosaline* : *Cupid* haue mercie,  
Not a word?

*Rof.* Not one to throw at a dog.

*Cel.* No, thy words are too precious to be caft away 5  
vpon curs, throw fome of them at me ; come lame mee  
with reafons.

*Rof.* Then there were two Cofens laid vp, when the  
one fhould be lam'd with reafons, and the other mad  
without any. 10

*Cel.* But is all this for your Father?

*Rof.* No, fome of it is for my childes Father : Oh  
how full of briers is this working day world. 13

2. *Cofen*] *Cofn* F<sub>2</sub>.

*Rosaline*] *Rofeline* F<sub>4</sub>.

5. *thy*] *my* F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.

*precious*] *precoious* F<sub>2</sub>.

6. *come*] *come*, Fi.

12. *childes Father*] *father's child*

Rowe ii, Pope, Han. Warb. Johns. Knt,

Dyce, Coll. (MS) ii, Clke, Ktly, Huds.

Coll. iii, Wh. ii.

13. *day world*] *day-world* F<sub>4</sub>.

1, 2. *Rosaline*] This spelling, and where it again occurs in this scene, lines 93 and 101, Walker (*Crit.* ii, 66) attributes to the frequent confusion in the Folio of the final *d* and *e*. It may be so; but the frequency with which it occurs (for these are not the only instances) indicates that, as was natural, in common pronunciation the final *d* was somewhat slurred. That the name was Rosalind is made sure by Orlando's verses and Touchstone's doggerel in the Third Act.—Ed.

9. *mad*] Is this word quite above suspicion? Is it not somewhat early for Rosalind to confess herself *madly* in love? Or is it that she is mad, thus to love without reason?—Ed.

11. *Father*] MOBERLY: The reason which Rosalind had given for her sadness in Scene ii. Imagine the ironical accent on this word.

12. *my childes Father*] THEOBALD: That is, 'some of it is for my Sweetheart, whom I hope to marry and have children by.' COLERIDGE (p. 108): Who can doubt that this is a mistake for 'my father's child,' meaning herself? According to Theobald's note, a most indelicate anticipation is put into the mouth of Rosalind without reason; and besides, what a strange thought and how out of place and unintelligible! [I do not care to discuss this passage. It is enough to give, as above, the two most eminent advocates on the opposing sides. Further discussion cannot but emphasise the thought, whereof the purity or impurity will depend on the bias of the reader; 'the worm, look you, will bite after its kind.' It is well, however, in this case, and

*Cel.* They are but burs, Cofen, throwne vpon thee  
in holiday foolerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths 15  
our very petty-coates will catch them.

*Rof.* I could shake them off my coate, these burs are  
in my heart.

*Cel.* Hem them away.

*Rof.* I would try if I could cry hem, and haue him. 20

*Cel.* Come, come, wrastle with thy affections.

*Rof.* O they take the part of a better wrastler then  
my selfe.

*Cel.* O, a good wish vpon you : you will trie in time  
in dispiight of a fall : but turning these iests out of seruice, 25  
let vs talke in good earnest : Is it possible on such a so-  
daine, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir  
*Roulands* yougest sonne? 28

27. *strong*] *strange* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe.

28. *Roulands*] F<sub>2</sub>.

in all similar cases (which will, hereafter, in this play receive, in the Commentary, no notice at my hands), to bear in mind that modes of thought and of speech, as well as of manners, shift and change from age to age as widely as do the costumes, and that every age must be measured by its own standard. Moberly says, 'Shakespeare would have smiled' at Rowe's emendation. Mrs Jameson says wisely : 'If the freedom of some of the expressions used by Rosalind or Beatrice be objected to, let it be remembered that this was not the fault of Shakespeare or the women, but generally of the age. Portia, Beatrice, Rosalind, and the rest, lived in times when more importance was attached to things than to words; now we think more of words than of things; and happy are we in these later days of super-refinement, if we are to be saved by our verbal morality.'—ED.]

20. *cry hem, and haue him*] According to WARBURTON, this is a proverbial expression signifying 'having for asking'; WALKER also (*Crit.* ii, 168) thinks that 'it must be a proverbial expression,' and adds, 'though I cannot find it in Ray,' wherein the present editor also has looked for it in vain. MOBERLY surmises that it is 'a game like hunt-the-slipper.' Is it, however, necessary, after all, to find any deeper meaning than the merest play on words in 'hem' and 'him'?—ED.

24. *a good wish upon you*] Used where 'my blessing on you' would be too strong.—ED.

25. The page in the Folio, which begins with this line, is wrongly numbered 187, it should be 189.—ED.

26, 27. *such a sodaine*] WRIGHT: Shakespeare uses 'on a sudden,' 'of a sudden,' and 'on the sudden,' elsewhere, but not 'on such a sudden.'

27. *strong*] As far as I know, WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 23) is the only critic who approves of *strange* of F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, for which, I think, much could be urged here, apart from the fact that confusion has elsewhere arisen between these two words (cf. 'O *strong* and fasten'd villain' of Q<sub>2</sub> in *Lea* II, i, 77). Rosalind, by pleading the old mutual love of their parents, gives merely a reason for loving Orlando at all, and why

*Rof.* The Duke my Father lou'd his Father deerelie.

*Cel.* Doth it therefore ensue that you should loue his  
Sonne deerelie? By this kinde of chafe, I should hate  
him, for my father hated his father deerely; yet I hate  
not *Orlando*.

*Rof.* No faith, hate him not for my fake.

*Cel.* Why should I not? doth he not deferue well? 35

34. *not*] *nor* F<sub>3</sub>.

35. *he not*] *not* *he* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe i.

35. *I not?*] *I?* Cap. Dyce iii.

that love should not be *strange*, but she would scarcely urge this parental love in the past as a reason for vehemently loving him now.—ED.

29. *MOBERLY*: A line of much resource for a good actress; capable of being shaded from the purely sentimental into the convincingly logical.

31. *chase*] *JOHNSON*: That is, by this way of *following* the argument. *WHITER* (p. 93): Can the reader doubt that Shakespeare fell into this expression by a combination arising from the similar sounds of 'dear' and *deer*? That our ancient writers have sometimes quibbled on these words may be urged as an argument to convince the reader how easy and natural it is for our Author to be led into such an association; although, in the present instance, not the most distant allusion to this equivocal meaning was intended by the Poet. [To the unconscious association of ideas suggested by *Whiter*, I think there may be fairly added the association arising from the word 'ensue,' to which *ALLEN* calls attention in a brief marginal note: 'ensue = pursue ("seek peace and ensue it")'. Therefore *Celia* adds: "by this kind of *chase*" = pursuing = *following* (= logical sequence, inference).']—ED ]

32. *deerely*] Cf. 'my *dearest* foe,' *Ham.* I, ii, 182, and notes in this edition, where *CLARENDON*'s concise statement is given: '*dear* is used of whatever touches us nearly, either in love or hate, joy or sorrow.'

35. *should I not*] *THEOBALD* (*Nichols, Lit. Illust.* ii, 330): Either the negative should be expunged, or it would be clearer to read, 'Why should I *hate*.' [This remark, which was in a private letter to Warburton, was not subsequently repeated in *Theobald*'s edition. *Capell*'s omission of the negative was therefore original with him.] *MALONE*: *Celia* answers *Rosalind* (who had desired her '*not to hate Orlando, for her sake*') as if she had said '*love him, for my sake*;' to which the former replies, 'Why should I *not* [*i. e.* love him]?' So, in the following passage, in *Hen. VIII.*: 'Which of the peers Have uncontentn'd gone by him, or at least Strangely neglected?' *Uncontentn'd* must be understood as if the author had written *not* contentn'd; otherwise the subsequent words would convey a meaning directly contrary to what the speaker intends. [It is to be feared that *Malone*'s ingenuity is misplaced.] *CALDECOTT*: Meaning to be understood by reference to that which had preceded, *i. e.* upon a principle stated by yourself, 'because my father hated his father, does he not well deserve by me *to be hated*?' while *Rosalind*, taking the words simply, and without any reference, replies, 'Let me love him for that,' *i. e.* for that *he well deserves*. *DYCE* (ed. iii) followed *Capell* in omitting the negative 'as a manifest error, in consequence of "not" occurring just before and just after.' The explanation given by *WHITE* (ed. i), that 'doth he not deserve well?' means doth he not deserve well *to be hated*, *Dyce* pronounces 'utterly inconsistent with the declaration in *Celia*'s preceding speech,

*Enter Duke with Lords.*

36

*Rof.* Let me loue him for that, and do you loue him  
Because I doe. Looke, here comes the Duke.

*Cel.* With his eies full of anger.

*Duk.* Miftris, dispatch you with your safest haste, 40  
And get you from our Court.

*Rof.* Me Vncle.

*Duk.* You Cosen,

Within these ten daies if that thou beeſt found  
So neere our publike Court as twentie miles, 45  
Thou dieſt for it.

*Rof.* I doe beſeech your Grace  
Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me :  
If with my ſelfe I hold intelligence, 49

36. Scene IX. Pope+.

Enter...] In line 38, Coll.

42, 43. *me... You] me, ... You*, Rowe.

43. *Cofen]* Om. Han.

"yet I hate not Orlando." [It must be confessed that by this omission of 'not' the text is rendered simpler, but at the cost of all archness or irony. Moreover, that most wholesome rule, as wholesome as it is venerable, should never be lost sight of: *durior lectio preferenda'st*, a necessity all the more urgent now-a-days, since it seems to be about the very last rule which occurs, if ever it does occur at all, to the minds of the emenders of Shakespeare's text.—ED.]

37. *me . . . you]* These are the emphatic words.

40. *safest]* SINGER suggests that this is probably a misprint for *swiftest*. COLLIER: The Duke means by this epithet to refer to the danger which would attend Rosalind if she delayed. The (MS) has *fastest*, but change seems undesirable. BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE (1853, Aug., p. 197): 'Safest haste'—that is, most convenient despatch—is much more probable than '*fastest* haste,' inasmuch as the lady to whom the words were addressed is allowed *ten days* to take herself off in. WHITE: In '*safest haste*' there is an unconscious anticipation by the Duke of his subsequent threat. Besides, Shakespeare would not needlessly write '*fastest* haste.' KEIGHTLEY: *Safe* is sure, certain, a sense which it retains in the Midland counties. MOBERLY: That is, the haste which is your best safety.

42. Vncle] ABBOTT, § 465, scans this line by 'dropping or softening' the *le* final in this word, thus: And gét | you fróm | our còurt. | Me, úncle ? | You, cóusin. Unquestionably this dropping or softening of syllables containing a liquid, final or otherwise, in certain words, frequently takes place. But I do not think that we are to expect to find it in broken lines.—ED.

43. Cosen] SKEAT (*Dict. s. v.*): A near relative. Formerly applied to a kinsman generally, not in the modern restricted way. . . . Low Latin *cosinus*, a contraction of Lat. *consobrinus*, the child of a mother's sister, a cousin, relation.

44, 51. *if that]* For other instances of *that* as a conjunctive affix see *post*, line 122; II, vii, 76; III, v, 99; IV, iii, 121; or Abbott, § 287, or *Mer. of Ven.* III, iii, 35; or Shakespeare *passim*.

Or haue acquaintance with mine owne desires, 50  
 If that I doe not dreame, or be not franticke,  
 (As I doe trust I am not) then deere Vncle,  
 Neuer so much as in a thought vnborne,  
 Did I offend your highnesse.

*Duk.* Thus doe all Traitors, 55  
 If their purgation did consist in words,  
 They are as innocent as grace it selfe;  
 Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

*Rof.* Yet your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor;  
 Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends? 60

*Duk.* Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.

*Rof.* So was I when your highnes took his Dukdome,  
 So was I when your highnesse banisht him;  
 Treason is not inherited my Lord,  
 Or if we did deriue it from our friends, 65  
 What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor,  
 Then good my Leige, mistake me not so much, 67

50. *mine*] *my* Rowe+.

60. *likelihoods*] *likelihood* Ff, Rowe+,  
 Cap. Steev. Var. Cald. Knt. Coll. Cam.

56. *purgation*] A technical use of a legal term which seems to have escaped RUSHTON, LORD CAMPBELL, and HEARD. Vulgar purgation, as distinguished from canonical purgation, demanded not alone oaths, but ordeals by fire, or water, or combat.—ED.

60. *likelihoods*] See 'destinies decrees,' I, ii, 101. WALKER (*Crit.* i, 234): The interpolation of an *s* at the end of a word, generally, but not always, a noun substantive, is remarkably frequent in the Folio. Those who are conversant with the MSS of the Elizabethan age may perhaps be able to explain its origin. Were it not for the different degrees of frequency with which it occurs in different parts of the Folio, being comparatively rare in the Comedies (except perhaps in *The Wint. Tale*), appearing more frequently in the Histories, and becoming quite common in the Tragedies, I should be inclined to think it originated in some peculiarity of Shakespeare's handwriting. [See II, i, 54; or *Mer. of Ven.* II, ix, 35 and *Oth.* I, i, 31, where several instances are given which had escaped Walker.—ED.] ALLEN paraphrases: 'Tell me on what depends your belief that I am likely to be a traitor.'

66. *no Traitor*] LADY MARTIN (p. 413): In speaking this I could never help laying a slight emphasis on these last words. For what but a traitor had the Duke himself been? The sarcasm strikes home. MOBERLY: Rosalind's brave spirit will not allow her to defend herself at her father's expense or to separate her cause from his. There are few passages in Shakespeare more instinctively true and noble than this. She had *not* offended her uncle, even in thought, though every one else was doing so. But the least suggestion that her father is a traitor rouses her in arms to defend him.

- To thinke my pouertie is treacherous. 68  
*Cel.* Deere Soueraigne heare me speake.  
*Duk.* I *Celia*, we staid her for your sake, 70  
 Elfe had she with her Father rang'd along.  
*Cel.* I did not then intreat to haue her stay,  
 It was your pleasure. and your owne remorse,  
 I was too yong that time to value her,  
 But now I know her : if she be a Traitor, 75  
 Why so am I : we still haue slept together,  
 Rose at an instant, learn'd, plaid, eate together,  
 And wherefoere we went, like *Iunos* Swans,  
 Still we went coupled and inseperable. 79

70. *we staid*] *we but staid* Pope +.

79. *inseperable* F<sub>2</sub>.

73. Om. Rowe i.

67, 68. so much, To thinke] See II, iii, 8; also *Mer. of Ven.* 'so fond To come abroad,' or Abbott, § 281, for instances of a similar omission of *as*.

73. remorse] STEEVENS: That is, compassion. DYCE: Tenderness of heart.

74. that time] See Abbott, § 202, for instances of the omission of the preposition in adverbial expressions of time, manner, &c. Thus also 'all points' in line 123, *post*.

76. still] That is, constantly, always; thus in Shakespeare *passim*.

77. an instant] For instances where *a* is used for *one*, see Abbott, § 81.

78. *Iunos* Swans] WRIGHT: No commentator appears to have made any remark upon this, but it may be questioned whether for 'Juno' we ought not to read *Venus*, to whom, and not to Juno, the swan is sacred. In Ovid's *Metam.* x, 708, 717, 718, the same book which contains the story of Atalanta, who is mentioned in this play, and of Adonis, Venus is represented in a chariot drawn by swans. [That this oversight should have escaped Shakespeare's notice is strange, but nothing so strange as that during all these many years it lurked undetected, full in the blaze of the fierce light that beats on every line of these plays. That it is a mistake there can be no doubt, and most probably Shakespeare's own. As Shakespeare's knowledge of mythology was, in all likelihood, mainly derived from Golding's translation of Ovid, my hopes were high that somewhere or other the slip of referring to 'Juno's swans' might be found in that volume. Dyce once, half mournfully, half apologetically, referred to the 'hours he had wasted' over old, half-forgotten books. Be his sigh re-echoed here. The expression 'Juno's swans' is not in the Fifteen Books of Golding's Translation of Ovid.—ED.]

79. inseperable] COLLIER (ed. ii): There is no reason for changing this to *inseparate*, beyond the fact that in the (MS) *inseparate* is inserted and 'inseparable' struck out. Perhaps *inseparate* is a little more in Shakespeare's manner, but he also has 'inseparable' in *King John*, III, iv, 66. WHITE (ed. i): The F<sub>2</sub> has 'inseparable,' a reading so consonant with Shakespeare's phraseology, and so rhythmically advantageous to the line, that it would be acceptable without question, were not authority against it. [An oversight. White was thinking of Collier's (MS). F<sub>2</sub> and the rest have *inseparable*.—ED.]

*Duk.* She is too subtile for thee, and her smoothnes;  
 Her verie silence, and per patience,  
 Speake to the people, and they pittie her :  
 Thou art a foole, she robs thee of thy name,  
 And thou wilt shew more bright, & seem more vertuous.  
 When she is gone : then open not thy lips  
 Firme, and irreuocable is my doombe,  
 Which I haue paft vpon her, she is banish'd.

*Cel.* Pronounce that sentence then on me my Leige,  
 I cannot liue out of her companie.

*Duk.* You are a foole : you Neice prouide your selfe,  
 If you out-stay the time, vpon mine honor,  
 And in the greatnesse of my word you die.

*Exit Duke, &c.*

*Cel.* O my poore *Rosaline*, whether wilt thou goe?  
 Wilt thou change Fathers? I will giue thee mine :  
 I charge thee be not thou more grieu'd then I am.

*Rof.* I haue more cause.

*Cel.* Thou hast not Cosen,

81. *per*] *F.*

88. *Leige*] *Liege F.*

91. *out-stay*] *out-stany F.*

93. Scene X. Pope+.

94. *whether*] *where* .ope+.

95. *Fathers*] *father F.*

96. *then*] *them F.*

98. *Cosen*] *dearest cousin Han.*

79. MRS JAMESON (p. 153): Celia is more quiet and retired; but she rather yields to Rosalind than is eclipsed by her. She is as full of sweetness, kindness, and intelligence, quite as susceptible, and almost as witty, though she makes less display of wit. She is described as less fair and less gifted; yet the attempt to excite in her mind a jealousy of her lovelier friend by placing them in comparison [as in lines 80-86] fails to awaken in the generous heart of Celia any other feeling than an increased tenderness and sympathy for her cousin. To Celia; Shakespeare has given some of the most striking and animated parts of the dialogue; and in particular that exquisite description of the friendship between her and Rosalind [lines 75-79]. The feeling of interest and admiration thus excited for Celia at the first, follows her through the whole play. We listen to her as to one who has made herself worthy of our love; and her silence expresses more than eloquence.

84. *seem*] WARBURTON: Doubtless the poet wrote *shine*, i. e. her virtues would appear more splendid when the lustre of her cousin's was away. JOHNSON: When she was seen alone she would be more noted.

84. *vertuous*] CAPELL (57, δ): This means gifted, not with *virtue*, but *virtues*, virtuous and good qualities of all sorts.

94. *whether*] Undoubtedly contracted, as in many other instances, into *wh'er*. See Walker (*Vers.* 106), or *Mach.* I, iii, 111; *Ham.* III, ii, 193; *Lear*, II, i, 53; *Mer. of Ven.* I, i, 183; V, i, 329.

98. Thou hast not Cosen,] STEEVENS: Some word is wanting to the metre,



Prethee be cheerefull ; know'st thou not the Duke

Hath banish'd me his daughter ?

100

*Rof.* That he hath not.

*Cel.* No, hath not ? *Rosaline* lacks then the loue

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one,

103

100. *Hath*] *Has* Rowe ii+.

103. *thee*] *me* Theob. Han. Warb. Cap.

102. *No, hath not ?*] Ff, Rowe i. *No ?*

Dyce iii, Huds.

*hath not ?* Rowe ii+.

*thou*] *she* Cap. conj.

*am*] *are* Han.

Perhaps our author wrote *Indeed, thou hast,* &c. [I beg leave to doubt that in a broken line a syllable or a foot is ever wanting, to complete the metre.—ED.]

102 *No, hath not ?*] In *Notes & Qu.* (vol. vii, p. 520) ARROWSMITH gave, for the first time, a correct explanation of such phrases as *No did ? No will ? No had ?* &c. by citing 'a string of examples' showing that they were equivalent to *Did you not ? Will you not ? Had you not ?* &c. Whereupon SINGER (*Ib* p 593) inferred that the present line was another illustration of this same idiom, losing sight of the fact that to be exactly parallel Celia should say *No hath ?* HALLIWELL, also, was misled, and although neither he nor Singer made any change in the text other than in erasing the comma after 'No,' yet Halliwell suggested that it would be better understood if printed, *no, 'hath not,'* which is true enough, but if Celia's question is a mere quotation of Rosalind's remark, where is the 'singular idiom' which Halliwell says is to be noticed here?—ED.

103. *teacheth thee*] THEOBALD: 'Tis evident the Poet wrote '*teacheth me*;' for if Rosalind had learnt to think Celia one part of her Self, she could not lack that Love which Celia complains she does. [This emendation, such as it is, belongs to Theobald, although it is generally attributed to Warburton, even in the Cambridge Edition. Theobald proposed it in a letter to Warburton in 1729; see Nichols, *Illustr.* ii, 330. Wright correctly gives it to Theobald, but while correcting one oversight commits another by giving to Theobald the change of '*am*' to *are*, which in reality belongs to Hanmer. Singer proposed it, perhaps believing it to be original, in *Notes & Qu.* vol. vii, p. 593, but did not adopt it in his subsequent text.—ED.] CAPELL: The inexpressible sweetness of the sentiment contain'd in this line, and that before it, is lost by the old reading '*thee*'; which were alone sufficient to justify the corrector, and those who have follow'd him in his change. JOHNSON: Either reading may stand. The sense of the established text is not remote or obscure. Where would be the absurdity of saying, You know not the law which teaches you to do right? KNIGHT thinks there is reason in the change of '*thee*' to *me*; and WHITE (ed. i), after quoting Johnson, adds: 'still, it remains true that Celia would naturally reproach her cousin for the lack of that completeness of love which she herself possessed.' MOBERLY: That is, 'which ought to teach you as it has already taught me.' The futurity is sufficiently expressed by the context; as in '*non dubito quin tibi Chremes det gnatam.*' [There seems to be no necessity for change. Johnson's illustration is pat. But if any change at all is adopted, it should be as thorough as that proposed by Capell in the following note on '*am*'.]

103. *am*] CAPELL: The freedom us'd with grammar in '*am*' has (perhaps) a reason for 't; the diction, it will be said, is more forcible in that than in *are*: But is either diction or pathos improv'd by the transition from Rosalind in the third person

Shall we be fundred? shall we part sweete girle?  
 No, let my Father seeke another heire: 105  
 Therefore deuise with me how we may flie  
 Whether to goe, and what to beare with vs,  
 And doe not seeke to take your change vpon you,  
 To beare your griefes your selfe, and leaue me out:  
 For by this heauen, now at our sorrowes pale; 110  
 Say what thou canst, Ile goe along with thee.  
*Rof.* Why, whether shall we goe? 112

107, 112. *Whether*] *Whither* Ff.

Coll. ii. *the charge* Sing. Wh. i, Dyce

108. *your change*] *your charge* Ff,  
 Rowe, Pope, Theob. Warb. Han. Cap.

ii, Ktly, Rlf.

110. *now...pale*] In parenthesis, Ff.

in one line to Rosalind in the second 'in this? if they are not, 'thou' should give place to *she*, as 'thee' has to *me*. KEIGHTLEY (*Exp.* 156): Such was the structure of the time. 'My thoughts and I *am* for this other element'—Jonson, *Cynthia's Revels*, I, i. It was the same in French: 'Ni la mort ni vous-même Ne me ferez jamais prononcer que je l'aime'—Racine, *Bayazet*, IV, i. WRIGHT: No one would now think of writing 'thou and I am,' but as it is an instance of a construction of frequent occurrence in Shakespeare's time, by which the verb is attracted to the nearest subject, it should not be altered. See Ben Jonson, *The Fox*, II, j, 'Take it or leave it, howsoever, both it and I am at your service.' WHITE (ed. ii): A disagreement of words due to mere heedlessness.

104. *sundred*] WHITE (ed. 1): It is noteworthy that this is the form of the contracted participle, usually, if not always, found in books of Shakespeare's time; as, for instance, in this play, 'sequest'*red*'; 'engend'*red*'; 'minist'*red*'; 'rememb'*red*'; 'wint'*red*'. It seems more than probable that this uniformity is not accidental; and it is quite possible that it represents the colloquial form of the contraction.

108. *change*] MALONE: That is, to take your 'change' or reverse of fortune upon yourself, without any aid or participation. STEEVENS: I have inserted this note, but without implicit confidence in the reading it explains. WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 61): I have no doubt that Shakespeare wrote *charge*, and so the F<sub>2</sub>. The erratum *change* for *charge* occurs frequently in the Folio. *Vice versa*, *Tam. of the Shr.* III, i, 81, the Folio reads, 'I am not so nice To *charge* true rules for old [*odd*] inventions.' SINGER: Whoever glances at the passage must see that the printer has here again mistaken *y<sup>e</sup> charge* of the MS for *y<sup>e</sup> change*. [There is but little doubt in my mind that *charge* is the true reading. To share her griefs with Celia would be no 'change' to Rosalind, but to bear them all alone and leave Celia out could not but be a heavy *charge* or burden, which Celia says she must not think of. To bear the 'reverse of fortune' bravely is not what Celia is urging, but that they may still go coupled and inseparable.—ED.]

110. *pale*] CALDECOTT: This passage may be interpreted either 'by this heaven, or the light of heaven, with its lustre faded in sympathy with our feelings;' or, 'for, by this heaven, now we have reached, now we are at the *utmost verge* or *point*, in this extremity or crisis of our fate,' &c. (for such it was) as this word is used in *Wint. Tale*, IV, ii: 'For the red blood reigns in the winter's *pale*.' [This latter interpretation is extremely doubtful.—ED.]

- Cel.* To seeke my Vncle in the Forrest of *Arden*. 113  
*Rof.* Alas, what danger will it be to vs,  
 (Maides as we are) to trauell forth so farre? 115  
 Beautie prouoketh theeues fooner then gold.  
*Cel.* Ile put my selfe in poore and meane attire,  
 And with a kinde of vंबर smirch my face,  
 The like doe you, so shall we passe along, 119

115. *forth so farre*] *for farre F.*

118. *smirch*] *smitch F.* *smutch F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>*,  
 Rowe, Pope, Han.

113. in the Forrest of Arden] STEEVENS: These words are an evident interpolation, without use, and injurious to the measure: 'Why, whither should we go?—To seek my uncle,' being a complete verse. Besides, we have been already informed by Charles the Wrestler that the banished Duke's residence was *in the forest of Arden*. KNIGHT: All the ordinary reprints of the text are here mutilated by one of Steevens's hateful *corrections*. [Knight here quotes Steevens's note, and proceeds:] And so the two poor ladies are to go forth to seek the banished Duke through the wide world, and to meet with him at last by chance, because Steevens holds that this indication of their knowledge of the place of his retreat is 'injurious to the measure.' WALKER (*Vers.* 69) scans the line as it stands in the Folio by reading 'forest' as a monosyllable.

115. *farre*] WALKER (*Crit.* i, 189, Article xxx—*Far* and *near* used as comparatives): *1 Hen. IV.* III, i, 256: 'And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths, As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.' I would read, 'As if thou ne'er walk'dst fur' than Finsbury.' Compare *Wint. Tale*, IV, iv, 440: 'We'll bar thee from succession; Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin, Far than Deuca-lion off.' Quasi *farrer, furrer*? In Chaucer we have *ferre*, further; *House of Fame*, Bk. ii, line 92, 'But er I bere the much ferre, I wol the tel what I am.' (Note, *As You Like It*: 'Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!') Does not Shakespeare's instinctive love of euphony require that we should here pronounce, perhaps write, *fur*? πόρρω.) [Walker's ear was so delicately attuned to the harmony of verse that one should be exceedingly cautious in gainsaying him. Yet I must confess that this last query seems to me the weakest in an article which is otherwise admirable throughout, and one to which it is a pleasure to record obligations. We must remember that Walker did not live to see his notes in type; indeed, did not even live to prepare them for the press. They are merely the jottings of a scholar, almost his private *adversaria*, which accounts for their abruptness and their Greek and Latin short-cuts, which some critics, oblivious of this fact, have severely criticised as pedantic. Walker's admirable editor, Lettsom, whose influence over Dyce, by the way, was marked, was wise in preserving every scrap, however disjointed, of Walker's memoranda, albeit Walker himself might have erased many a one when the heat was cooled with which they were first struck out. But whether wise or otherwise, no suggestion from a scholar like Walker should pass unregarded by simple folk like us.—ED.]

118. *vंबर*] MALONE: A dusky, yellow-coloured earth, brought from Umbria in Italy.

118. *smirch*] See Text. Notes for other forms of this word, all of which, together with *smudge*, WRIGHT says, are originally connected with *smear*. Compare 'the chaste unsmirched brows of my true mother,' *Ham.* IV, v, 115.

And neuer stir assailants.

120

*Rof.* Were it not better,  
Because that I am more then common tall,  
That I did fuite me all points like a man,  
A gallant curtelax vpon my thigh,  
A bore-speare in my hand, and in my heart  
Lye there what hidden womans feare there will,  
Weele haue a swashing and a marshall outfide,  
As manie other mannish cowards haue,  
That doe outface it with their semblances.

125

*Cel.* What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

130

121. *Were it*] *Were't* Pope +.

124. *curtelax*] *curtelass* Cap.

123. *me*] Om. *F.*

127. *Weele*] *I'll* Han. Johns.

122. Because that] See I, iii, 44.

123. suite] DYCE: That is, clothe, dress; as in *Lear*, IV, vii, 6, 'Be better suited,' i. e. 'put on better clothes.'

123. all points] See line 74 *supra*.

124. curtelax] DYCE: A cutlass. WRIGHT: The termination is an instance of a frequent corruption by which a word is altered so as to correspond to a supposed etymology. Other forms of the word, due to the same tendency, are 'cutlace' and 'cutlash.' A curtleaxe was not an axe at all, but a short sword. The word is formed from a diminutive of the Latin *cultellus*. Florio (*It. Dict.*) has 'Coltellaccio, a cutleaxe, a hanger.' Cotgrave gives 'Coutelas: m. A Cut elas, Courtelas, or short sword, for a man at armes.' Compare Fairfax, *Tasso*, ix, 82: 'His curlax by his thigh, short, hooked, fine.' And *Hen. V.*: IV, ii, 21: 'Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins To give each naked curtle-axe a stain.' Again, Lodge in his novel, 'To the Gentlemen Readers,' says, 'Heere you may perhaps finde some leaves of Venus mirtle, but hewen down by a souldier with his curtlaxe.' Spenser, supposing the weapon to be a short axe, wrote (*Faery Queene*, IV, ii, 42): 'But speare and curtaxe both vsd Priamond in field.' In DuBartas, *Historie of Judith* (trans. Hudson), book ii, p. 16 (ed. 1611), the word appears in the form 'curtlasse': 'And with a trembling hand the curtlasse drewe.'

125. bore-speare] Halliwell gives a wood-cut both of a curtleaxe and of a bearspear. The latter, says FAIRHOLT, has a blade very broad and strong, with a cross-bar inserted immediately below it, to prevent its passing directly through the animal. 'Unlike the ordinary spear, it appears to have been seldom thrown, but the rush made by the animal on the hunter was met by a direct opposition of the weapon on his part.'

127. swashing] STEEVENS: That is, an appearance of noisy, bullying valour. [See *Rom. & Jul.* I, i, 55, with its superfluity of notes in this edition. The word is still current here in America. The line is thus scanned by ABBOTT, § 455, with an accent on *out* in the last word: 'We'll háve | a swásh | ing ánd | a már | tia! out-side.—ED.]

129. it] For other instances of this indefinite use of 'it,' which is as universal now as ever, see Abbott, § 226.

*Rof.* Ile haue no worfe a name then *Ioues* owne Page,  
And therefore looke you call me *Ganimed*.  
But what will you by call'd?

*Cel.* Something that hath a reference to my state :  
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

135

*Rof.* But Cofen, what if we affaid to steale  
The clownish Foole out of your Fathers Court :  
Would he not be a comfort to our trauaile ?

*Cel.* Heele goe along ore the wide world with me,  
Leaue me alone to woe him ; Let's away

140

133. *by*] F.140. *woe*] *wooe* Fl. *woo* Rowe.134. *hath*] *bath* F.

131. Page] FLETCHER (p. 202) : Mrs Jameson, amongst others, misled probably by one of those hasty verbal mistakes which have been so often made by the expositors of Shakespeare, seems to have been betrayed by Rosalind's allusion immediately after to '*Joue's* own page,' into talking of '*her page's* vest,' '*her page's* costume,' &c. Now, *pages* of the banished Duke do appear in the course of the forest scenes, two of whom sing, at Touchstone's request, the lively song introduced in the Fifth Act; but the accoutrements of a page would ill have supplied that '*martial*' exterior for the sake of whose protection alone Rosalind has any inclination to put herself in masquerade. She is to wear *manly*, not *boyish*, habiliments. The *curtleaxe* and *boar-spear* are not the page's nor the shepherd's array, but the forester's, such as was worn by her father and his exiled followers. [But see Lodge's Novel, where Rosalynde says, 'I would very well become the person and apparel of a page,' &c., and again, 'if any knave offer wrong, your page will shew him the poynt of his weapon.' See further, Fletcher's note, III, v, 114.—Ed.]

132. *Ganimed*] NEIL : This name, which is that used by Lodge, would not be the less acceptable to Shakespeare that it had acquired a fresh poetic interest in *The Affectionate Shepherd, containing the Complaint of Daphnis for the love of Ganymede*, by Richard Barnefield, 1594.

135. *Aliena*] WRIGHT : With the accent on the second syllable. ROLFE : But surely '*Celia*' is a trisyllable, as in line 70 above, and '*Aliena*' accented on the penult, as it ought to be. [This is the only line in the play where the rhythm can be our guide. Our choice, therefore, lies, I think, only between '*No lóng | er Cél | ya, bú | Al | éna,*' and '*No long | er Ce | liá, | but Al | iéna.*' With Rolfe, I much prefer the latter, because, as he says, *Celia* is elsewhere unquestionably a trisyllable, namely, in '*Ay, Ce | liá, | we stáy'd | her fór | your sake.*' Moreover, Shakespeare's '*small Latin*' was quite large enough for him to remember the quantity of *Aliena*. —Ed.]

140. HUDSON (p. 16) : It is curious to observe how the Poet takes care to let us know from the first that beneath the affectations of Touchstone's calling some precious sentiments have been kept alive; that far within the Fool there is laid up a secret reserve of the man, ready to leap forth and combine with better influences as soon as the incrustations of art are thawed and broken up. This is partly done [here in this present passage], where we learn that some remnants, at least, of a manly heart in

And get our Iewels and our wealth together, 141  
 Deuife the fitteft time, and fafeft way  
 To hide vs from purfuite that will be made  
 After my flight : now goe in we content  
 To libertie, and not to banifhment. *Exeunt.* 145

*Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.*

*Enter Duke Senior : Amyens, and two or three Lords  
 like Forrefters.*

*Duk. Sen.* Now my Coe-mates, and brothers in exile :  
 Hath not old custome made this life more sweete  
 Then that of painted pompe ? Are not these woods 5  
 More free from perill then the enuious Court ?  
 Heere feele we not the penaltie of *Adam*, 7

144. *in we*] Cald. Knt. Neil. *we in* 3. *brothers*] *brother* Ff.  
 Ff et cet. 7. *not*] *but* Theob. +, Cap. Steev. Mal.  
*content*] *content* F<sub>4</sub>. Coll. ii, iii, Sing. Wh. Dyce, Cam. Clke,  
 Actus] Actu F<sub>2</sub>. Wr. Mob.  
 1. Lords] Lorde F<sub>4</sub>.

him have asserted their force in the shape of unselfish regards, strong as life, for whatever is purest and loveliest in the characters about him. He would rather starve or freeze, with Celia near him, than feed high and lie warm where his eye cannot find her. If, with this fact in view, our honest esteem does not go out towards him, then we, I think, are fools in a worse sense than he is. [And the reflection of this devotion illuminates Celia, too, who kindled it.—ED.]

144. *in we*] MALONE: I am not sure that the transposition *we in* is necessary. Our author might have used 'content' as an adjective. NEIL follows the Folio, which means, he says, Now let us go in, contentedly. 'Perhaps,' he adds, 'the reading, "Now go in; we consent," would give the author's meaning.'

1. *Duke Senior*] In a note on I, ii, 78, Capell says that 'throughout all this play Shakespeare calls his two Dukes, *Duke Senior* and *Duke Junior*.' In a MS note of Malone's, given by Halliwell, Malone says: 'This is not so. The younger brother is never once called *Duke Junior*, throughout the play, in any one entry. He is always called simply *Duke*. The other is called *Duke Senior*.'

3. *exile*] WALKER (*Vers.* 291) gives a list of many words, chiefly disyllabic, which have 'an accent—though, of course, an unequal one—on both syllables, the principal one being shifted *ad libitum* from the one syllable to the other.' Thus, in *Rom. & Jul.* III, iii, 13: 'For exile hath more terror in his look,' yet within eight lines the accent is shifted to the second syllable (as it is here in *As You Like It*): 'And world's exile is death; then banished.' See also Abbott, § 490.

7. THEOBALD: What was the penalty of Adam, hinted at by our Poet? The being sensible of the difference of the seasons. The Duke says, the cold and effects

[Heere feele we not the penaltie of Adam]

offended the ear. Still, the word 'feelingly,' used at the end of this passage in an affirmative sense, after 'feel' had been brought forward, coupled with a negative, certainly makes a confusion, if it be not said to favour Theobald's substitution. HARNES: Theobald's alteration is not only unnecessary, but palpably wrong. The Duke's sentiment is as follows: Here we do not feel the penalty of Adam, the difference of the seasons, because the slight physical suffering that it occasions only raises a *smile*, and suggests a moral reflection. KNIGHT follows Whiter (except that after 'Adam' he puts a full stop instead of a colon), and urges in support that: Milton represents the repentant Adam as thus interpreting the penalty: 'On me the curse aslope Glanced on the ground; *with labour I must earn My bread*; what harm? Idleness had been worse.' The beautiful passage in Cowper's *Task*, describing the Thresher, will also occur to the reader: 'See him sweating o'er his bread Before he eats it. 'Tis the *primal curse*, But soften'd into mercy; made the pledge Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.' 'The seasons' difference,' it must be remembered, was ordained *before* the fall, and *was in no respect a penalty*. We may therefore reject the received interpretation. But how could the Duke say, receiving the passage in the sense we have suggested, 'Here feel we *not* the penalty of Adam'? In the First Act, Charles the Wrestler, describing the Duke and his co-mates, says, they 'fleet the time carelessly as they did in the *golden world*.' One of the characteristics of the golden world is thus described by Daniel: 'Oh! happy golden age! Not for that rivers ran With streams of milk and honey dropp'd from trees; Not that the earth did gage Unto the husbandman Her voluntary fruits, free without fees.' The song of Amiens, in the Fifth Scene of this Act, conveys, we think, the same allusion: 'Who doth ambition shun, And loves to live i' the sun, *Seeking the food he eats, And pleas'd with what he gets*.' The exiled courtiers led a life without toil—a life in which they were contented with a little—and they were thus exempt from the 'penalty of Adam.' We close, therefore, the sentence at 'Adam.' 'The seasons' difference' is now the antecedent of 'these are counsellors'; the freedom of construction common to Shakespeare and the poets of his time fully warranting this acceptance of the reading. In this way, the Duke says, 'The differences of the seasons are counsellors that teach me what I am;—as, for example, the winter's wind—which, when it blows upon my body, I smile, and say, This is no flattery.' We may add that, immediately following the lines we have quoted from the *Paradise Lost*, Adam alludes to 'the seasons' difference,' but in no respect as part of the curse: 'With labour I must earn My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse. My labour will sustain me; and lest cold Or heat should injure us, his timely care Hath unbesought provided, and his hands Cloth'd us unworthy, pitying while He judg'd. How much more, if we pray Him, will his ear Be open, and his heart to pity incline, And teach us further by what means to shun Th' inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow.' [Although COLLIER in both of his editions interpreted the 'penalty of Adam' as the 'seasons' difference,' yet at one time he followed the Folio, and at another Theobald; in the latter case he did so, despite the fact that his (MS) retained the old reading, merely changing 'as the Icie phang' to 'or the,' &c.] HUNTER (i, 346): Read either 'not' or *but*, and still the passage is perplexed. Taking the text as we have it, I venture to suggest that the first part of this passage should be read as an interrogative appeal to the companions of his banishment: 'Here feel we not'—'Do any of you say that we do not feel the severity of the wintry blast?' But 'when it bites and blows upon my body, I, for my part, smile, and say This is no flattery,' &c. I do not say that this

## [Heere feele we not the penaltie of Adam]

takes up every word, but I think it approaches nearer to the poet's intention than anything that has been suggested. That the 'penalty of Adam' is not the severities of winter, but the obligation to labour, or the being sensible to the difference between heat and cold, leaves the passage as perplexed as ever. In the idea of Paradise before the Fall has always been included that there was perpetual summer or at least perpetual genial seasons—no winter's cold. ANON. [ap. Halliwell]: It appears to me impossible to let 'not' stand in the passage at all without leading to utter inconsequence; whereas, if we substitute the word *yet*, sense and harmony are restored to the whole of the Duke's speech at once, without the necessity of our resorting to ingenious or elaborate speculation and research. The proposed reading will nullify the argument founded on the views of the 'seasons' difference' in the time of our first father; the correctness of which, by the way, appears to me to be rather invalidated than otherwise by anything I can find in the opening chapters of Genesis. WHITE (ed. i): 'Not' is clearly a corruption, because there was no penalty of Adam from which the speaker and his companions were exempt. Whiter suggested that the penalty of Adam was that he should get his bread by the sweat of his brow. So did the banished Duke; Adam, after his curse, might as well have lived by hunting as the Duke. Plainly, the penalty of Adam is the seasons' difference—eternal Spring being inseparably connected with the idea of Eden—and the common misprint of 'not' for *but* took place. For what is the culminating thought of the whole passage?—these are the counsellors That feelingly persuade me *what I am*. The Duke finds the icy fang and the churlish chiding of the Winter's wind more truthful counsellors than those which buzzed about his painted pomp. They make him feel that he is a man. But how would they do this if he were exempt from any part of that heritage of all mankind—the penalty of Adam? It is to be observed, however, that the passage, although its meaning is clear, is written in a very free style, and will defy parsing criticism. STAUNTON: Neither 'not' nor *but* is satisfactory, nor do we think that 'not' is the only corruption in the speech; the word 'as' is equally open to suspicion. The passage, it is presumable, may have run thus in the original manuscript: 'Here feel we *yet* the penalty of Adam, The seasons' difference: At the icy fang,' &c. The Duke is contrasting the dangers and sophistications of a court life with the safety and primitive simplicity of their sylvan state; and glories in the privilege of undergoing Adam's penalty,—the seasons' difference. COWDEN-CLARKE: The speech seems to us to lose consecution if 'not' be retained; whereas, 'but the penalty of Adam' (taking 'penalty' to mean the 'seasons' difference'), accords with that which follows, and also with other passages in the play, where the sharp yet salutary effects of open-air life are adverted to. KEIGHTLEY (*Exp.* 157): It does not appear that any writer anterior to Milton made the Ovidian change of season a part of Adam's penalty. The text may therefore be right, and a line, something like this, have been lost, 'Here is no toil; we have only to endure.' INGLEBY (*Sh. the Man*, &c. i, 139) cites a letter to him from C. J. Munro, in which the latter suggests the making of the sentence interrogative, wherein he is anticipated by Hunter. Ingleby himself says that 'however we may regulate and interpret the passage, there is certainly a hitch, but it is very questionable whether the hitch be sufficiently great to justify verbal emendation.' 'Probably sufficient justification might be found for *now* in the place of 'not'; *now* referring to the present time of winter, after the "penaltie" would be no longer felt?' WRIGHT [adopting Theobald's *but*]: The Duke contrasts the happiness and security of their forest life with the perils of the envious



The seasons difference, as the Ice change 8  
 And churlish chiding of the winters winde,  
 Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body 10  
 Euen till I shrinke with cold, I smile, and say  
 This is no flattery : these are counsellors  
 That feelingly perfwade me what I am :  
 Sweet are the vses of aduersitie 14

10. *bites*] *bait*s F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

court. Their only suffering was that which they shared with all the descendants of Adam, the seasons' difference, for in the golden age of Paradise there was, as Bacon phrases it, 'a spring all the year long' . . . If the blank left by Boswell were filled up, it would just contradict what he had said before—'These are counsellors That *feelingly* persuade me what I am.' The Duke's senses therefore did make him conscious that he was a man, though what he felt was only 'the seasons' difference.' Milton has the same idea of change of seasons after the Fall. See *Par. Lost*, x, 678, 9: 'Else had the spring Perpetual smiled on earth with vernal flowers.' [Whatever be the 'penalty of Adam,' be it 'labour' or 'the seasons' difference,' all critics seem to agree that the drift of the speech is to show that this present life takes from that penalty its bitterness. The penalty is here, but it is not really felt; we can even smile at it. In the same way, adversity is grievous, but here we can find that its uses are even sweet. We know that 'in the state of innocency Adam fell,' and was punished; if that punishment be removed, there is a return to the state of innocency; and it is that state of innocency which reigns here in Arden; and when the icy fang of the winter's wind bites till we shrink with cold, we know that there is no flattery here; our feelings, our outward senses, reveal the truth to us. 'Feelingly' is not used in this connection in the same sense as 'Here feele we'; the former goes no deeper than the skin, the latter touches the heart. Thus interpreting the passage, as, I suppose, every one else interprets it, I think we can afford to disregard any specific definition, and hold, as 'the penaltie of Adam,' everything which tends to make this life unlike what it really is, be it the seasons' difference, labour, or the penl of the envious court.

See Capell's remark (line 20, *post*) on the change in the Duke's feelings when the chance came to him in the last Act.—ED.]

8. *as*] Here used in the sense of *to wit*, *namely*. See 'How all the other passions fleet to air, As doubtful thoughts,' &c., *Mer of Ven.* III, ii, 115; also Walker (*Crit.* i, 127), or Abbott, § 113. See also *post*, II, vii, 151, where Walker with probability suggested that 'At' should be *As*. LETTSOM (ap. Dyce, ed. iii) refers to IV, iii, 149 as an example of the plural, followed by a single instance: 'Teares our *recountments* had most kindly bath'd, As how I came into that desert place;' but Capell and Malone conjectured that a line or more had been there lost, in which other circumstances were recounted.—See notes *ad loc.*—ED.

10. Which] For other instances of 'which' used adverbially for *as to which*, see Abbott, § 272, or *Lear*, V, iii, 149.

10-12. Which . . . flattery] As a matter of punctuation note that Whiter, followed by White (ed. i), enclosed these lines in a parenthesis.

14. the vses] HARTLEY COLERIDGE (ii, 142): There is a beautiful propriety in the word 'uses' here, which I do not remember to have seen remarked. It is the

Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Weares yet a precious Iewell in his head :

15

use, not the mere effect of adversity, wherein resides the sweet. Whether adversity shall prove a stumbling-block, a discipline, or a blessing, depends altogether on the use made of it. There is no natural necessary operation of adversity to strengthen, to purify, or to humanise. Men may be made better by affliction, but they cannot be made good. From an evil heart, the harder it is wrung, the blacker the drops that issue. If perfumes are the sweeter for crushing, so<sup>a</sup> are stenchs more pestiferous. Even the average quality of mankind are much oftener the worse than the better for continued suffering. All, indeed, might be better for chastening; but that any individual will be better no one has a right to presume, for we know not what use he will make of the dispensation.

14. 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.'—*Psalms*, cxix, 71.

15. venomous] That the toad was venomous has been a popular belief from the days of Pliny at least. In Holland's translation (Bk. 25, p. 231, *a*) we read: 'Frogs (such especially as keep in bushes and hedges, and be called in Latine Rubetæ, *i.* toads) are not without their venom: I my self haue seen these vaunting Montebanks calling themselves Psylli . . . in a brauery . . . to eat those toads baked red hot between 2 platters; but what became of them? they caught their bane by it, and died more suddenly than if they had bin stung by the Aspis.'

16. Iewell] STEEVENS: In a book called *A Green Forest or a Natural History*, &c., by John Maplett, 1567, is the following account of this imaginary gem: 'In this stone is apparently seene verie often the verie forme of a tode, with despotted and coloured feete, but those uglye and defusedly. It is available against envenoming.' Pliny, in the 32d book of his *Natural Hist.* [p. 434, l. trans. Holland], ascribes many powerful qualities to a *bone* found in the right side of a *toad*, but no mention of any gem in its head. This deficiency is however abundantly supplied by Edward Fenton, in his *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, 1569, who says: 'That there is founde in the *heades* of old and great *toades*, a *stone* which they call Borax or Stelon: it is most commonly found in the *head* of a hee *toad*, of power to repulse poysons, and that it is a most sovereign medicine for the stone.' Thomas Lupton, in his *First Booke of Notable Things*, bears repeated testimony to the virtues of the '*Tode-stone*, called *Crapaudina*.' In his Seventh Book he instructs us how to procure it; and afterwards tells us: 'You shall knowe whether the Tode-stone be the ryght and perfect stone or not. Holde the stone before a Tode, so that he may see it; and if it be a ryght and true stone, the Tode will leape towards it, and make as though he would snatch it. He envieth so much that man should have that stone.' [It would be easy to fill page after page with allusions to this *toadstone* and with descriptions of it. Steevens refers to a passage in Beau. and Fl.'s *Monsieur Thomas*, III, i, p. 356, ed. Dyce, and he might have added another in *The Woman's Prize*, V, i, p. 199. Nares gives a reference to Jonson's *Volpone*, II, iii, p. 223, ed. Gifford, and another to Lyly's *Euphues*, p. 53, ed. Arber: 'The foule Toade hath a faire stone in his head; the fine golde is found in filthy earth; the sweet kernell lyeth in the hard shell; vertue is harboured in the heart of him that most men esteeme mishapen.' This sentence, by the way, was quoted by Francis Meres, in his *Wits Commonwealtth*, Part 2, p. 161, but without naming the author—a duty which he performed in many instances, but which the purpose of his book did not render obligatory in all; the fact would not be worth referring to here, were it not that Halliwell failed to notice, when he cited both Meres

And this our life exempt from publike haunt, 17  
 Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,  
 Sermons in stones, and good in euery thing.

*Amien.* I would not change it, happy is your Grace 20

20. *I...it*] Given to Duke, Wh. Dyce, Cam Ktly, Huds. Rlfe.

and Lyly, that the two were in reality only one, and other editors, who have followed Halliwell without verifying, have fallen into the same error. As for descriptions of it, which properly belong to the archæology of gems, and in no wise illustrate Shakespeare's words here, where the simple existence of the jewel is alluded to, I need merely refer the student to Douce, i, 294, or to the four folio pages of notes in Halliwell's edition, or to King's *Natural Hist. of Gems*, cited by Wright, where the origin of the belief in the existence of such a stone is ascribed to Pliny's simple description of a stone as 'of the colour of a frog.' Douce suggests that it is not certain in this present passage that there is an allusion to a stone, 'for Gesner informs us that in his time, and in England more particularly, the common people made superstitious uses of a real jewel that always could be found in a toad's head, viz.: its forehead bone.' Lastly, CALDECOTT says: 'It is, perhaps, rather a figure of speech, than a fact in natural history; and it is its eye, proverbially fine, that is the precious jewel in his head.' There can be no doubt, however, that a belief in toadstones and their efficacy existed, and it seems equally sure that Shakespeare here alludes to that belief, which, like everything that he touched, he 'gilds with heavenly alchemy.'—ED.]

17. *haunt*] ALLEN (MS): A verbal noun, equivalent to *haunting*; exempt from the *haunting* of the public.

18. STEEVENS: So in Sidney's *Arcadia*, bk. i [p. 82, ed. 1598]: 'Thus both trees and each thing else, be the bookes of a fancy.' [If this quotation from Sidney had not been repeated by several editors, it would not be repeated here. There is in it nothing particularly parallel to this speech of the Duke's. 'When,' says Dorus, 'I meete these trees in the earth's faire livery clothèd, Ease do I feel. . . . For that I finde in them parte of my state represented,' and, thereupon, with that prolixity which at times outwearies the most enthusiastic lover of Elizabethan pastoral poetry, he enumerates almost every tree known to the temperate, or even tropical, zone, in each of which he discovers what may symbolise his passion. Shakespeare's Duke accepts the lessons which the trees teach him; Sidney's Dorus sets the lessons that are to be taught to the trees. It is perhaps worth while to mention, and merely to mention with the lightest touch, that emendation which suggests an exchange of places between 'bookes' and 'stones,' an emendation which, gray though it be with dry antiquity and palpable to the dullest sense, is always propounded anew as the highest stretch of wit, and accompanied with the demand that it be greeted with acclamation.—ED.]

20. *Amien*] ROFFE (*A Musical Triad from Shakespeare, &c.* 1872, p. 21): Amiens is certainly to be considered as first and chief of the *Musical* characters in Shakespeare, and it must assuredly be admitted, that if we require an idea in every way pleasing and harmonious of a musical man, (as an accomplished amateur), that idea has been wrought out for us in Amiens, who, indeed, shows as favorably even in the few words which he is called upon to speak as when he sings his charming songs. It is Amiens who makes reply to the Duke, and that reply is beautiful, worthy of an amiable man of sense, and, indeed of a true gentleman. . . . Amiens is willing, both

[Amien.]

for himself and for all his friends, to make the best of their lot, nay, even fully to accept it, and how felicitously is the idea expressed, of '*translating*' the stubbornness of fortune into a quieter and a sweeter style. In that *translation* lies the one thing, which, if we *could* only do, might, at the very least, make us all, if not perfectly *happy*, much *less unhappy* than we are. Such a man as Amiens is one who spreads around him an atmosphere of quiet and content, and we cannot but feel that he is beautifully placed in such a Pastoral as Shakespeare has here given us. The very earliest words then, spoken by Amiens, at once seem to give us the true intimation of his character and suggest to our minds the most pleasing thoughts concerning him. An evidently congenial spirit is the First Lord, and we find them taking their walk together in the Forest. . . . In Music, we shall find that Amiens is accomplished in a degree and manner befitting his mental state; of his friend, the First Lord, we have no evidence that he is accomplished in Music, but it is clear that he is to be thought of as a most true and *feeling observer*, with all the power of painting his observations in words. In *that* power he may be even conceived of as *superior* to Amiens, and so *discriminated* from him; for which reason doubtless it is, that to this First Lord, Shakespeare assigns those interesting descriptions of what Amiens and his friend beheld together, such as that of the 'poor, sequestered stag.' . . . At the banquet [II, vii] Amiens only sings, and the little address of the Duke to him still paints Amiens to us as the man who both *can*, and *will*, lay himself out to promote the pleasure of others. . . . After the banquet Amiens is only *seen* with the Duke, and that in the last Act, and no more is set down for him either to sing or to speak. . . . Possibly, Shakespeare might have deemed that dramatic considerations as to Amiens himself would show, that *after* the memorable banquet-scene, and the beautiful 'Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind,' it was not so well to let him appear again, *musically*, in the comparatively inferior position of one who is simply required to lead off the jovial Hunting Song and Chorus.

20. I . . . it] UPTON (p. 260): The Duke is speaking of the happiness of his retirement. How much more in character is it for the Duke to say, 'I would not change it,' than for Amiens! CAPELL (p. 58, a): But the reverse of this [Upton's remark] is true: Amiens, as a courtier, might make the declaration, being only a mode of assenting to the truth of what his master had spoken; but the Duke could not, without impeachment of dignity, of being wanting to himself and his subjects; accordingly, when occasion of 'change' presents itself at the end of the play, we see it embrac'd with great readiness: Add to this, that the following reflection of Amiens, 'Happy is your grace,' &c. would come in too abruptly, were the other words taken away. WHITE (ed. i): They are not only 'more in character for the Duke,' but the necessary complement of his thought. DYCE: It seems strange that no one before Upton should have seen that these words *must* belong to the Duke, and still stranger that, after the error was once pointed out, any editor should persist in retaining it. WALKER (*Crit.* ii, 187) made, independently, the same suggestion as Upton, and adds; 'Let any one read the passage as thus distributed, and he will perceive the propriety of the change.' [The phrase may be proper enough for the Duke, but is it improper for Amiens? Is there any reason why one of the circle of courtiers should not at once announce his sympathy with the Duke? The Duke has asked a question. Is no one to answer? Surely some response is needed of a more cordial and more personal character than a mere non-committal and courtier-like exclamation, 'Happy is your grace,' &c. Besides, some weight attaches to Capell's remark that the Duke

That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a stile. 21

*Du. Sen.* Come, shall we goe and kill vs venifon?  
And yet it irkes me the poore dapled fooles  
Being natue Burgers of this desert City, 25  
Should intheir owne confines with forked heads

25. *Burgers*] *Burghes* F.

shows himself ready enough to 'change' his life as soon as the chance is offered to him at the close of the play, and Shakespeare, who provides for everything, would not thus have precluded the Duke from resuming his throne by making him here assert that he would not exchange 'these woods' for the 'envious court.' Moreover, although the printing of this line is the compositor's and not Shakespeare's, it is worth noting that there is merely a comma after the phrase, not a full stop. This faint indication of what the MS might possibly have been before the compositor's eyes, we may estimate for what it is worth. On the whole, as far as the Folio's text is concerned, 'I would not change it.'—ED.]

21. *translate*] *MOBERLY*: This is one of the interesting passages in which a great writer reflects upon his own expressions with pleasure or surprise. Dialogue gives great opportunity for such reflections; as in Plato, *Rep.* 361: βαβαί ἦν δ' ἐγὼ, ὃ φίλε Γλαύκων, ὡς ἐρρωμένως, ὥσπερ ἀνδράντα, τὸν τελείως ἄξιον ἐκκαθαίρεις; and *Iliad*, ix, 431. A most striking instance is 2 Cor. vi, 11, where St. Paul, with a kind of surprise at the fervour of his own appeal, suddenly exclaims, τὸ στόμα ἡμῶν ἀνέφηγε πρὸς ὑμᾶς, Κορίνθιοι, ἡ καρδία ἡμῶν πεπλάτυνται.

24. *irkes*] *WRIGHT*: The Eton Latin Grammar has made us familiar with 'Tædet, it irketh'; and *irksome* is still used in the sense of wearisome. Palsgrave (*Lesclarissement de la langue Francoyse*) gives, 'It yrketh me, I waxe wery, or displeasaunt of a thyng. *Il me ennuyt.*' [See also *Prompt. Parv.* p. 266; *Stratmann*, p. 338; or *Skeat*, s. v.]

24. *dapled fooles*] *DYCE* (*Strictures*, p. 68): Compare, 'Then he stroking once or twice his prettie goate . . . said thus, Lie downe, *pide foole*, by me,' &c.—Shelton's *Don Quixote*, Part First, p. 556, ed. 1612.

25. *Burgers*] *STEEVENS*: In Sidney's *Arcadia* the deer are called 'the wild *burgesses* of the forest.' Again in the 18th Song [line 65] of Drayton's *Polyolbion*: 'Where, fearless of the hunt, the hart securely stood, And everywhere walk'd free, a *burgess* of the wood.' *MALONE*: A kindred expression is found in Lodge's *Rosalynde*: 'About her wondring stood The citizens of wood.' Compare line 59, *post*. [It is probable that Steevens trusted to his memory alone in citing the phrase from Sidney's *Arcadia*. The phrase, just as he has given it, cannot, I think, be there found, and the nearest approach to it does not refer to a deer, but to a shepherd. In Book ii, p. 220, ed. 1598, two young shepherds sing 'eclogue-wise' their rival complaints; and Strephon says: 'I that was once free *burgesse* of the forrests, Where shade from Sunne, and sports I sought at evening,' &c. The next sestet is sung by Klaius, and begins: 'I that was once delighted every morning, Hunting the wild inhabitants of forrests,' &c. These two passages Steevens may have confounded, and inadvertently omitted to give the exact reference, but unfortunately Steevens cannot be always implicitly trusted.—ED.]

26. *forked heads*] *STEEVENS*, *COLLIER*, and *HALLIWELL* define this as 'barbed

Haue their round hanches goard.

27

1. *Lord.* Indeed my Lord

The melancholy *Jaques* grieues at that,

29

arrows,' for which they have some authority, though they do not cite it, in Cotgrave, where it stands, 'Fer de fleiche à oreilles. *A forked, or barbed arrow-head.*' But WRIGHT (*Lear*, I, i, 143) cites Ascham, whose authority is weightier than Cotgrave's, as follows: 'Two maner of arrowe heades sayeth Pollux, was vsed in olde tyme. The one he calleth *ογκρος*, descrybynge it thus, hauyng two poyntes or barbes, lookyng backwarde to the stele and the fethers, which surely we call in Englishe a brode arrowe head or a swalowe taylor. The other he calleth *γλωχις*, hauing .ii. poyntes stretchyng forwarde, and this Englysh men do call a forke-head'—*Toxophilus*, p. 135, ed. Arber; again on p. 136: 'Commodus the Emperoure vsed forked heades, whose facion Herodiane doeth lyuely and naturally describe, sayinge that they were lyke the shap of a new mone wherwyth he would smite of the heade of a birde and neuer misse.' SINGER defined the 'forked heads' as the *antlers*, oblivious apparently of the physiological difficulty which stags would encounter in attempting to gore their own round haunches with their horns.—ED.

28, &c. In J. P. Kemble's Acting Copy, 1815, this speech is given to Jaques, beginning thus: 'Indeed, my lord, I've often griev'd at that, And, in that kind, think you do more usurp,' &c. Whether or not Kemble was the first to make this change I do not know. Of course the language throughout the rest of the scene is adapted to the change, and lines 68–70 are omitted. It is almost needless to remark that this senseless change obliterates one of Shakespeare's artistic touches, whereby an important character is described and the key-note struck before he himself appears.—ED.

29. *Jaques*] WALKER (*Vers.* 3): In French speeches or phrases the final *e* or *es*, now mute, is usually sounded. In *Jaques*, *Parolles*, *Marseilles* the same rule holds without exception. [According to Mrs Cowden-Clarke's *Concordance*, *Jaques* occurs sixteen times in these plays. Of these sixteen, ten instances are in prose or close a line, and are therefore useless as far as the pronunciation is concerned. Of the remaining six, one occurs in *Love's Lab. L.* II, i, 42; one is in the present line; two are in *All's Well* (III, iv, 4 and III, v, 98); and two are in *Hen. V* (III, v, 43 and IV, viii, 98). This last line Walker himself considers an exception, despite the fact that he had just said that the rule was without exception; it is 'Jaques of | Chatil | lon, ad | miral | of France.' This reduces the six instances of uncertain pronunciation to five. No less do I think the first instance in *Hen. V* is an exception, and that it must be thus scanned: 'Jaques Cha | tillon, | Rambu | res, Vau | demont.' This reduces the five to four. The two instances in *All's Well* both refer to the church of St Jaques, and I believe them to be in the genitive, like St Peter's, and that the *s* should be heard after the monosyllable *Jakes*, thus: 'I am | Saint Jaques' | *es*, pil | grim thi | ther gone,' and also: 'There's four | or five | to great | Saint Jaques' | *es* bound.' This reduces the four to two, and in both of them the name appears undeniably a dissyllable. Thus: 'Of Ja | ques Faul | conbridge | solem | nised,' *Love's Lab. L.* II, i, 42, and 'The mel | ancho | ly Ja | ques grieues | at that.' Nevertheless the conviction expressed in the note on line 5 of *Dramatis Personæ* remains unshaken, that the name was in general pronounced as a monosyllable, with, possibly, the faintest suggestion of a second syllable, such as we have in the word *aches*. Harington's anecdote and French's testimony are decisive to my mind that the name in Shakespeare's own day was a monosyllable. In our day it is to be hoped that, in this play

And in that kinde sweares you doe more vfurpe 30  
 Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you :  
 To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my felfe,  
 Did steale behinde him as he lay along  
 Vnder an oake, whose anticke roote peepes out  
 Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood, 35  
 To the which place a poore sequestred Stag  
 That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt,  
 Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord  
 The wretched annimall heau'd forth such groanes  
 That their discharge did stretch his leatherne coat 40  
 Almost to burfing, and the big round teares  
 Cours'd one another downe his innocent nose  
 In pitteous chafe : and thus the hairie foole,  
 Much marked of the melancholie *Iaques* , 44

34. anticke] antique Pope.

34. roote] roope F<sub>3</sub>. roop F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

at least, it will not be heard otherwise than as a dissyllable: *Jag-wes*, which is as Mrs Kemble pronounced it,—for me an ample authority.—ED.

34. COLLIER (*Introd.* p. 5) has preserved the following note, 'made at the time,' from Coleridge's Lectures in 1818: 'Shakespeare never gives a description of rustic scenery merely for its own sake, or to show how well he can paint natural objects; he is never tedious or elaborate, but while he now and then displays marvellous accuracy and minuteness of knowledge, he usually only touches upon the larger features and broader characteristics, leaving the fillings up to the imagination.' Thus, he describes an oak of many centuries' growth in a single line: "Under an oak whose antique root peeps out." Other and inferior writers would have dwelt on this description, and worked it out with all pettiness and impertinence of detail. In Shakespeare the "antique root" furnishes the whole picture.'

34. anticke] Accented by Shakespeare on the first syllable. Steevens calls attention to Gray's *Elegy*: 'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,' &c.

36. the which] See I, ii, 120.

39. WHALLEY (p. 57) compares this passage with Vergil's description, *Æn.* vii, 500 *et seq.*, a remote and almost pointless comparison, which, nevertheless, Malone and some other editors have repeated.

41. teares] STEEVENS: In one of the marginal notes to a similar passage in the 13th Song of Drayton's *Poly-olbion*, it is said that, 'The Hart weepeth at his dying; his teares are held to be precious in medicine.' DOUCE (i, 296): 'When the hart is arered, he fleethe to a ryver or ponde, and roreth cryeth and wepeth when he is take,' *Batman upon Bartholome*, xviii, 30.

42, 43. Cours'd . . . chase] WHITER (p. 97): Surely no reader of taste can doubt but that the 'stag' and 'the hunter' led the imagination of the poet to this beautiful metaphor.

43. foole] For many references to the use of this word where no reproach is implied, see the notes on *Lear*, V, iii, 306: 'And my poor fool is hang'd!'

Stood on th'extremest verge of the swift brooke, 45  
 Augmenting it with teares.

*Du. Sen.* But what said *Iaques*?  
 Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1. *Lord.* O yes, into a thousand similies.  
 First, for his weeping into the needlesse streame; 50  
 Poore Deere quoth he, thou mak'st a testament  
 As worldlings doe, giuing thy sum of more  
 To that which had too must: then being there alone,  
 Left and abandoned of his veluet friend; 54

45. *th'extremest*] *the extremest* Han.  
 Cap. Steev. Mal. Coll. Sing. Dyce i, Sta.

Cam. Clke, Ktly, Wh. ii.

46. *it with*] *in the* F<sub>4</sub>.

47. *said*] *say* F<sub>4</sub>.

50. *into*] *in* Pope +, Cap. Steev. Mal.  
 Sing. Sta. Coll. iii, Ktly, Dyce iii.

53. *had*] *hath* Sing. Coll. ii, Ktly,  
 Huds.

*must*] *much* Ff.

*there*] Om. Ff, Rowe +, Cap.

Steev. Dyce iii.

54. *friend*] *friends* Rowe +, Cap. Wh.  
 Dyce, Sta. Cam. Clke, Ktly, Rife.

48. *moralize*] WRIGHT: This usage of the word is well illustrated by Cotgrave: 'Moraliser. To morallize, to expound morrally, to give a morall sence vnto.' Hence it came to signify, to expound or interpret generally.

50. *into*] Although it is not impossible to scan this line as it thus stands: 'First, for | his weep | ing in | to th' need | lesse streame,' yet it is harsh, and needless too when we have so many instances of the use of *in* for 'into' (see Abbott, § 159), and when, as Malone suggests, the second 'into' was caught by the compositor's eye from the first 'into' directly above it. I should not therefore hesitate to adopt Pope's change. But KEIGHTLEY, whose opinion carries weight, is of a different way of thinking. In his *Expositor*, p. 157, he says: 'Pope's change has been generally followed, but without the slightest reason, by the decasyllabists. I am almost ashamed to say that I have joined them from pure inadvertence.'—ED.

50. *needlesse*] For a list of adjectives used both in an active and a passive sense see Walker (*Crit.* ii, 80), or Abbott, § 3. Caldecott refers to 'age is unnecessary,' *Lear*, II, iv, 151.

53. *had too must*] STEEVENS: Shakespeare had almost the same thought in his *Lover's Complaint*, 38: 'Which one by one she in a river threw, Upon whose weeping margent she was set; Like usury applying wet to wet.' Again, in *3 Hen VI*: V, iv, 8: 'With tearful eyes add water to the sea And give more strength to that which hath too much.' [This latter extract convinced SINGER that 'had' in the present line should be *hath*, and he accordingly so printed it. But, as WHITE (ed. i) says, 'the time of the action referred to is not the same in the two passages. Worldlings, in making their testaments, give to those who *had* too much *before*.']

53. *being there alone*] KNIGHT: It is wonderful how soon after Shakespeare's death his verse offered an opportunity for the tampering of those who did not understand it. [See Text. Notes.] The twelve-syllable verse, sparingly introduced, imparts a singularly dramatic freedom to the poetry, and makes the regular metre more beautiful from the variety. [Abbott accepts this line as a trimeter couplet.]

54. *of*] For instances where we should now use *by*, see III, ii, 332, Abbott, § 170.



'Tis right quoth he, thus miserie doth part 55  
 The Fluxe of companie : anon a carelesse Heard  
 Full of the pasture, iumps along by him  
 And neuer staies to greet him : I quoth *Iaques*,  
 Sweepe on you fat and greazie Citizens,  
 'Tis iust the fashon ; wherefore doe you looke 60  
 Vpon that poore and broken bankrupt there?  
 Thus most inuectiuelly he pierceth through  
 The body of Countrie, Citie, Court, 63

55. *thus*] *this* Var. '03, '13 (a mis-print?).

59. *greazie*] *grazy* F.  
 63. *of*] F., Mal. *of the* Ff et cet.

54. *veluet*] NEIL: 'Velvet' is the technical term for the outer covering of the horns of a stag in the early stages of their growth. Here 'velvet' seems to be equivalent to *delicate*.

54. *friend*] WHITER: The singular is right; it is often used for the plural with a sense more *abstracted*, and therefore in many instances more poetical. [CALDECOTT, KNIGHT, and HALLIWELL quote Whiter with approval, but DYCE in noting the fact affixes an exclamation-mark. The present is, I think, but another instance of the crooked nature of the crooked *s*, which persists in appearing where it is not wanted, and fails to appear where it is wanted; so marked is this peculiarity that, as I have frequently had occasion to quote, Walker (*Crit.* i, 234) suggests that it may have its origin in some characteristic of Shakespeare's handwriting. See I, iii, 60; also *Mer. of Ven.* II, ii, 181; II, ix, 35, &c.—ED.]

56. This line ABBOTT, § 495, gives as an illustration of the insertion of two syllables at the end of the third or fourth foot. 'The flúx | of còmpany. | Anón | a cáre | less hérd.' [I do not think that lines like this with a pause in it, and line 53 above, should be formulated with unbroken lines.—ED.]

59. *fat . . . Citizens*] A tough phrase for our German brothers to translate. SCHLEGEL, followed by SCHMIDT, renders it thus: *ihr fetten wohlgenährten Städter* (wherein there is, I think, scarcely enough contempt). DINGELSTEDT: *ihr Spiesser und Spiessbürger* (which is, perhaps, a little too slangy, but still not bad). HERWEGH: *ihr fetten, feisten Herrn Philister* (the best, perhaps, but, *cheu, quantum mutatus ab illo!*).

59. *greazie*] CALDECOTT: 'By other men's losses to enrich and greaze themselves,' Newton's *Lemnie's Touchstone of Complexions*, 1581, p. 58.

59. *Citizens*] See the reference, at line 25 above, to Lodge's *Rosalynde*. See also Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 34, ed. 1598: 'The wood seemed to conspire with them [*i. e.* the hunters] against his owne citizens.'—ED.

63. *body of Countrie*] STEEVENS: *The* is supplied by the Second Folio, which has many advantages over the First. Mr Malone is of a different opinion; but let him speak for himself. MALONE: 'Country' is here used as a trisyllable. So again in *Twelfth N.*: 'The like of him. Know'st thou this *country*?' The editor of the Second Folio, who appears utterly ignorant of our author's phraseology and metre, reads: [see Text. Notes]. STEEVENS: Is not 'country' used elsewhere also as a dissyllable? See *Coriol.* I, vi, 'And that his country's dearer than himself.' Besides, by reading 'country' as a trisyllable, in the middle of a verse, it would become rough

Yea, and of this our life, fwearing that we  
 Are meere vsurpers, tyrants, and whats worfe 65  
 To fright the Annimals, and to kill them vp  
 In their assign'd and natue dwelling place.

*D. Sen.* And did you leaue him in this contemplation?

*2. Lord.* We did my Lord, weeping and commenting  
 Vpon the fobbing Deere. 70

*Du. Sen.* Show me the place,  
 I loue to cope him in these fullen fits,  
 For then he's full of matter.

*1. Lor.* Ile bring you to him strait. *Exeunt.* 74

64. of this] *this* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *through this*  
 Rowe i.

69. 2. Lord.] *Ami. Cap.*

74. 1. Lor.] 2. Lor. F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

66. *vp*] *too* Quincy (MS).

and dissonant. [Unquestionably we must here follow the reading of the Second Folio, which Malone himself would have at once adopted had it not been found in that edition whose authority was always a well-fleshed bone of contention between him and Steevens—ED.]

66. kill them vp] CALDECOTT gives five or six instances of the use of this phrase: 'Killed up with colde,' Adlington's *Apuleius's Golden Asse*, 1582, fo. 159; 'The remembraunce of their poore, indigent, and beggerlye olde age, kylleth them vp,' Raphe Robynson's trans. of *More's Utopia*, 1551 (p. 159, ed. Arber); 'The Spanyardes . . . were quyte slayne vp, of the turkes arrowes,' Ascham's *Toxophilus*, 1545 (p. 82, ed. Arber). HALLIWELL, also, in his *Essay on the Formation of Shakespeare's Text*, vol. i, p. 273, gives many more examples of what he says (erroneously, I think) is merely a redundant and not an intensive use of the particle. For many other instances from Shakespeare's own plays, see Schmidt, *s. v.* 7.

69. 2. Lord] CAPELL refuses to acknowledge this Second Lord, 'both because he thinks it a folly to multiply speakers unnecessarily, and is clearly of opinion that Amiens was the person intended.' [It seems a matter of so small moment that I confess I have not collated the modern editions in regard to it. I think no one has followed Capell, and several, among them Steevens and Malone, have followed the Third and Fourth Folios in giving the last speech, line 74, to the Second Lord.—ED.]

72. cope] JOHNSON: That is, to encounter him; to engage with him.

73. matter] WRIGHT: Good stuff, sound sense. Compare *Lear*, IV, vi, 178: 'O matter and impertinency mixed.' [As, also, where Jaques calls Touchstone, III, iii, 29, 'A material fool.'—ED.]

*Scena Secunda.**Enter Duke, with Lords.*

*Duk.* Can it be possible that no man saw them?  
 It cannot be, some villaines of my Court  
 Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1. *Lo.* I cannot heare of any that did see her, 5  
 The Ladies her attendants of her chamber  
 Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,  
 They found the bed vntreasur'd of their Mistris.

2. *Lor.* My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom so oft, 9

7. a bed] abed F.

**Scena Secunda]** **MOBERLY:** The use of these short scenes deserves remark. The present one, with the usurper's troubles and suspicions, affords a strong contrast to the 'quiet and sweet style' of the banished Duke in the last scene. The same double progress of the plot is skilfully exhibited in III, i. Act II, ii and IV, ii, which have little to do with the plot, are still very effective, as showing the various aspects of the 'golden' life in the forest, and the pursuits in which days fleet away there.

4. consent and sufferance] **MOBERLY:** This is a quasi-legal term, applied to a landlord who takes no steps to eject a tenant whose term has expired. [Both words undoubtedly bear at times a technical legal sense, but it is doubtful if any relation of landlord and tenant can be in the remotest degree applicable to the present case. The use of the word 'villaines' would dispel any legal association with the words that follow.—Ed.]

6. her attendants of her] This phrase is cited by Abbott, § 423, as an instance of the repetition of the possessive adjective, and as a modification of such transpositions as we find in 'your sovereignty of reason,' 'her brow of youth,' &c.; which is quite possible, but, at the same time, I think we can see how both sound and sense controlled the line. 'The ladies, *the* attendants' is unrhythmical, and the second definite article must be emphasised to avoid an elision: 'th' attendants.' On the other hand, the sense would have been obscure and uncertain in 'her attendants of the chamber.' So that I doubt if the present construction is peculiar either to Shakespeare or his times. Allen suggests, '*Her* ladies, the attendants,' &c., which, if change be needed, is unobjectionable.—Ed.

8. vntreasur'd] **BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE** (Apr. 1833): We like his lordship for these words. **ROLFE:** Used by Shakespeare only here, and 'treasure,' *i. e. enrich*, only in *Sonn.* 6, 3.

9. roynish] **STEEVENS:** From *rogneux*, scurvy, mangy. See Chaucer, *Romaunt of the Rose*, 987: 'The foule croked bowe hidous, That knotty was, and al roynous.' And again, line 6193 [ed. Morris]: 'This argument is alle roignous.' Again, in

Your Grace was wont to laugh is also missing, 10  
*Hesperia* the Princesse Centlewoman  
 Confesses that she secretly ore-heard  
 Your daughter and her Cofen much commend  
 The parts and graces of the Wraftler  
 That did but lately foile the synowie *Charles*, 15  
 And she beleuees where euer they are gone  
 That youth is surely in their companie. 17

10. *laugh...missing*] *laugh,...missing*;  
 Ff.

11. *Hesperia*] Ff, Rowe+, Cam. Mob.  
 Wh. ii. *Hesperia* Warb. et cet.  
*Centlewoman*] F.

Harvey's *Pierce's Supererogation*, 1593 [p. 229, ed. Grosart]: 'Although she were . . . somewhat like Gallemla, or maide Marian, yet was she not such a roynish rannell . . . as this wainscot-faced Tomboy.' HUNTER (i, 346): I conceive 'roynish' to mean obtusive, troublesome, a fault we may well suppose often belonging to the poor unfortunates who were retained in the houses of the great. This at least is one of the meanings of the word, and it seems to suit the passage quite as well as the disagreeable senses which all the editors, down to the latest, have given it. Parkinson says of the Germander that on account of its disposition to spread, it must be taken up and new set once in three or four years, 'or else it will grow too *roynish* and troublesome,' *Paradisus Terrestris*, 1629, p. 6. HALLIWELL: Hunter misinterprets the passage in Parkinson; 'roynish' there means *coarse*; and 'troublesome' is used in a somewhat peculiar sense. 'The slouen and the carelesse man, the roynish nothing nice.'—Tusser [*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, &c.*, p. 142, ed. 1614]. STAUNTON: It may, however, be no more than a misprint of *roguish*. WRIGHT: Cotgrave gives: 'Rongneux . . . scabbie, mangie, scurruie.' The contemptuous phrase in *Mach.* I, iii, 6, 'the rump-fed ronyon,' had probably the same origin. . . . In the form 'rinish,' signifying 'wild, jolly, unruly, rude,' it is found among the Yorkshire words in Thoresby's Letter to Ray, reprinted by the English Dialect Society. 'Rennish,' in the sense of 'furious, passionate,' which is in Ray's *Collection of North Country Words*, is perhaps another form of the same. [I do not find it in Skeat.—ED.]

11. *Hesperia*] That Warburton should have changed this name to suit himself is not surprising, but what excuse can his followers urge? Of the conclusion of this speech a writer in *Blackwood*, April, 1833, says: 'No unfitting conjecture for a Second Lord and First Chambermaid; but, though not wide amiss of the mark, as it happened, yet vile. *Hesperia* would have left her couch at one tap at the window, and gone with the Wrestler whom she overheard the young ladies most commend (though we suspect, notwithstanding his mishap, that she would have preferred Charles), but *Hesperia* did not at all understand their commendation; and had she been called on to give a report of it for a Court Journal, would not merely have mangled it sadly, but imbued it with her own notions of "parts and graces."'

11. *Princesse*] For many other instances of the omission of the plural or possessive *s* after words ending in the sound of *s*, see Walker, *Vers.* 243, or Abbott, § 471. See also 'Princesse,' I, ii, 159.

14. *Wrastler*] A trisyllable. See Walker, *Vers.* 7, or Abbott, § 477.

*Duk.* Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither, 18  
 If he be absent, bring his Brother to me,  
 Ile make him finde him : do this sodainly; 20  
 And let not searck and inquisition quaile,  
 To bring againe these foolish runawaies. *Exunt.* 22

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Orlando and Adam.*

*Orl.* Who's there ?  
*Ad.* What my yong Master, oh my gentle master,  
 Oh my sweet master, O you memorie  
 Of old Sir *Rowland*; why, what make you here ? 5  
 Why are you vertuous ? Why do people loue you ?  
 And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant ?  
 Why would you be so fond to ouercome 8

18. *brother*] *brother's* Cap. Ktly, Dyce  
 iii, Huds.

1. Oliver's House. Rowe.  
 5. Rowland;] Rowland ? Ff.

18. *brother*] MASON: I believe we should read *brother's*. When the Duke says, 'Fetch that gallant hither,' he certainly means Orlando. [An emendation which Mason may *possibly* have made independently of Capell; in whose text it is found. It is almost demanded by the next line.—ED.]

20. *sodainly*] HALLIWELL: That is, soon, immediately. This meaning, formerly prevalent, is not now used in colloquial language. In an advertisement appended to Walker's *Treatise of English Particles*, 1679, we are told that 'the Whole Duty of man . . . is now printing, and will *suddenly* be finished.' WRIGHT: Compare Psalm vi, 10: 'Let them return and be ashamed suddenly.'

21. *quaile*] STEEVENS: To 'quail' is to *faint*, to sink into dejection. DOUCE (i, 297): Here, however, it means to *slacken*, *relax*, or *diminish*. 'Thus Hunger cureth love, for love quailleth when good cheare faileth.'—*The Choise of Change*, 1585. SINGER: 'To quaille, fade, faile,' are among the interpretations Cotgrave gives of the word *Alachir*. DYCE (ed. iii): Mr Lettsom observes that '*fail* [Mr Lloyd's conjecture] seems more appropriate here than "quail."'

4. *memorie*] STEEVENS: Often used by Shakespeare for *memorial*. MALONE (note on 'these weeds are memories of those worser hours,' *Lear*, IV, vii, 7): Thus in Stowe's *Survey*, 1618; 'A printed memorie hanging up in a table at the entrance into the church door.'

8. *so fond to*] See I, iii, 68. WRIGHT: 'Fond' is contracted from 'founded' or 'founded.' The latter form occurs in Wiclif's version of 1 Cor. i, 27 (ed. Lewis), where 'the thingis that ben fonnyd' is the rendering of 'quæ stulta sunt.' The former is found in the second of the Wicliffe Versions, edited by Forshall and Madden, 1

The bonnie priser of the humorous Duke?  
 Your praise is come too swiftly home before you. 10  
 Know you not Master, to seeme kinde of men,  
 Their graces serue them but as enemies,  
 No more doe yours : your vertues gentle Master 13

9. *bonnie*] *bonny* Fl. Rowe, Pope, *bony* Johns. et cet.  
 Theob. Han. Wh. i, Cam. *boney* Warb. 11. *seeme*] *some* Fl.

Cor. i, 20, 'Whether God hath not maad the wisdom of this world fonned?' where the Vulgate has 'nonne stultam fecit Deus sapientiam hujus mundi?' Hence 'fornednesse' in the same version is used for 'foolishness.' 'Forned' is derived from 'fon,' a fool, which occurs in Chaucer's *Reve's Tale*, l. 4087: 'Il hail, Aleyn, by God! thou is a fon.' And 'fon' is connected with the Swedish *fane*, and perhaps with the Latin *vanus*.

9. *bonnie*] *WARBURTON*: We should read *bony*. For this wrestler is characterised for his strength and bulk, not for his gayety or good humour. *HEATH* (p. 146): 'Bonny' does not signify *gay* or *good-humoured* only, but *high-spirited*, *active*. *STEEVENS*: 'Bonny,' however, may be the true reading. So in *a Hen. VI.* V, ii, 12: 'Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.' *MALONE*: The word 'bonny' occurs more than once in Lodge's Novel. *DYCE* (ed. iii): 'Bonny' is retained by some editors, most improperly I think. (As Charles is here called 'bony,' so in the preceding scene he is called 'sinewy') *WRIGHT*: It may be doubted whether in Shakespeare's time 'bony' signified *big-boned*, and whether a *bony* man would not rather mean a thin and skeleton-like man.

9. *priser*] *WRIGHT*: Prize-fighter, champion; properly, one who contends for a prize, as in Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, IV, i [p. 323, ed. Gifford]: 'Well, I have a plot upon these prizers.' Again, *ib.* V, ii [p. 334, and in at least three other passages in the same scene].

9. *humorous*] See I, ii, 265.

11. *seeme kinde of men*] See *Lear*, II, ii, 96, or Abbott, § 412.

11, 12. *WALKER* (*Crit.* i, 55) gives this, among others, as an instance 'of what may, perhaps, be described as an instinctive striving after a natural arrangement of words, inconsistent indeed with modern English grammar, but perfectly authorised by that of the Elizabethan age.' 'Here a Greek would find no difficulty: *Ὀὐκ ὁλοθα, διὰ τοῖς τῶν ἀνθρώπων καὶ τὰ αὐτῶν κατὰ πολέμια ἔστιν*; One may perhaps compare Sidney, *Arcadia*, bk. iii, p. 323, l. 15, "The general concert of whose mourning performed so the natural tunes of sorrow, that even to them (if any such were) that felt not the loss, yet others' grief taught them grief—." So, too, "—let it then suffice To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes," *R. of L.* l. 1679. *ABBOTT*, although he gives these lines under his paragraph (§ 414) which treats of redundant accusatives, yet says that 'them' is in a somewhat different case, probably because the inverted order calls for a repetition for clearness' sake. The instance from Sidney's *Arcadia* cited by Walker seems to me exactly parallel. Though the 'them' is redundant, it is not of the same kind of redundancy as in 'I know *you* what you are.'—*ED.*

13. *No . . . yours*] *ABBOTT*, § 414: That is, your graces are not more serviceable to you. *SCHMIDT* (s. v. *more*, 5) says that '*no less* would have been expected.' Hardly, I think. If the service were a real service, we might say 'no less'; but the service is false, virtues are traitors, and 'no more' good service does Orlando get from his graces than if they were his enemies.—*ED.*

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you :

Oh what a world is this, when what is comely 15

Enuenoms him that beares it?

Why, what's the matter?

*Ad.* O vnhappy youth,

Come not within these doores : within this rooffe 19

17. *Why*] Orl. *Why* Ff et seq.

19. *within this*] *beneath this* Cap.

19. *within the*] *with these* F.

conj.

15. *when*] ALLEN (MS) : Possibly, '*where* what is comely.' If '*when*' be retained, then '*world*' is taken in its most restricted meaning, as this life of our little domestic circle. If '*where*' is used, then the '*world*' is equivalent to this wide world of man, this animate creation of God's. Cf. II, vii, 11 : '*what a life is this That your poor friends must woo your company.*' Also below, line 59 : '*The constant service of the antique world, When service sweat for duty.*' [A note, added later.—ED.] Cf. De Quincey (*Suspiria*, p. 194) : '*In what world was I living when a man (calling himself a man of God) could stand up publicly, and give God "hearty thanks," that He had taken my sister?*' (Perhaps, therefore, in Shakespeare, the full meaning is, '*What a pass has this world come to, when,*' &c. And so '*when*' can stand.)

16. *Enuenoms*] WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 61) : Was the shirt of Nessus in Shakespeare's mind? [The same reference occurred independently to Allen. See next note.]

16. *beares*] ALLEN (MS) : The figure appears to be that of putting on a garment, like the shirt of Nessus or that sent by Medea to Jason's new wife. If so, '*bears*' is, singularly, used like the French *porter* (*il porte un bel habit*), or we should read *wears*.

19. *within this rooffe*] COLLIER (ed. ii) : This may be right, and we do not alter it; but '*beneath* this roof' seems more proper, and that is the word in the (MS). Perhaps the old printer repeated '*within*' by mistake. [This remark of Collier's, if needless, is, apparently, perfectly harmless, and yet it seems to have irritated Dyce greatly, who in his *Strictures*, &c., p. 68, writes as follows : '*It is most unwise in Mr Collier to commit himself, as here and in fifty other places, by thinking it necessary to say something in favour of those very readings of his Corrector which he does not adopt.*' "*Roof*" was often used for the house in general : "*If time, and foode, and wine enough acree Within your rooffe to vs,*" &c., Chapman's *Homer's Odyssees*, b. xiv, p. 216, ed. fo.' It is impossible for us, removed as we are by time and space from the animosities of the hour, to comprehend the reason for the sharpness of the criticisms on Collier. Thus, in the present case, I cannot, try as I may, see why it is '*most unwise*' to express a mild approval of an emendation, which is all that Collier has here done; he does not commit himself by changing the text, he merely says the emendation '*seems* more proper,' wherein I must say I agree with him; and if Dyce had only turned to Mrs Clarke's *Concordance* he could have found there three instances at least where reference is made to being '*underneath*' or '*under*' a roof, and there may be others: the point is not worth further time, because '*roof*' is unquestionably used elsewhere for the whole house. Before Dyce issued his third edition he had learned that the same conjecture had been made by Capell, who is held by all

The enimie of all your graces liues 20  
 Your brother, no, no brother, yet the sonne  
 (Yet not the son, I will not call him son)  
 Of him I was about to call his Father,  
 Hath heard your praifes, and this night he meanes,  
 To burne the lodging where you vse to lye, 25  
 And you within it : if he faile of that  
 He will haue other meanes to cut you off;  
 I ouerheard him: and his practises :  
 This is no place, this house is but a butcherie;  
 Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it. 30  
*Ad.* Why whether *Adam* would'ft thou haue me go?  
*Ad.* \*No matter whether, so you come not here.  
*Orl.* What, would'ft thou haue me go& beg my food,  
 Or with a base and boistrous Sword enforce  
 A theeuish liuing on the common rode? 35  
 This I must do, or know not what to do :  
 Yet this I will not do, do how I can.  
 I rather will subiect me to the malice 38

21. *no, no brother,*] *no; no brother,*  
 Rowe ii+. *no; no brother;* Theob.  
 Warb.

31. *Ad.] Orl. Ff.*

31, 32. *whether]* *whither* Ff.  
 31. *would'ft]* *would* F.  
 32. *so you]* *for you* Ff.

Shakespeare scholars in esteem, and although he still pronounced the conjecture 'very erroneous,' he did not repeat his remark about the unwisdom of expressions of approval.—ED.]

26. *faile of]* See Abbott, § 177.

28. *practises]* DYCE: Contrivances, artifices, stratagems, treachery, conspiracy.

29. *place]* STEEVENS: 'Place' here signifies a *seat*, a *mansion*, a *residence*. So in *1 Samuel*, xv, 12: 'Saul came to Carmel, and, behold, he set him up a place,' &c. Thus 'Crosby place' in *Rich. III.*, &c. MALONE: Compare *A Lover's Complaint*, 82: 'Love lack'd a dwelling and made him her place.' MASON (*Additional Comments*, &c., p. 21): It appears to me that Adam means merely to tell Orlando that his brother's house was no place fit for him to repair to. Compare Fletcher's *Mad Lover* [I, ii, 3], where Memnon says: 'Why were there not such women in the camp then, Prepar'd to make me know 'em?' To which Eumenes replies, "'Twas no place, sir.' Meaning that the camp was not a place fit for them. KNIGHT: But there could be no sense in saying this is no house—place—mansion; this *house* is but a butchery. It is clearly, this is no abiding-place. DYCE follows Steevens. NEIL: There is perhaps here an *apostrophe*, or emotional interruption of the sentence, leaving the words, 'for you to approach,' unexpressed.

31, 32. *thou . . . you]* See I, i, 74.

38. *subiect]* Steevens, Malone, Dyce, in fact all editors who adopt accents in the



Of a diuerted blood, and bloudie brother.

*Ad.* But do not fo : I haue five hundred Crownes, 40  
The thriftie hire I faued vnder your Father,  
Which I did store to be my foster Nurfe,  
When feruice should in my old limbs lie lame,  
And vnregarded age in corners throwne,  
Take that, and he that doth the Rauens feede, 45  
Yea prouidently caters for the Sparrow,  
Be comfort to my age : here is the gold,  
All this I giue you, let me be your seruant,  
Though I looke old, yet I am strong and lustie; 49

41. *your*] *you* Ff.

44. *age*] *age be* Ktly.

43. *lie*] *be* Han. Quincy (MS).

text, here accent the second syllable. The inference is that without this aid to the eye the unwary reader would pronounce the word 'subject'; and Wright goes so far as to call attention to the fact that 'the accent is on the last syllable, as in *Temp.* I, ii, 114.' This is puzzling. Are we to infer that in England at the present day this verb is an exception to the rule that dissyllabic verbs accent the second syllable? As Rolfe says: 'This [*i. e.* subject] is the modern pronunciation of the verb, at least in this country; and it is the only one in Shakespeare.'—ED.

39. diuerted blood] JOHNSON: That is, blood turned out of the course of nature. COLLIER: The line as it stands is intelligible enough; but it may be reasonably doubted whether the old compositor did not make a lapse, for the MS corrector instructs us to read: 'diuerted, *proud*,' &c. 'Blood' was formerly often spelt *bloud*, and hence, possibly, the error of mistaking *proud* for 'bloud.' DYCE: 'The language is so strikingly Shakespearian, that nothing but the most extreme obtuseness can excuse the MS corrector's perverse reading.'—*Blackwood's Magazine*, Aug. 1853, p. 198. WRIGHT: 'Blood' is used for passion in opposition to reason in *Ham.* III, ii, 74. Here it denotes natural affection, such as should accompany blood-relationship.

41. thriftie hire] A singular use of the adjective. The thrift is neither the cause of the hire nor the effect of the hire. It cannot, therefore, I think, be exactly paralleled by 'weak evils' in II, vii, 138, which are evils caused by weakness, nor by the 'gentle weal' in 'Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal,' *Macb.* III, iv, 76, that is, 'purged the commonwealth and made it gentle.' Both of these examples have been adduced as parallel. It is more like 'youthful wages' in line 69 below, a *constructio pugnans*, to which the ordinary meaning of prolepsis scarcely, perhaps, applies. ALLEN (MS) paraphrases: 'that which by my thriftiness I saved out of the hire,' &c.—ED.

44. In his paragraph (§ 403) on the 'Ellipsis of *It is, There is, Is*' ABBOTT gives this passage and thus prints this line: 'And unregarded age (? should be) in corners thrown.' To harmonise the construction and avoid this ellipsis HANMER substituted *be* for 'lie' in the preceding line, which is not only needless, but, I think, really injurious. There is a certain feebleness or helplessness in the old limbs *lying* lame in corners, which Hanmer's text obliterates.—ED.

For in my youth I neuer did apply 50  
 Hot, and rebellious liquors in my bloud,  
 Nor did not with vnbaſhfull forehead woe,  
 The meanes of weakneſſe and debilitie,  
 Therefore my age is as a luſtie winter,  
 Froſtie, but kindly ; let me goe with you, 55  
 Ile doe the ſeruice of a yonger man  
 In all your buſineſſe and neceſſities.

*Orl.* Oh good old man, how well in thee appeares  
 The conſtant ſeruice of the antique world,  
 When ſeruice ſweate for dutie, not for neede: 60  
 Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,  
 Where none will ſweate, but for promotion,  
 And hauing that do choake their ſeruice vp,  
 Euen with the hauing, it is not ſo with thee : 64

51. *in my*] *to my* Cap. conj.

60. *ſweate*] *sweet* Dyce, Clke.

52. *not*] / Rowe+.

*neede*] F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe i. *neede* F<sub>2</sub>, F<sub>3</sub>

59. *ſeruice*] *fashion* Ktly. *virtue* Neil et cet.  
 conj.

51. rebellious liquors in] Malone ſuggested that the rebellion here is that againſt reaſon, but Steevens, with greater probability, I think, interpreted the reference as to liquors 'that *rebel* againſt the conſtitution.' In this caſe Capell's conjecture of 'to the blood' is rendered needleſſ.—ED.

52. Nor did not] For the double negative here, and 'I cannot goe no further,' in the eleventh line of the next ſcene, ſee Abbott, § 406, or Shakeſpeare *paſſim*.

57. *buſineſſe*] ALLEN (MS) ſuggests that this is the plural, *business*'.

59, 60. ſeruice . . . ſeruice] WALKER (*Crit.* i, 293): I believe that the former 'ſervice' is the corrupt one; yet I can imagine Shakeſpeare having written, 'When *duty* ſweat for duty,' &c. [LETTSON in a foot-note conjectures, 'The conſtant *temper*,' &c.] COLLIER (ed. ii): The (MS) corrector alters the former 'ſervice' to *favour*, in the ſenſe of likenes or appearance. HALLIWELL: One critic ſuggests that the ſecond 'ſervice' ſhould be altered to *servants*. [It is to be confeſſed that in general the repetition of a word in the very next line is ſuſpicious, but here there ſeems a need for the repetition. Moreover, in this ſpeech there are other repetitions; ſee, as Rolfe points out, 'ſweat,' in lines 60 and 62; and 'having,' in lines 63 and 64.—ED.]

60. *sweate*] This form may be conſidered either as the perfect indicative with the *-ed* abſorbed, for which ſee Abbott, § 341, or it may be a ſtrong form and pronounced *swat*, or the ſpelling may be changed as Dyce has changed it.—ED.

60. *neede*] An inſtance of variation in different copies of the Firſt Folio. The original of Booth's Reprint and of Staunton's Photo-lithograph evidently read 'neede;' and ſo alſo preſumably did that of the Cambridge Editors; they have recorded no variant. My copy reads unmiſtakeably 'neede.'—ED.

64. *hauing*] JOHNSON: Even with the *promotion* gained by ſervice is ſervice extinguished.

But poore old man, thou prun'ft a rotten tree, 65  
 That cannot so much as a blossome yeelde,  
 In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie,  
 But come thy waies, weelee goe along together,  
 And ere we haue thy youthfull wages spent,  
 Weelee light vpon some fetled low content. 70

*Ad.* Master goe on, and I will follow thee  
 To the last gaspe with truth and loyaltie,  
 From seauentie yeeres, till now almost fourescore  
 Here liued I, but now liue here no more  
 At seaunteene yeeres, many their fortunes seeke 75  
 But at fourescore, it is too late a weeke,  
 Yet fortune cannot recompence me better  
 Then to die well, and not my Masters debter. *Exeunt.* 78

73. *seauentie*] *seventy* Ff. *seventeen* Rowe et seq.

65. rotten tree] MOBERLY: Orlando *says* melancholy things, as in I, ii; but his elastic mind rises instantly from such thoughts, and in a few moments he anticipates 'some settled low content.' A fine instance of the same manly temper is found in the *Iliad*, vi, where Hector at one moment dwells sorrowfully on his wife's inevitable doom of slavery at Argos, and the next thinks of her as a joyful Trojan mother welcoming back her victorious son (see vv. 447-465 and 476-481).

71. thee] Note the change of the personal pronoun with the changed personal relations.—Ed.

73. *seauentie*] See Text. Note for the obvious correction.

76. a weeke] CALDECOTT. That is, a period of time, indefinitely. The calculation of time by this interval was not then confined, as it is at present, to small contracts or domestic engagements and a fixed period, but embraced a large and indefinite compass and extended to all things. 'To whose heavenly praise My soule hath bin devoted many a weeke,' Heywood's *Britaine's Troy*, 1609, p. 251. HALLIWELL adds also, from Heywood's *Workes* [Spenser Soc. ed. p. 74—ap. Wright]. 'And, amend ye or not, I am to olde a yere.' WRIGHT: But it seems more likely that 'a week' is an adverbial phrase equivalent to 'i' the week.' See 'a night,' line 49, in the next scene. VERITY: Perhaps *in the week* is the meaning; or, which seems to me more probable, 'by a week.'

### Scena Quarta.

*Enter Rosaline for Ganimed, Celia for Aliena, and  
Clowne, alias Touchstone.*

Rof. O Jupiter, how merry are my spirits?

3

1. Rosaline...Touchstone] Rosalind in  
Boys Cloaths for Ganimed, Celia drest  
like a Shepherdess for Aliena, and Clown.

Rowe.

3. merry] Ff, Rowe, Pope, Cald. Knt.  
weary Theob. et cet.

3. merry] THEOBALD: And yet, within the space of one intervening line, she says she could find in her heart to disgrace her man's apparel and cry like a woman. Sure, this is but a very bad symptom of the *briskness of spirits*: rather a direct proof of the contrary disposition. Mr Warburton and I both concurr'd in conjecturing it should be, as I have reform'd it in the text: 'how weary are my spirits.' And the Clown's reply makes this reading certain. [*Weary* was also suggested to Theobald in 1732 by an anonymous correspondent, L. H.; see Nichols's *Illustr.* ii, 632.—ED.] GUTHRIE (*Crit. Rev.*, Dec. 1765, p. 407): We think that Rosalind's rejoinder [lines 6, &c.] makes the original reading certain; from this speech (which we are to suppose Celia not to hear) Rosalind affects a merriness of spirits. MALONE: Rosalind invokes 'Jupiter' because he was supposed to be always in good spirits. So afterwards: 'O most gentle Jupiter!' The context and the Clown's reply render certain Theobald's emendation. WHITER (p. 16): The context, however, and the Clown's reply, added to the comment of Mr Malone, establish the *original* reading and render Theobald's emendation *certainly wrong*. Does not the reader perceive that the whole humour of the passage consists in the word MERRY, and that Rosalind speaks thus ironically in order to comfort Celia? 'O Jupiter!' says she, 'what MERRY spirits I am in!' To which the Clown replies, 'I care not whether my spirits were good or bad, if my legs were not weary.'—'Indeed,' adds Rosalind, 'to speak the truth, tho' I pretend in my mannish character to be in good spirits, and not to be weary, yet I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; as it becomes me, however, to comfort the weaker vessel, I must assume a quality which I have not;—therefore, courage, good Aliena, bear fatigue as I do, good Aliena.' Nothing is more certain than this explanation. KNIGHT pronounces Whiter's explanation as marked 'with great good sense.' COLLIER: Why should Rosalind assume good spirits here to Celia, when in the very next sentence she utters she says that her spirits are so bad that she could almost cry? WHITE (ed. i): If Rosalind were to say that her spirits were 'merry,' Touchstone's reply would have no point. In WALKER's chapter (*Crit.* ii, 300) on '*m* and *w* confounded' this line is cited; and that Knight should have followed the Folio in reading 'merry' Walker marks with an exclamation. DYCE quotes Knight's note, printing in small capitals 'GREAT GOOD SENSE,' and adds at the conclusion: 'Surely such notes are quite enough to make any one "merry,"—absolute *Cordials for Low Spirits*.' [With all deference to my betters, I respectfully but firmly protest against making the cart draw the horse, and changing Rosalind's speech to suit the humour in Touchstone's. The confusion of *m* and *w*, on which Walker

*Clo.* I care not for my spirits, if my legges were not wearie.

5

*Ros.* I could finde in my heart to disgrace my mans apparell, and to cry like a woman : but I must comfort the weaker vessell, as doublet and hose ought to shew it selfe coragious to petty-coate; therefore courage, good *Aliena.*

10

*Cel.* I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no further.

*Clo.* For my part, I had rather beare with you, then

13

7. *to*] Om. Rowe+.

9. *to*] *to a F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>*, Rowe.

11. *cannot*] *can* Ff, Rowe, Pope, Han. Johns. Cap. Coll. Sing. Clke, Ktly.

11, 12. *further*] *farther* Coll.

relies, will do well enough in such words as *may* and *way*, *mind* and *wind*, *meek* and *week*, &c., but a little too much confusion is demanded to justify the change of *merry* into *wearie*. The *ductus literarum* is helpful where nonsense is to be converted to sense, but is there any nonsense here? Is it not clear that Rosalind is talking for effect? With Celia 'fainting almost to death' and needing every possible encouragement, is it likely that Rosalind, the taller and stronger of the two, would utter such a wail of despair as the substitution of *weary* for 'merry' would make her sigh forth? Of course this merriment of hers is assumed, and that it is assumed, and that we may know that it is assumed, she tells us, in an aside, by confessing that in her heart she is ready to cry like a woman. This confession must be in an aside; at least Celia must not hear it; if Celia heard it no syllable of stimulus would she have found in an encouragement thus clearly and confessedly fictitious; she must believe Rosalind's courage to be genuine if it is to impart any strength to her. Grant that this last confession of Rosalind's is an aside, then it is clear that in the first line, which cannot be an aside, we must retain 'merry,' and with it the strength of Rosalind's character. Deny that this confession is an aside, then we may adopt Theobald's *weary*, add a feeble ray of humour to Touchstone's remark, reduce all that Rosalind says to a whine, and weaken Celia's character by showing her capable of being encouraged by a jauntiness confessedly and openly false and assumed.—ED.]

9. therefore courage] To indicate the termination of the aside, and that 'courage' is the first word addressed to Celia, I think this should be printed 'Therefore, —courage, good Aliena!'—ED.

11. *cannot goe no*] See line 52 of preceding scene. CALDECOTT regards this double negative as so thoroughly Shakespearian that he cites the change in the Second Folio (see Text. Notes) as one among many proofs of Malone's theory, that the alterations in that edition were 'arbitrary and made without a knowledge of the author's manner.' But DYCE (ed. iii) says: 'I feel strongly tempted to read here, with the Second Folio, "I can go no further," the very words of Adam in the first line of the sixth scene below.' [However strong the temptation, it is unquestionably wise to resist it.—ED.]

13, 14. *beare . . . beare*] A play on the same word is cited by Steevens in *Rich. III.*: 111, i, 128; and by Wright in *Two Gent.* I, i, 125-128.

beare you : yet I should beare no croffe if I did beare  
you, for I thinke you haue no money in your purfe. 15

*Ref.* Well, this is the Forreft of *Arden*.

*Clo.* I, now am I in *Arden*, the more foole I, when I  
was at home I was in a better place, but Trauellers must  
be content.

*Enter Corin and Silvius.*

20

*Ref.* I, be so good *Touchstone*: Look you, who comes  
here, a yong man and an old in solemne talke.

*Cor.* That is the way to make her scorne you fill. 23

14. *crosse*] DYCE: 'The ancient penny, according to Stow, had a double cross with a crest stamped on it, so that it might be easily broken in the midst, or in four quarters. Hence it became a common phrase when a person had no money about him, to say, he had not a *single cross*. As this was certainly an *unfortunate* circumstance, there is no end to the quibbling on this poor word,'—Gifford's note on *Johnson's Works*, vol. i, p. 134. WRIGHT: A play upon the figurative expression in *Matthew*, x, 38.

17. *Arden*] UPTON (p. 245): The Clown, agreeable to his character, is in a punning vein, and replies thus, 'Ay, now I am in a *den*,' &c. HARTLEY COLERIDGE (ii, 141): Nothing can exceed the mastery with which Shakespeare, without any obtrusive or undramatic description, transports the imagination to the sunny glades and massy shadows of umbrageous *Arden*. The leaves rustle and glisten, the brooks murmur unseen in the copses, the flowers enamel the savannas, the sheep wander on the distant hills, the deer glance by and hide themselves in the thickets, and the sheepcotes sprinkle the far landscape spontaneously, without being shown off, or talked about. You hear the song of the birds, the belling of the stags, the bleating of the flocks, and a thousand sylvan, pastoral sounds beside, blent with the soft plaints and pleasant ambiguities of the lovers, the sententious satire of Jacques, and the courtly fooling of *Touchstone*, without being told to listen to them. Shakespeare does all that the most pictorial dramatist could do, without ever sinking the dramatist in the landscape-painter. The exuberant descriptions of some recent authors are little more dramatic than the voluminous stage directions in translated German melodramas. I know not what share the absence of painted scenes might have in preserving our old dramatists from this excess, but I believe that the low state of estimation of landscape-painting had a good deal to do with it. Luxurious description characterises the second childhood of poetry. In its last stage, it begins, like *Falstaff*, to babble of green fields.

21, 22. WALKER (*Crit.* i, 16): Arrange thus:

'Ay,  
Be so, good *Touchstone*;—Look you, who comes here;  
A young man and an old, in solemn talk.'

This, too, serves as a stepping-stone from the prose dialogue preceding to the conversation in verse between *Corin* and *Silvius*.

*Sil.* Oh *Corin*, that thou knew'st how I do loue her.

*Cor.* I partly guesse: for I haue lou'd ere now. 25

*Sil.* No *Corin*, being old, thou canst not guesse,  
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a louer  
As euer sigh'd vpon a midnight pillow:  
But if thy loue were euer like to mine,  
As fure I thinke did neuer man loue fo: 30  
How many actions most ridiculous,  
Haft thou beene drawne to by thy fantasie?

*Cor.* Into a thoufand that I haue forgotten.

*Sil.* Oh thou didst then neuer loue fo hartily,  
If thou remembreft not the flightest folly, 35  
That euer loue did make thee run into,  
Thou haft not lou'd.  
Or if thou haft not sat as I doe now, 38

29. *euer*] *ere* Ff.

30, in parenthesis, Pope et seq.

34. *neuer*] *ne' r* Rowe +, Coll.

35. *flightest*] *slighted* Rowe.

38. *sat*] *fate* Ff, Rowe.

27. *wast*] ALLEN (MS): *Wert* seems to be required. Silvius does not mean to state or to recognise the fact that *Corin* really had been such a lover, but merely to concede that *if* *Corin* had been, &c. he could not now, in his old age, guess, &c.

32. *fantasie*] WRIGHT: The earlier form of the word 'fancy.' 'Fantasie' occurs in Chaucer's *Merchants Tale*, l. 9451, in the margin of the later Wicliffe version of *Josh.* xxii, 19, and perhaps earlier still. ARBER, in the few words of Introduction to his reprint of Dryden's *Essay on Dramatic Poesie* (*English Garner*, iii, 502), notes four changes of the meaning of 'fancy.' First, in the Elizabethan Age it was but another word for personal *Love* or *Affection*. Second, by the Restoration Age its meaning had utterly changed. Sir Robert Howard, who wrote it *Phancy*, Dryden, and that generation understood by it, *Imagination*, the mental power of *Picturing forth*. Third, Coleridge, in his *Biographia Literaria*, 1812, endeavours yet further to distinguish between *Imagination* and *Fancy*; calling Milton an *Imaginative* Poet, and Cowley a *Fanciful* one. Fourth, it is now also used in another sense. 'I do not *fancy* that,' equivalent to 'I do not like or prefer that.'

34. JOHNSON: I am inclined to believe that from this passage Suckling took the hint of his song: 'Honest lover, whosoever, If in all thy love there ever Was one wav'ring thought; if thy flame Were not still even, still the same; Know this Thou lov'st amiss, And to love true, Thou must begin again, and love anew,' &c.

36. *into*] The second syllable receives an accent. See Walker (*Crit.* ii, 173) or Abbott, § 457, a.

37, 40, 43. ABBOTT, § 511: Single lines with two or three accents are frequently interspersed amid the ordinary verses of five accents. These lines are often found in passages of soliloquy where passion is at its height. Thus in the madness of *Lear*, IV, vi, 112-127. So in this impassioned speech of Silvius.

Wearing thy hearer in thy Miftris praise,  
 Thou haft not lou'd. 40  
 Or if thou haft not broke from companie,  
 Abruptly as my passion now makes me,  
 Thou haft not lou'd.

O *Phebe*, *Phebe*, *Phebe*.

*Exit.*

*Rof.* Alas poore Shepheard searching of they would, 45  
 I haue by hard aduenture found mine owne.

*Clo.* And I mine : I remember when I was in loue, I  
 broke my sword vpon a stone, and bid him take that for  
 comming a night to *Iane Smile*, and I remember the kif-  
 fing of her batler, and the Cowes dugs that her prettie 50

39. *Wearing*] *Wearying* Ff, Rowe+,  
 Cap. Steev. Mal. Coll. Clke, Ktly, Huds.  
 Wh. ii. *Wearing* Wh. i.

44. *Exit.*] *Exeunt* Ff.

45. *they would*] *their wound* Ff, Cald.  
 Knt. *thy wound* Rowe et cet.

46. *mine*] *my* Rowe ii+, Cald.

49. *a night*] *a nights* Ff, Rowe+.  
*o' nights* Cap. *o' night* Mal. Wh. *'anight*  
 or *a-night* Steev. et cet.

50. *batler*] *batlet* Ff, Rowe+, Cap.  
 Steev. Mal. Sing. Dyce.

39. *Wearing*] WHITER (p. 17) cites an old definition from Junius, *Etymol. Anglican*, s. v. *Wear*, which shows clearly enough that *to wear* and *to weary* were formerly synonymous, and then adds: but the following quotation from Jonson's *The Gipsies Metamorphosed* [p. 419, ed. Gifford] puts the matter out of dispute: 'Or a long pretended fit, Meant for mirth, but is not it; Only time and ears out-wearing.' SKEAT derives 'wear' from A.-S. *werian*, to clothe; and 'weary' from A.-S. *wērig*, tired, connected with A.-S. *wōrian*, to wander, a weak verb formed from the substantive *wōr*, which probably meant a moor or swampy place; so that *wōrian* was originally 'to tramp over wet ground,' the most likely thing to cause weariness.

41. *broke*] For a list of similar participles that have dropped the *-en*, see Abbott, § 343.

43, 44. From Capell to Collier these two lines were printed improperly as one; Collier restored the old division.

45. *searching of*] For similar instances of this preposition after present participles, meaning 'in the act of,' see Abbott, § 178. Cf. also II, vii, 5.

45. *they would*] See Text. Notes. Neither Caldecott nor Knight gives any justification of their text. Unquestionably Rowe's correction should stand.—ED.

46. *aduenture*] ALLEN (MS): The 'adventure' (or experiment, *periculum*?) was not *in itself* a hard or painful one to Rosalind; but by the chance of hearing Sylvius expose *his* state [of love-pains] *her* similar pains were brought out; and the *hardness* was in the pain thus brought out.

49. *a night*] For many examples of adverbs with the prefix *a-*, which represents some preposition, as *in*, *on*, *of*, &c., contracted by rapidity of pronunciation, see Abbott, § 24.

49, 51. *the kissing of*, . . . *the wooing of*] ABBOTT, § 93: The substantive use of the verbal with 'the' before it and 'of' after it, seems to have been regarded as colloquial. Shakespeare puts it into the mouth of Touchstone.

50. *batler*] JOHNSON: The instrument with which washers beat their coarse clothes.



chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing 51  
of a peascod instead of her, from whom I tooke two

HALLIWELL: Often spelt *batlet*. It is also called a *batling-staff* or a *bat-staff*, and sometimes a *batting-staff*. WRIGHT [gives many forms of the word in various English dialects, and adds]: The two forms, 'batler' and *batlet* as diminutives of *bat*, may be compared with 'lancer' (*1 Kings*, xviii, 28, ed. 1611), and 'lancet' as diminutive of 'lance.' The form 'lancet' is substituted in modern editions of the Authorised Version. [See also Skeat, s. v. 'battledore.']

51. chopt] WRIGHT: That is, chapped; as in *Sonn.* lxii, 10: 'Beated and chopt with tand antiquitee.' Both forms of the word were used, the pronunciation being the same in each case. Cotgrave gives: 'Crevasser, To chop, chawne, chap, chinke, riue, or cleaue asunder.' And in the Authorised Version of *Jeremiah*, xiv, 4 (ed. 1611), we find, 'Because the ground is chapt, for there was no raine on the earth.'

51. the wooing] HALLIWELL: Our ancestors were frequently accustomed in their love affairs to employ the divination of a peascod, by selecting one growing on the stem, snatching it away quickly, and if the omen of the peas remaining in the husk were preserved, then presenting it to the lady of their choice. According to Mr Davy, speaking of Suffolk, 'the efficacy of peascods in the affairs of sweethearts is not yet forgotten among our rustic vulgar. The kitchen-maid, when she shells green peas, never omits, if she finds one having *nine* peas, to lay it on the lintel of the kitchen-door, and the first clown who enters it is infallibly to be her husband or at least her sweetheart.' . . . 'Winter-time for shoeing, peascod-time for wooing,' is an old proverb in a MS Devon. Gl. But perhaps the allusion in Shakespeare is best illustrated by the following passage in Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals* [B. ii, Song 3, ll. 93-96, ed. Hazlitt—*ap.* Wright]: 'The peascod greene oft with no little toyle Hee'd seeke for in the fattest fertil'st soile, And rend it from the stalke to bring it to her, And in her bosome for acceptance wooe her.' [Halliwell cites no authority for this note, which is also to be found in nearly the same words in Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, ii, 99, ed. Bohn, as noted by Wright.] WHITER (p. 17) quotes the following proverb from Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591, for no reason that I can discern other than that the word 'peascod' is common to both passages: 'If women were as little as they are good, A Peascod would make them a gowne and a hood.'

52. peascod] FARMER: In a schedule of jewels in the 15 vol. of Rymer's *Fœdera*, we find: 'Item, two peascoddes of gold with 17 pearles.' STEEVENS: The ancient name for *peas* as they are brought to market. So in Greene's *Groundwork of Cony-catching*, 1592, 'went twice in the week to London, either with fruit or pēscods,' &c. Again, in *The Honest Man's Fortune*, by Beau. and Fl.: 'thou shalt wear gold, feed on delicates; the first peascods, strawberries, grapes,' &c. [III, iii, p. 402, ed. Dyce]. DOUCE: The 'peascod' certainly means the whole of the pea as it hangs upon the stalk. It was formerly used as an ornament in dress, and was represented with the shell open exhibiting the peas. SKEAT: Cod is a husk, shell, bag; *peas-cod*, i. e. peashell, husk of a pea. [Cf. 'with leaues like unto the cich pease. It beareth seed in certain cods,' Holland's *Plinie*, 27th Book, p. 231.—ED.]

52. from whom] KNIGHT: That is, from his mistress. He took from her two peascods, that is, two pods. STAUNTON: Touchstone surely means that he both took the cods from, and returned them to, the *peascod*, the representative of his mistress. In like manner he tells us, just before, he broke his sword upon a stone, and hid *him*, his imagined rival, 'take that.' [Unquestionably Staunton is right.—ED.]

cods, and giuing her them againe, laid with weeping 53  
teares, weare thefe for my fake: wee that are true Lo-  
uers, runne into strange capers; but as all is mortall in 55  
nature, so is all nature in loue, mortall in folly.

*Ref.* Thou speak'st wiser then thou art ware of.

*Clo.* Nay, I shall nere be ware of mine owne wit, till  
I breake my shins against it.

*Ref.* *Ioue, Ioue*, this Shepherds passion 60

53. *cods*] *peas* Ktly.

55. *as all*] *all* Rowe, Pope, Han.

56. *mortall in*] *mortal* to Rowe i.

58, 59. *till...it*] One line, Coll.

60. *Ioue, Ioue*] *Love. Love!* Coll

(MS), ii, iii.

60, 61. Prose. Pope +, Mal.

53. *cods*] JOHNSON: For 'cods' it would be more like sense to read *peas*, which, having the shape of pearls, resembled the common presents of lovers. MALONE: In the following passage, however, Touchstone's present certainly signifies not the *pea*, but the *pod*, and so I believe the word is used here: 'He [Richard II] also used a *peas-cod* branch with the *cods* open, but the *peas* out, as it is upon his robe in his monument at Westminster,'—Camden's *Remaines*, 1614. The *cods* and not the *peas* were worn.

53, 54. *weeping teares*] CAPELL: Here the Poet is wag enough to raise a smile at the expeince of his friend the novelist; who employs these words seriously in a something that he calls a sonnet, without once seeing the ridicule of them. [See Rosader's Sonnet, beginning, 'In sorrowes cell,' &c.] HALLIWELL: This pleonastic expression is of so extremely common occurrence that there is no necessity for presuming it to have been suggested to Shakespeare by its introduction into Lodge's Novel. [Hereupon follow the titles of ten works wherein the expression is found.]

56. *mortall in folly*] JOHNSON: This expression I do not well understand. In the middle counties, 'mortal,' from *mort*, a great quantity, is used as a particle of amplification; as *mortal tall*, *mortal little*. Of this sense I believe Shakespeare takes advantage to produce one of his darling equivocations. Thus the meaning will be, so is all nature in love *abounding* in folly. CALDECOTT: That is, extremely foolish. DYCE refers to Carr's *Craven Glossary*: '*Mortal*, Exceeding, very; "he's *mortal* rich," "I'se *mortal* hungry."' STAUNTON: As the commentators appear not to suspect corruption here, the passage probably contains a meaning we have failed to discover. SCHMIDT: '*Mortal*' is here equivalent to human, resembling man in folly. [These explanations of 'mortal' in this particular passage are all so mortal weak that I prefer to agree with Staunton that the meaning is yet to be discovered. If it were not for Rosalind's reply I should think that we were looking too deep. Yet Weiss's explanation (p. 113) is ingenious: 'That is, Nature can be foolish in love, but the folly is mortal, as all the things of Nature are, and will pass away, leaving love behind.' Therefore he'll have no jibes about it, and Rosalind justly replies, 'Thou speak'st wiser than thou art ware of.'—ED.]

57, 58. *ware . . . ware*] It seems almost needless to point out that Rosalind means *aware*, and Touchstone means *cautious*.—ED. SINGER: Perhaps Rosalind takes the Clown's equivoque seriously, and has in her mind that possession is the grave of love, which expires in its own folly.

60, &c. COLLIER (ed. ii) here takes his text from his (MS) Corrector, who, he

Is much vpon my fashion.

61

*Clo.* And mine, but it growes something stale with mee.

*Cel.* I pray you, one of you question yon'd man,  
If he for gold will giue vs any foode,  
I faint almost to death.

65

*Clo.* Holla; you Clowne.

*Ros.* Peace foole, he's not thy kinfman.

*Cor.* Who cal's?

*Clo.* Your betters Sir.

70

*Cor.* Elfe are they very wretched.

*Ros.* Peace I say; good euen to your friend.

*Cor.* And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.

*Ros.* I prethee Shepheard, if that loue or gold  
Can in this defert place buy entertainment,  
Bring vs where we may rest our selues, and feed:  
Here's a yong maid with trauaile much oppressed,  
And fainted for succour.

75

78

61. *much vpon*] *too much on* Coll.  
(MS), ii, iii.

62, 63. *it...mee*] *It grows something  
stale with me, And begins to fail with me*  
Coll. ii, iii.

64. *yon'd*] *yond* Rowe. *yon* Cap.

70. *Sir*] Om. Han.

71. *are they very*] *they are* Rowe i.  
*they are very* Rowe ii+. *they're very*  
Han.

72. *Peace*] *Peace, fool*, Han.

*good...friend*] One line, Cap.

Steev. Mal. Cald. Knt, Coll.

*your*] *you* Ff et seq.

says, 'must have had some foundation for the addition, unless it were a mere invention'; Collier suggests that we have fragments here of an old ballad, wherein, as far as lines 60, 61, and 'it grows something stale with me' of the Folio is concerned, Dyce (ed. iii, p. 26) agrees with him. His text is as follows:

'*Ros.* Love, Love! this shepherd's passion  
Is too much on my fashion.  
*Touch.* And mine; but  
It grows something stale with me,  
And begins to fail with me.'

ELLIS (*Early Eng. Pronun.*, p. 949, b): Observe that the rhyme [*passi-on*, *fashi-on*] is here an identical one, on the final syllable *-on*, and that it is *not* a double rhyme, like the modern *dash-un* *flash-un*, as this would make each line defective by a measure. *Pas-si-on*, *fash-i-on* were really trisyllables. ALLEN (MS): The 'passion' of love is love conceived of as something like *suffering*.

72. *your*] One of the many instances where, in the Folio, *you* and *your* are confounded. See Walker, *Crit.* ii, 190.

77, 78. ABBOTT, § 403: Either *who is* is omitted, 'Here's a young maid (who is) with travel much oppressed,' or the nominative (cf. § 399) is omitted before 'faints.'

Cor. Faire Sir, I pittie her,  
 And wifh for her fake more then for mine owne, 80  
 My fortunes were more able to releue her :  
 But I am shepheard to another man,  
 And do not sheere the Fleeces that I graze :  
 My mafter is of churlifh difpofition,  
 And little wreakes to finde the way to heauen 85  
 By doing deeds of hofpitalitie.  
 Befides his Coate, his Flockes, and bounds of feede  
 Are now on fale, and at our sheep-coat now  
 By reason of his abfence there is nothing  
 That you will feed on : but what is, come fee, 90  
 And in my voice moft welcome fhall you be.

Rof. What is he that fhall buy his flocke and pasture?

Cor. That yong Swaine that you faw heere but ere-  
 while, 94

82. *shepherd*] a *shepherd* Rowe.

87. *Coate*] *Cote* Han.

85. *wreakes*] Ff, Rowe +, Cald. *recks*  
 Han. Johns. et cet.

90, 91, 93. *you*] *ye* Johns.

85. *wreakes*] STEEVENS: That is, heeds, cares for. So in *Ham.* I, iii, 51: 'And reckes not his own rede.' [Perhaps from the spelling here, and in *Ham.*, where it is *reakes* in the Qq and *reaks* in the Ff, we may, perhaps, infer that in pronunciation the sound of *e* was longer then than it is now. The assonance in Ophelia's speech would be thereby certainly more decided: 'and *recks* not his own *reed*.'—ED.]

86. *hospitalitie*] WORDSWORTH (p. 218): Flowing from a kindly and considerate disposition, the duty of hospitality is one which the Bible, we know, frequently enjoins and commends. See 1 Peter, iv, 9; Hebrews, xiii, 2; Romans, xii, 13. But there is a passage more solemn and impressive than any of these, spoken by our Lord Himself with reference to the great day of account: 'I was a stranger, and ye took me not in,' Matt., xxv, 43; which I cannot help thinking was present to our poet's mind when he made Corin [speak these words].

87. *Coate*] WRIGHT: Cotgrave has: '*Cavenne de bergier* : a shepherds cote; a little cottage or cabine made of turues, straw, boughes, or leaues.'

87. *bounds of feede*] CALDECOTT: That is, range of pasture.

91. *voice*] JOHNSON: That is, as far as I have a voice or vote, as far as I have power to bid you welcome. ['Fortinbras . . . has my dying voice,' *Ham.* v, ii, 343.]

92. *What is he*] For many other instances of the use of this phrase, see ABBOTT, § 254, where there is the thoughtful remark that 'in the Elizabethan and earlier periods, when the distinction between ranks was much more marked than now, it may have seemed natural to ask, as the first question about any one, "Of what condition or rank is he?" In that case the difference is one of *thought*, not of *grammar*.'

92. *shall*] ABBOTT, § 315, paraphrases this by *is to*, and classes it with I, i, 126: 'He that escapes me shall acquit him well.' It is difficult to distinguish these shades of meaning. To me the present 'shall' is not the same as Charles's 'shall.' Here, I think, it is simple futurity.—ED.

That little cares for buying any thing.

95

*Rof.* I pray thee, if it stand with honestie,  
Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke,  
And thou shalt haue to pay for it of vs.

*Cel.* And we will mend thy wages:

I like this place, and willingly could

100

Waste my time in it.

*Cor.* Assuredly the thing is to be sold:

Go with me, if you like vpon report,

The foile, the profit, and this kinde of life,

I will your very faithfull Feeder be,

105

And buy it with your Gold right sodainly.

*Exeunt.*

97. *pasture*] and the *pasture* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

100, 101. *I... Waste*] One line, Rowe

99-101. Two lines, ending *place...it*, ii+.

Cap. et seq.

96. *honestie*] In the wide range of meanings which this word bears, extending from *chastity* to *generosity*, the meaning which best suits the present context is, I think, *honour*, that is, honourable dealing towards Silvius.—ED.

99, 101. Unquestionably, Capell's division is better than the Folio's, which in fact is not rhythmical at all. At the same time, an extra syllable in the third foot is objectionable: 'And we | will mend | thy wages: | I like | this place.' To be sure, if the line *must* be of five feet, we may make it a little smother by reading *wage*. But the thought closes so completely with 'wages' that I would close the line with it, and put a full stop after it. Let the next two lines divide at 'waste': 'I like | this place, | and will | ingly | could waste || My time in it.' All of which, after all, is merely scansion for the eye. An ear instinctively rhythmical decides such divisions for itself.—ED.

101. *Waste*] That is, simply *spend, pass*, as in *Mer. of Ven.* III, iv, 14: 'Companions That do converse and waste the time together.' See II, vii, 141, *post*: 'And we will nothing waste till you return.'

105. *Feeder*] DYCE: A servant, a menial; as in *Tim.* II, ii, 168, 'our offices . . . oppressed With riotous feeders,' and in *Ant. & Cleop.* III, xiii, 109: 'By one that looks on feeders.' WALKER (*Crit.* i, 311): *Qu. factor?* *Feed* occurs thirteen and sixteen lines above. 'Your factor,' i. e. *your agent in buying the farm*. [Dyce (ed. iii) notes that Walker thus queries, and adds, 'wrongly, I believe.' Walker must have overlooked the instances of the use of 'feeder' cited by Dyce.] NEIL: Perhaps the word ought to be *Feodar* or *Fedary*, male representative undertaking the suit and service required by the superior from those holding lands in feudal tenure under him.

106. BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE (April, 1833): How fortunate that the prettiest cottage in or about the Forest is on sale! No occasion for a conveyancer. There shall be no haggling about price, and it matters not whether or no there be any title-deeds. A simple business, as in Arcadia of old, is buying and selling in Arden. True that it is not term-day. But term-day is past, for mind ye not that it is mid-summer?

## Scena Quinta.

*Enter, Amyens, Iaques, & others.*

Song.

*Vnder the greene wood tree,  
who loues to lye with mee,  
And turne his merrie Note,  
vnto the sweet Birds throte :  
Come hither, come hither, come hither :  
Heere shall he see no enemy,  
But Winter and rough Weather.*

5

*Iaq.* More, more, I pre'thee more.

10

*Amy.* It will make you melancholly Monsieur *Iaques*

*Iaq.* I thanke it : More, I prethee more,

I can fucke melancholly out of a fong,

13

Scene changes to a desert Part of the Forest. Theob.

3. Vnder] *Ami.* Under Cap. et seq.  
*greene wood*] *greenwood* F<sub>3</sub>. *green-*  
*hood* F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe i.

5. turne] F<sub>2</sub>. *tune* Rowe ii+, Cap.

Coll. ii, iii, Dyce iii. *turn* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub> et cet.

8. he] *we* Cap. (corrected in Errata).

Two lines, Pope et seq.

8, 9. Marked as a Chorus. Cap.

10, 14. *pre'thee*] *prethee* Ff.

12-14. Prose, Pope et seq.

5. turne] MALONE in support of the change to *tune* cites *Two Gent.* V, iv, 5: 'And to the nightingale's complaining note *Tune* my distresses,' &c. STEEVENS: The old copy may be right. To *turn* a *tune* or a *note* is still a current phrase among vulgar musicians. WHITER corroborates Steevens: 'To *turn* a *tune* in counties of York and Durham is the appropriate and familiar phrase for' [correct singing]. SINGER: That 'turn' is right appears from the following line in Hall's *Satires*, Bk. vi, s. i [p. 157, ed. Singer]: 'Whiles threadbare Martiall turns his merry note.' COLLIER (ed. ii): It is altered to *tune* in the (MS). It is misprinted *turn* in Hall's *Satires*. DYCE (*Strictures*, &c., p. 69): There is no reason to suspect a misprint in the line from Hall's *Satire*. [Dyce, however, changed his opinion when he printed his third edition; he there says that *turns* in this line from Hall] 'is manifestly an error for *tunes*; so again in *The Two Gent.* IV, ii, 25, the Second Folio makes Thurio say to the Musicians: "Let's *turne*," &c. To "turn a note" means only to "change a note"; compare *Lochrine*, 1595: "when he sees that needs he must be prest, Heele *turne* his note and sing another tune." WRIGHT, after quoting this last note of Dyce's, adds: Even granting this, there appears to be no absolute necessity for change in the present passage, for 'turn his merry note' may mean adapt or modulate his note to the sweet bird's song, following its changes.

7. Come] From the references in the *Index* to Abbott, it is to be inferred that this 'come' is considered by him as a subjunctive used optatively or imperatively.

As a Weazel fuckes egges : More, I pre'thee more.

*Amy.* My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please  
you. 15

*Iaq.* I do not desire you to please me,  
I do desire you to sing :

Come, more, another stanza : Cal you'em stanza's?

*Amy.* What you wil Monsieur *Iaques*. 20

*Iaq.* Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee  
nothing. Wil you sing?

*Amy.* More at your request, then to please my selfe.

*Iaq.* Well then, if euer I thanke any man, Ile thanke  
you : but that they cal complement is like th'encounter 25  
of two dog-Apes. And when a man thankes me hartily,

15. *ragged*] *rugged* Rowe+, Cap.

17, 19. Prose, Pope et seq.

19. *Come, more*] *Come, come* Rowe+  
'em'] *them* Mal.

19. *stanzo...stanzo's*] Fi, Rowe+,

Cam. Wh. ii, Huds. *stanza...stanzas*

Cap. (conj.) et cet.

25. *complement*] *compliment* Pope.  
*compliments* Theob. Warb. Johns.

15. *ragged*] MALONE: That is, broken and unequal. [For a dozen other instances in Shakespeare where 'ragged' is thus used, see Schmidt, s. v. 3.]

19. *stanzo*] In Sherwood's *English and French Dictionarie*, appended to Cotgrave, 1632, we find, 'A stanza (staffe of verses) *Stance*. A stanza (of eight verses) *Octastique*.' On turning to Cotgrave, under *Stance* we find, among other meanings, 'also, a stanza, or staffe of verses.' In the only other place where Shakespeare uses the word, *Love's Lab. L.* IV, ii, 99, it is printed, according to the Cam. Ed., *stanze* F<sub>1</sub>Q<sub>2</sub>, *stanza* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, and *stause* Q<sub>1</sub> (of course a misprint for *stanze*). Jaques was apparently a little doubtful as to the correctness of the term, which I think he used in the sense of the second definition given by Sherwood. If we divide 'Heere shall he see no enemie' into two verses, as every editor has divided it since Pope, the song will be an *Octastique*, which Cotgrave again defines, 'Octostique: A staffe, or Stanzo of eight verses.'—ED.

21. *names*] Used in a classical, legal sense. Caldecott finds the allusion to the Latin phrase, *nomina facere*, which we all know means to 'set down, or book the items of debt in the account-book,' as the definition reads in Andrews's *Lexicon*. But it seems to me that it is simpler to suppose that Jaques refers merely, as he says, to 'the names,' for which the Latin is plain *nomina*. In Cooper's *Thesaurus*, 1573, the Dictionary which Shakespeare probably used (we are told that Queen Elizabeth used it), the second definition of *nomina* is 'the names of debtes owen.' Here, it is possible, Shakespeare may have found the allusion which Jaques makes.—ED.

25. *that*] For the omission of the relative, see Abbott, § 244, or Shakespeare *passim*.

26. *dog-Apes*] DOUCE (i, 298): Bartholomæus, speaking of apes, says: 'Some be called *cenophe*; and be lyke to an hounde in the face, and in the body lyke to an ape.'—*Lit.* xviii, c. 96. WRIGHT: Topsell (*History of Beasts*, p. 8) says: 'Cynocéphales are a kind of Apes, whose heades are like Dogs, and their other parts like a mans.'

me thinks I haue giuen him a penie, and he renders me 27  
the beggerly thankes. Come sing ; and you that wil not  
hold your tongues.

*Amy.* Wel, Ile end the song. Sirs, couer the while, 30  
the Duke wil drinke vnder this tree; he hath bin all this  
day to looke you.

*Iaq.* And I haue bin all this day to auoid him ;  
He is too disputeable for my companie :  
I thinke of as many matters as he, but I giue 35  
Heauen thankes, and make no boast of them.  
Come, warble, come.

*Song. Altogether heere.*  
*Who doth ambition shunne,*  
*and loues to liue i'th Sunne:* 40

28. *not*] *not*, Ff.

31. *drinke*] *dine* Rowe+.

33-37. Prose, Pope et seq.

34. *disputeable*] *disputable* F<sub>4</sub>.

38. Altogether heere] Om. Rowe+,  
Cap.

40. *liue*] *live* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *lye* F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe+.

28. *beggerly*] That is, beggar-like. The thanks are neither paltry nor mean; but the reverse.—ED.

30. *couer*] STAUNTON: That is, prepare the table; equivalent to our 'lay the cloth'; compare *Mer. of Ven.* III, v, 55.

31. *drinke*] CAPELL (p. 58): The moderns have *dine* instead of 'drink,' but bidding the attendants 'cover' was telling them the Duke intended to *dine* there; 'drink' tells them something more, that he meant to pass his afternoon there, under the shade of that tree.

32. *looke you*] DYCE (ed. iii): I may notice that this is equivalent to 'look for you.' Compare *Merry Wives*, IV, ii, 83: 'Mistress Page and I will *look* some linen for your head.' [For many other instances of this omission, see Abbott, § 200.]

34. *disputeable*] MALONE: That is, disputations. WALKER has a chapter (No. xxix, *Crit.* i, 183) on examples of adjectives in *-able* and *-ible*, both positive and negative ones, which are frequently used by old writers in an *active* sense. See also, Abbott, § 3.

38. *Altogether heere*] It is almost needless to remark that this is a stage direction; and the stage direction of a play-house copy. Some of the early editors, even Capell, omit it altogether here. See ROFFE, in Appendix, 'Music,' p. 434.

40. *liue*] TOLLET: To 'live i' th' sun,' is to labour and 'sweat in the eye of Phoebus,' or *vitam agere sub dio*; for by *lying* in the sun, how could they get the food they eat? CAPELL (p. 58): To *lye i' the sun* is a phrase importing absolute idleness, the idleness of a motley (see *post*, II, vii, 17), but 'live i' the sun' imports only a living in freedom; a flying from courts and cities, the haunts of 'ambition,' to enjoy the free blessings of heaven in such a place as the singer himself was retir'd to; whose panegyrick upon this sort of life is converted into a satire by Jaques, in a very excellent parody that follows a few lines after. CALDECOTT: Othello refers to his



*Seeking the food he eates,*  
*and pleas'd with what he gets :*  
*Come hither, come hither, come hither,*  
*Heere shall he see.&c.* 41

*Iaq.* Ile giue you a verfe to this note, 45  
 That I made yesterday in despight of my Inuention.

*Amy.* And Ile sing it.

*Amy.* Thus it goes.

*If it do come to passe, that any man turne Asse :*  
*Leauing his wealth and ease,* 50  
*A stubborne will to please,*  
*Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame :* 52

44. Heere] Cho. *Here* Cap.  
 he] *you* Rowe.  
 &c.] no enemy, But Winter and  
 rough Weather. F.F<sub>4</sub> et seq.  
 45, 46. Prose, Pope et seq.

48. Amy.] *Iaq.* Ff et seq.  
 49. Two lines, F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub> et seq.  
 52, 55. *Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame*  
 ...*Ducdame*] *Duc ad me, Duc ad me,*  
*Duc ad me...Duc ad me* Han. Wh. Mal.

'unhoused, free condition.' WHITE (ed. i): To 'live i' the sun' was to live a profitless life. WRIGHT: A life of open-air freedom, which, as opposed to the life of the ambitious man, is also one of retirement and neglect. Hamlet seems to have had this in his mind when he said (I, ii, 67): 'I am too much i' the sun'; and Beatrice in *Much Ado*, II, i, 331: 'Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burnt,' that is, exposed and neglected, like the bride in *Canticles*, i, 6. See also *Tro. & Cress.* I, iii, 282.

46. Inuention] MOBERLY: As imagination would do nothing for me, I spited it by the following choice composition.

52. *Ducdame*] JOHNSON: Hammer, very acutely and judiciously, reads *duc ad me*, that is, *bring him to me*. CAPELL (p. 58): The words 'Come hither' are Latinized by the composer; but not strictly, for then his word had been *Hucdame*; and the Latin words crouded [*sic*] together into a strange single word of three syllables, purely to set his hearer a staring; whom he bambouzes still further, by telling him, 'tis a Greek invocation.' The humour is destroy'd, in great measure, by decomposing and setting them right, and giving us *duc ad me* separately. FARMER: If *duc ad me* were right, Amiens would not have asked its meaning, and been put off with a 'Greek invocation.' It is evidently a word coined for the nonce. We have here, as Butler says, 'One for sense, and one for rhyme.' Indeed, we must have a double rhyme, or this stanza cannot well be sung to the same tune with the former. I read '*Ducdamè, Ducdamè, Ducdamè*, Here shall he see Gross fools as he, An' if he will come to *Ami*.' That is, to Amiens. Jaques did not mean to ridicule himself. STEEVENS: That Amiens, who is a courtier, should not understand Latin, or be persuaded it was Greek, is no great matter for wonder. In confirmation of the old reading, however, Dr Farmer observes to me, that, being at a house not far from Cambridge, when news was brought that the hen-roost was robbed, a facetious old squire who was present immediately sung the following stanza, which has an odd coincidence

[Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame]

with the ditty of Jaques: '*Damè*, what makes your ducks to die? *Duck, duck, duck.* —*Damè*, what makes your chicks to cry? Chuck, chuck, chuck.' '*Ducdame*' is a trisyllable. WHITER tells us he was 'favoured' with one or two more stanzas of the same song which Dr Farmer thinks sheds so much light on this passage, and Whiter, in turn, 'favours' us with them, though it is not easy to see how Shakespearian criticism is advanced by learning that the cause of the ducks' death was 'eating o' Polly-wigs,' howsoever valuable the fact may be therapeutically. Be this, however, as it may, the stanzas seem to have imparted aid to Whiter, who says: 'In the foregoing stanzas it is of no consequence, either as to the sense or the metre, whether "*Dame*" be read in its usual way or whether we pronounce it *Damè*, with the accent on the last syllable. They are all, however, manifestly addressed to the Dame, the good housewife of the family, under whose care we may suppose the poultry to be placed; and it may be observed that the *Ducks* are particularly specified on account of the alliteration with *Dame*. I therefore see no difficulty in the derivation of the word "*Ducdame*," which has so much embarrassed our commentators. What is more natural or obvious than to suppose *Duc Dame* or *Duc Damè* to be the usual cry of the Dame to gather her Ducks about her; as if she should say, "Ducks, come to your Dame," or "Ducks, come to your *Damè*." . . . The explication here given of this passage is the only one which at all properly corresponds with the context.' In justice to Whiter it must be said that he appears conscious of the ridiculousness of such shallow profundity by the final remark: 'If Shakespeare is to be explained, neither the writer nor the reader should become fastidious at the serious discussion of such trifling topics.' KNIGHT: It was not in the character of Jaques to talk Latin in this place. He was parodying the 'Come hither' of the previous song. The conjecture, therefore, that he was using some country call of a woman to her ducks appears much more rational than his Latinity. COLLIER: Hanmer's alteration is probably right; but *duc ad me* being harsh, when sung to the same notes as its translation 'Come hither,' it was corrupted to *duc-da-me*, a trisyllable, which ran more easily. Farmer observed that 'if *duc ad me* were right, Amiens would not have asked its meaning.' Why not, if Amiens be supposed not to understand Latin? When Jaques declares it to be 'a Greek invocation,' he seems to intend to jeer Amiens upon his ignorance. [Collier adds, in his second edition]: We may conclude, with tolerable certainty, that it was the burden of some old song, although none has been pointed out that precisely agrees with '*ducdame*' or *duc ad me*. HALLIWELL (*Sh. Soc. Papers*, 1844, vol. i, p. 109): Hanmer's change is forced and unnecessary, I admit, but not quite so absurd as to suppose Jaques was using some country call of a woman to her ducks. . . . I have recently met with a passage in an uncollated MS of the *Vision of Piers Plowman* in the Bodleian Library, which goes far to prove that *Ducdamè* is the burden of an old song, an explanation which exactly agrees with its position in the song of Jaques. The passage is as follows: 'Thanne set ther some, And sunge at the ale, And helpen to erye that half akre With *Dusadam-me-me*.'—*MS Rawl. Poet*, 137, f. 6. To show that this is evidently intended for the burden of a song, we need only compare it with the corresponding passage in the printed edition: 'And holpen ere this half acre With *How, trolly lolly*.'—*Piers Plowman*, ed. Wright, p. 124. Making allowances for the two centuries which elapsed between the appearance of *Piers Plowman* and *As You Like It*, is there too great a difference between *Dusadam-me-me* and *Duc-da-me* to warrant my belief that the latter is a legitimate descendant of the more ancient refrain? At all events, it must be borne

[Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame]

in mind that the commentators have not produced any old word equally near it in their dissertations on its meaning. This word may also possibly be intended by *Dmee! dmee! dmee!* in Armin's *Nest of Ninnies* (*Sh. Soc. Reprint*), p. 32. Mr Collier, however, thinks it 'most likely an abbreviation of *Dear me!*' [With a few verbal alterations Halliwell repeated this in his edition.] STAUNTON: After all that has been written in elucidation of 'ducdame,' we are disposed to believe the 'invocation,' like the Clown's: 'Fond done, done fond' in *All's Well*, is mere unmeaning babble coined for the occasion. DYCE: The attempts made to explain this 'burden' are, I think, alike unsatisfactory. A. A. (*Notes & Qu.* 2d S, vii, Oct. 8, '59): Is it not literally as written *duc dà me*, 'lead him from me'? Amiens has been describing the generous soul 'who does ambition shun,' and welcomes him with a 'Come hither.' Jaques describes the opposite character, and goes on with his parody 'keep him from me,' instead of 'come hither.' *Da* is the Italian preposition *from*, answering to the Latin *a, ab, abs*. TREGEAGLE (*Ibid.* 5th S, x, July 20, '78): It seems not improbable that this word may be intended to represent the twang of a guitar. [In *Notes and Qu.* 5th S. ix, June 29, '78, DR MACKAY has a note which was afterwards substantially repeated and enlarged in his *Glossary of Obscure Words, &c.*, 1887. From the latter I extract the following:] Amiens, puzzled by the phrase, asks Jaques what it means. Jaques replies, "'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle.' By 'Greek' he appears to have meant *Pedlar's Greek*, the popular name for the cant language of the beggars and gypsies of his day, which is not wholly disused in our own. . . . No one has discovered or even hinted at the 'circle' to which Jaques alludes. Perhaps the old game of Tom Tidler's Ground may throw some light on the matter. [After stating that Brewer in his *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable* maintains 'Tom Tidler' to be a corruption of *Tom th' Idler*, Dr Mackay continues:] This derivation has hitherto passed muster; but the true derivation is from the Keltic, and proves the game to have been known to British children before the Saxon and Danish irruptions and conquest. *Tom* signifies 'hill' or mound, a word that enters into the composition of the names of many places in the British Isles; and *tiodlach*, gift, offering, treasure; so that *Tom-tiodlach*, corrupted by the Danes and Saxons into *Tom-tidler*, signifies the hill of gifts or treasure, of which the players seek to hold or to regain possession. It was the custom for the boy who temporarily held the hill or *tom* to assert that the ground belonged to him of right, and dare the invaders to dispossess him by the exclamation of '*Duc da mè*.' This phrase has puzzled commentators quite as much as the name 'Tom Tidler' has done. The phrase, however, resolves itself into the Gaelic *duthaich* (the *t* silent before the aspirate, pronounced *duhaic*), signifying a country, an estate, a territory, a piece of land; *da* or *do* signifying to, and *mi*, me—*i. e.* this territory or ground is to me, or belongs to me; it is my land or estate. This old British phrase continued to be used in England by children and illiterate people long after the British language had given way to the Saxon English, and was repeated by boys and girls in the game now called 'Tom Tidler's Ground' so lately as forty years ago, when I heard it used myself by children on the Links of Leith and the Inches of my native city of Perth. . . . A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, signing himself 'Welshman,' says, 'Clearly, the critics are at fault in their endeavour to give a reasonable rendering to "ducdamé." Admittedly, it had its origin in a prehistoric game. . . . Whether Shakespeare knew it to be good Welsh or not is little to the purpose. However, there is no doubt he did. . . . In point of fact Jaques was but verbally repeating the selfsame invitation which . . .

*Amy.* And Ile go seeke the Duke,  
His banket is prepar'd.

*Exeunt* 60

### *Scena Sexta.*

*Enter Orlando, & Adam.*

*Adam.* Deere Master, I can go no further :  
O I die for food. Heere lie I downe,  
And measure out my graue. Farwel kinde master.

*Orl.* Why how now *Adam*? No greater heart in thee: 5  
Liue a little, comfort a little, cheere thy felfe a little.

1-21. Prose, Pope et seq.

6. *comfort*] *comfort thee* Anon. conj.  
(ap. Cam. Ed.).

*younger* brother, the new Duke,' will hold good. And he 'rails at' him, not only as showing sympathy, after his quaint manner, with the old Duke's banishment, but as reflecting upon his own folly in becoming voluntarily a partaker of the banishment, and thereby forfeiting all his 'lands and revenues' to the usurper; as he had sung *just before* in the verse, which (he says), 'I made yesterday in despite of my invention': 'That any man turn ass *Leaving his wealth and ease A stubborn will to please*, Here shall he see, Gross fools as he, An if he will come to me.'

60. banket] GIFFORD (*Massinger's City Madam*, II, i, p. 29): A 'banquet' was what we now call a *dessert*; it was composed of fruit, sweetmeats, &c., 'Your citizen is a most fierce devourer, sir, of plumbs; six will destroy as many as might make *A banquet* for an army.'—*The Wits*. The banquet was usually placed in a separate room, to which the guests removed as soon as they had dined; thus, in *The Unnatural Combat*, Beaufort says (III, i): 'We'll *dine* in the great room, but let the musick And *banquet* be prepared here.' The common place of banqueting, or of eating the dessert, among our ancestors was the garden-house, or arbour, with which almost every dwelling was once furnished; to this Shallow alludes in *a Hen. IV.* V, iii, 2. [See *Rom. & Jul.* I, v, 120. Dyce refers to *Tam. the Shr.* V, ii, 9: 'My banquet is to close our stomachs up After our great good cheer.']

2, 3. WALKER (*Crit.* i, 18) divides these lines, which, he says, 'the Folio prints as verse in a scrambling sort of way,' at 'O,' and reads: 'I die, *I die* for food. Here lie I down.' [Walker has a chapter (*Crit.* ii, 141) on the 'Omission of Repeated Words.'] DYCE (ed. iii) quotes Walker, and adds: But the speech which immediately follows this, and which is stark prose, is so printed in the Folio as to look like verse. [See note, line 21.]

4. grave] STEEVENS: So in *Rom. & Jul.* III, iii, 70: 'fall upon the ground, . . . Taking the measure of an unmade grave.'

6. *comfort*] WRIGHT: We must either take 'comfort' as equivalent to 'be comforted' or 'have comfort,' or else regard 'thysself' as the object to 'comfort' as well as 'cheer.' ALLEN (MS): I suppose 'comfort' may be used *absolutè*, just as 'cheer

If this vncouth Forreft yeeld any thing sauage, 7  
 I wil either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee:  
 Thy conceite is neerer death, then thy powers.  
 For my fake be comfortable, hold death a while 10  
 At the armes end : I wil heere be with thee presently,  
 And if I bring thee not something to eate,  
 I wil giue thee leaue to die : but if thou diest  
 Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor.  
 Wel said, thou look'st cheerely, 15  
 And Ile be with thee quickly : yet thou lieft  
 In the bleake aire. Come, I wil beare thee  
 To some shelter, and thou shalt not die  
 For lacke of a dinner,  
 If there liue any thing in this Defert. 20  
 Cheerely good *Adam*. *Exeunt.*

11. *heere be*] *be here* Rowe +, Cap. Var. Cald. Sing. Sta. Ktly.  
 Mal. Dyce iii, Huds. 15. *cheerely*] *cheerily* Reed, Var.  
 13. *I wil*] *I'll* Pope +, Mal. Steev. '21.

up' is. It is, however, in favour of the anonymous emendation, 'comfort thee' (Cam. Ed.), that the *thee* may have been pronounced like *tee* (*more Eboraco*, as Walker says), and then the second *t* was dropt in pronunciation, as in 'all but mariners,' *Temp.* I, ii, 210.

9. *conceite*] DYCE: Conception, thought, imagination, fancy.

10. *be comfortable*] CALDECOTT: That is, be comforted, become susceptible of comfort.

11. *heere be*] Let Walker's chapter on the *Transposition of Words* (*Crit.* ii, 246) with its long list of examples be read and pondered, and after that there will be no hesitation, I think, in deciding that we have an instance of transposition here. See Text. Notes.—Ed.

11. *presently*] ABBOTT, § 59: Equivalent to *at the present time, at once*, instead of, as now, 'soon, but not at once.'

15. *Wel said*] COLLIER: This was often used for 'Well done.' WHITE (ed. i): But Orlando seems to refer to what he himself has said. [Cf. *Oth.* II, i, 192.]

21. The last line of this Scene is, in the Folio, the last line of the page, and I strongly suspect that the division into verse of what Dyce calls 'stark prose,' is due simply to the effort of the compositors to spread out the lines in order to avoid the necessity of having the heading of a Scene at the foot of the page, that is, the heading *Scena Septima* merely, with, perhaps, not a line of text.—Ed.

*Scena Septima.**Enter Duke Sen. & Lord, like Out-lawes.*

*Du. Sen.* I thinke he be transform'd into a beaft,  
For I can no where finde him, like a man.

1. *Lord.* My Lord, he is but euen now gone hence,  
Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song. 5

*Du. Sen.* If he compact of iarres, grow Muficall,  
We fhall haue fhortly discord in the Spheares:  
Go feeke him, tell him I would fpeake with him.

*Enter Iaques.*

1. *Lord.* He faues my labor by his owne approach. 10

*Du. Sen.* Why how now Monsieur, what a life is this  
That your poore friends muft woe your companie,  
What, you looke merrily. 13

1. Out-lawes] out-lawes Ff.

A table set out. Rowe.

2. *be*] is Pope +.

9 Enter...] After line 10, Dyce, Sta.

13. *What,*] *And cannot have 't?*  
*What*, Cap.

2. think he *be*] See Abbott, § 299, for instances of 'be' used after verbs of thinking. The standard example, to which all others might be referred, is that mnemonic line: 'I *think* my wife *be* honest, and *think* she *is* not,' *Oth.* III, iii, 443.—ED.

4. euen now] ABBOTT, § 38: '*Even* now' with *us* is applied to an action that has been going on for some time and *still* continues, the emphasis being laid on 'now.' In Shakespeare the emphasis is often to be laid on 'even,' and '*even* now' means *exactly* or *only* now; *i. e.* 'scarcely longer ago than the present.'

5. hearing of] See II, iv, 45 or Abbott, § 178.

6. compact] STEEVENS: That is, made up of discords. DYCE: *Compacted*, composed.

7. Spheares] See *Mer. of Ven.* V, i, 74 and notes in this edition, where the music of the spheres is discussed. WRIGHT: Compare Batman *uppon Bartholome* (ed. 1582), fol. 123, b: 'And so Macrobius saith: in putting & moving of the roundnesse of heauen, is that noyse made, and tempereth sharpe noyse with lowe noyse, and maketh diuers accordes and melodie: but for the default of our hearing, and also for passing measure of that noyse and melodie, this harmony and accord is not heard of vs.'

13. The comma at the close of the preceding line led CAPELL to suppose that the sentence was not complete; he thereupon supplied the omission (see Textual Notes), and thus justified the addition in his notes: 'Which circumstance [the comma after 'company'] alone indicates an omission; but it further appears from the sense, if a little attended to: For what great crime is it, that Jaques must be *woo'd* for his company? but that he makes his friends *woo* it, and won't let them *have* it after all, is an accusation of some weight. The words now inserted carry this charge.'

Iaq. A Foole, a foole : I met a foole i'th Forrest,  
A motley Foole (a miserable world :)

15

14. *foole i'th*] *fol i'th* F.15. *world*] *varlet* Han. Warb.

15. A motley Foole] DOUCE (ii, 317): The costume of the domestic fool in Shakespeare's time was of two sorts. In the first of these the coat was motley or parti-coloured, and attached to the body by a girdle, with bells at the skirts and elbows, though not always. The breeches and hose close, and sometimes each leg of a different colour. A hood resembling a monk's cowl, which, at a very early period, it was certainly designed to imitate, covered the head entirely, and fell down over part of the breast and shoulders. It was sometimes decorated with asses' ears, or else terminated in the neck and head of a cock, a fashion as old as the fourteenth century. It often had the comb or crest only of the animal, whence the term *cockscomb* or *coxcomb* was afterwards used to denote any silly upstart. This fool usually carried in his hand an official sceptre or bauble, which was a short stick ornamented at the end with the figure of a fool's head, or sometimes with that of a doll or puppet. To this instrument there was frequently annexed an inflated skin or bladder, with which the fool belaboured those who offended him or with whom he was inclined to make sport; this was often used by itself, in lieu, as it would seem, of a bauble. . . . It was not always filled with air, but occasionally with sand or pease. . . . In some old prints the fool is represented with a sort of flapper or rattle ornamented with bells. It seems to have been constructed of two round and flat pieces of wood or pasteboard, and is, no doubt, a vestige of the *crotalum* used by the Roman mimes or dancers. This instrument was used for the same purpose as the bladder, and occasionally for correcting the fool himself whenever he behaved with too much licentiousness. . . . In some old plays the fool's *dagger* is mentioned, perhaps the same instrument as was carried by the *Vice* or buffoon of the Moralities; and it may be as well to observe in this place that the domestic fool is sometimes, though it is presumed improperly, called the *Vice*. The dagger of the latter was made of a thin piece of lath, and the use he generally made of it was to belabour the Devil. It appears that in Queen Elizabeth's time the Archbishop of Canterbury's fool had a wooden dagger and a coxcomb. . . . The other dress, and which seems to have been more common in Shakespeare's time, was the long petticoat. This originally appertained to the idiot or natural fool, and was obviously adopted for the purpose of cleanliness. Why it came to be used for the allowed fool is not so apparent. It was, like the first, of various colours, the materials often costly, as of velvet, and guarded or fringed with yellow. A manuscript note in the time of the Commonwealth states *yellow* to have been the *fool's colour*. This petticoat dress continued to a late period, and has been seen not many years since in some of the interludes exhibited in Wales. But the above were by no means the only modes in which the domestic fools were habited. The hood was not always surmounted with the cockscomb, in lieu of which a single bell, and occasionally more, appeared. Sometimes a feather was added to the comb. . . . A large purse or wallet at the girdle is a very ancient part of the fool's dress. Tarlton, who personated the clowns in Shakespeare's time, appears to have worn it. . . . We may suppose that the same variety of dress was observed on the stage which we know to have actually prevailed in common life.

15. *world*] WARBURTON: What, because he met a *motley fool*, was it therefore a *miserable world*? This is sadly blundered; we should read 'a miserable *varlet*.'

As I do liue by foode, I met a foole, 16  
 Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,  
 And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes,  
 In good fet termes, and yet a motley foole.  
 Good morrow foole (quoth I :) no Sir, quoth he, 20  
 Call me not foole, till heauen hath fent me fortune,  
 And then he drew a diall from his poake, 22

His head is altogether running on this fool, both before and after these words, and here he calls him a *miserable varlet*, notwithstanding he 'railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,' &c. JOHNSON: I see no need of changing 'world' to *varlet*, nor, if a change were necessary, can I guess how it should certainly be known that *varlet* is the true word. 'A miserable world' is a parenthetical exclamation, frequent among melancholy men, and natural to Jaques at the sight of a fool, or at the hearing of reflections on the fragility of life. CAPELL: [It was a miserable world] in the estimation of Jaques and others equally cynical, who disrelish the world; arraigning the dispensations of Providence in a number of articles, and in this chiefly—that it has created such beings as fools. HUNTER (i, 347) acknowledges that there is no real need of disturbing the text, and that the meaning, as given by Capell, is not unambiguous, but, he continues, 'if this be not thought a satisfactory explanation of the passage, there is a word which would suit it so well if substituted for "world," and which might so easily become changed into "world" that I cannot but think that it may have been what Shakespeare wrote. . . . The word is *ort*. "A motley fool! a miserable *ort*!" "Ort," says Tooke, "means anything vile or worthless"; but it seems to contain the idea of remnant or fragment. Shakespeare uses it thus in *Tro. & Cres.* V, ii, 158, and in *Timon*, IV, iii, 400. Fragments of victuals were *orts*; so that the word may have led to the idea which next entered the mind of the poet: "As I do live by *food*, I met a fool," and in the course of what he says of him he still keeps to the idea which the word *ort* would naturally introduce, and speaks of the clown's brains as "being dry as the remainder biscuit After a voyage," which was eminently an *ort*.' [Whenever we wish to think of the excellent Hunter at his best, let us wipe from our memory every vestige of an *ort* of this emendation.—ED.] COWDEN-CLARKE: A parenthetical exclamation, whereby Jaques for the moment laughs at his own melancholy view of the world, having just heard it echoed by a professional jester. Moreover, he seems to exclaim, 'This a miserable world! No, it contains a fool and food for laughter.'

21. fortune] REED: *Fortuna favet fatuis* is, as Upton observes, the saying here alluded to, or, as in Publius Syrus: *Fortuna, nimium quem fovet, stultum facit*. So in the Prologue to *The Alchemist*: 'Fortune, that favours fools, these two short hours We wish away.' Again, in *Every Man Out of his Humour*, I, i [p. 38, ed. Gifford]: 'Sogliardo. Why, who am I, sir? *Macilente*. One of those that fortune favours. *Carlo*. [*Aside*] The periphrasis of a fool.' HALLIWELL: 'Fortune favours fools, or fools have the best luck.'—Ray's *Proverbs*. MOBERLY: The proverb, Coleridge wittily and wisely suggests, has something the same meaning as Sterne's saying, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.' WEISS (p. 115): Thus, indeed, like the wise men, Touchstone will have a social chance to show, as they do, what his folly is.

22. diall] KNIGHT: 'There's no clock in the forest,' says Orlando, and it was not very likely that the Fool would have a pocket clock. What, then, was the 'dial' that



And looking on it, with lacke-lustre eye, 23  
 Sayes, very wifely, it is ten a clocke :  
 Thus we may see (quoth he) how the world waggess : 25  
 'Tis but an houre agoe, since it was nine,  
 And after one houre more, 'twill be eleuen,  
 And so from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe, 28

27. *one*] *an* Var. '03 (misprint?) Var.  
 '13, Harness.

27. *eleuen*] *a eleven* Cap. (corrected in  
 Errata).

he took from his poke? We have lately become possessed with a rude instrument. . . . It is a brass circle of about two inches in diameter; on the outer side are engraved letters indicating the names of the months, with graduated divisions; and on the inner side the hours of the day. The brass circle itself is to be held in one position by a ring; but there is an inner slide in which there is a small orifice. This slide being moved so that the hole stands opposite the division of the month when the day falls of which we desire to know the time, the circle is held up opposite the sun. The inner side is of course then in shade; but the sunbeam shines through the little orifice and forms a point of light upon the hour marked on the inner side. HALLOWELL: The term 'dial' appears to have been applied, in Shakespeare's time, to anything for measuring time in which the hours were marked, so that the allusion here may be either to a watch or to a portable journey-ring or small sun-dial. . . . Ring-dials were manufactured in large number at Sheffield so lately as the close of the last century, and were commonly used by the lower orders. [Hallowell gives three or four descriptions of various patterns, accompanied with wood-cuts; the frontispiece of his volume is an engraving of an ivory 'viatorium or pocket sun-dial.']

22. *poake*] If the Fool were habited in the orthodox fashion, this pocket was probably the 'large purse or wallet' referred to above by Douce.—ED.

25. *waggess*] See Schmidt for instances of both its transitive and intransitive sense. Hamlet's use of it is noteworthy: 'I'll fight . . . Until my eyelids will no longer wag'—V, i, 255.

28. *ripe*] Thus, 'stay the very riping of the time,' *Mer. of Ven.* II, viii, 43. Used as a verb in only two or three other instances, according to Schmidt. MOBERLY: Probably most readers of the play will have remarked that the Fool's utterances, as here given, are not in Touchstone's style. He is not the kind of fool who rails 'in good set terms,' which are ridiculous from their grave senselessness. It would appear that the Poet allowed himself to turn aside for a moment here to satirize and parody some of the current dramas of the day. The original of these lines seems to have been *The Spanish Tragedy* of Kyd, where a father, finding his son hanged on an apple-tree, vents his grief by saying of it, 'At last it grew and grew, and bore and bore; Till at the length it grew a gallows.' The pun on 'gallows' and 'thereby hangs a tale' is quite Shakespearian. [But we must remember that it is Jaques who reports Touchstone's words. We hear Touchstone only through Jaques's ears. And as for the parody on Hieronimo—it is not impossible. Kyd's fellow-dramatists found in that tragedy a rich vein of Termagant o'erdone, and worked it with ridicule mercilessly. It was not, however, at the substance, the plot of the tragedy, that they laughed, it was only at the wild rant of the expression, such as 'What outcry plucks me from my naked bed?' 'let my hair heave up my nightcap,' &c. And so it seems

And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,  
 And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare 30  
 The motley Foole, thus morall on the time,  
 My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,  
 That Fooles should be so deepe contemplatiue :  
 And I did laugh, fans intermission  
 An houre by his diall. Oh noble foole, 35  
 A worthy foole : Motley's the onely weare.

33. *deepe contemplatiue*] *deep-contemplative* Mal. Steev. Knt, Dyce, Cam.

to me doubtful that there can have been here any thought in Shakespeare's mind of *The Spanish Tragedy*: it comes too near ridiculing the very substance of that drama, which was a bitter tragedy, to have compared the 'hanging of a tale' with the hanging of an idolised son in his own father's orchard.—ED.]

30. *tales*] A phrase used several times by Shakespeare. WEISS (p. 115): What tale? Why, the everlasting tedious one of over-accredited common-place behavior. Only a Touchstone, with his sly appreciation, can lend any liveliness to that.

31. *morall*] This is generally interpreted as a verb, equivalent to *moralise*. But SCHMIDT, s. v., says it is 'probably an adjective,' a view which is strengthened, I think, by the preposition 'on.' If the verb, *moralise*, needs no preposition after it (cf. 'Did he not moralize this spectacle?'—II, i, 48), it is not easy to see why 'moral,' if used as an equivalent verb, should need one. Had Shakespeare intended to convey the force of *moralise*, would he not have used the word? there is no exigency of rhythm to prevent it. The line, 'The motley Fool thus moralise the time,' runs smoothly.—ED.

32. *crow*] WRIGHT: That is, to laugh merrily. Cf. 'You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock,' *Two Gent.* II, i, 28, [From what Speed says to Valentine it is to be inferred, I think, that this 'crowing' was laughter, not so much, perhaps, of a merry, as of a boisterous, kind. The contrast lies in Valentine's present lovesick condition, when 'he speaks puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas,' with his former manly estate, when he was wont to crow like a cock when he laughed.—ED.]

32. *Chanticleere*] SKEAT, s. v. *chant*: *Chant-i-cleer*, i. e. clear-singing; equivalent to Middle English *chaunte-cleer*; Chaucer, *Nun's Prestes*, T. l. 29.

33. *deepe contemplatiue*] For other compound adjectives, see Abbott, § 2.

34. *sans*] WRIGHT (Note on *Temp.* I, ii, 97): This French preposition appears to have been brought into the language in the fourteenth century, and occurs in the forms *saun*, *sanz*, *sauntz*, *saunz*, and *saunce*. It may, perhaps, have been employed at first in purely French phrases, such as 'sans question.'—*Love's Lab. L. V*, i, 91; 'sans compliment,' *King John*, V, vi, 16. But Shakespeare uses it with other words, as here, and in *Ham.* III, iv, 79. Nares quotes instances from Jonson, Beau. & Fl., Massinger, and others. So that it appears to have had an existence for a time as an English word. Cotgrave gives: '*Sans*. *Sanse*, without, besides'; and Florio has, '*Senza*, sans, without, besides.'

36. *Motley*] CALDECOTT: There was a species of mercery known by that name, 'Polymitus. He that maketh motley. Polymitarus.'—Withal's *little Dict.*, 1568. 'Frisadoes, Motleys, bristowe frices' are in the number of articles recommended for northern traffic in 1580. Hakluyt's *Voyages*, 1582.

*Du. Sen.* What foole is this? 37  
*Iaq.* O worthie Foole : One that hath bin a Courtier  
 And sayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,  
 They haue the gift to know it : and in his braiue, 40  
 Which is as drie as the remainder bisket  
 After a voyage : He hath strange places cram'd 42

39. *but*] Om. F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe i.

40. *braiue*] F<sub>2</sub>.

36, 38. A worthy . . . O worthie] An anonymous conjecture recorded in the CAM. ED. is, I think, an *emendatio certissima*; it had occurred to me independently. It is that this 'A' and this 'O' should change places. When the Duke asks Jaques a direct question, 'What fool is this?' Jaques, according to the text, instead of answering, breaks out into an apostrophe, 'O worthie Foole!' which, however much it may relieve his feelings, is certainly somewhat discourteous to the Duke. It is this discourtesy and this irrelevancy which first made the phrase suspicious. Change the 'O' into A, and at once all is right; we have an answer to the Duke, and the second half of the line is properly connected with the first: 'A worthie Foole, one that hath bin,' &c. Thus, too, in line 35, after apostrophising the fool: 'Oh noble foole,' there is to me something weak in falling to the third person, and adding 'a worthie foole.' It should be 'Oh worthy foole.'—ED.

41. *drie*] WRIGHT: In the physiology of Shakespeare's time a dry brain accompanied slowness of apprehension and a retentive memory. We read in Batman *upon Bartholome*, fol. 37, b, 'Good disposition of the braine and euill is knowne by his deedes, for if the substaunce of the braine be soft, thinne, and cleere: it receiueth lightly the feeling & printing of shapes, and lykenesses of thinges. He that hath such a braine is swift, and good of perseueraunce and teaching. When it is contrarye, the braine is not softe; eyther if he be troubled, he that hath such a braine receiueth slowly the feeling and printing of thinges: But neuerthelesse when hee hath taken and receiued them, he keepeth them long in minde. And that is signe and token of drinesse, as fluxibility & forgetting is token of moisture, as Haly sayth.' See *Tro. & Cress.* I, iii, 329.

41. *bisket*] BOSWELL: So in Jonson's *Every Man Out of his Humour* [Induction]: 'And, now and then, breaks a dry biscuit jest, Which,' &c.

42. *places*] DELIUS: That is, strange passages from books, remarkable citations. SCHMIDT (p. 455): This interpretation of Delius's must be left undecided; no parallel example in Shakespeare occurs to me. WRIGHT: Topics or subjects of discourse. Compare Bacon, *Advancement of Learning*, ii, 13, § 7: 'Ancient writers of rhetoric do give it in precept, that, pleaders should have the places, whereof they have most continual use, ready handled in all the variety that may be.' NEIL: A scholastic phrase for stock arguments, ideas, topics—*Loci communes*. ROLFE: That is, odd corners. Wright's explanation as 'topics or subjects of discourse' does not suit so well with 'cramm'd.' [There can be no doubt, I think, that Bacon uses the word as Wright has exactly defined it. In § 9, Bacon says: 'The other part of invention, which I term suggestion, doth assign and direct us to certain marks or places, which may excite our mind to return and produce such knowledge as it hath formerly collected, to the end we may make use thereof;' which is very nearly in Jaques's exact phrase a 'place, crammd with observation.' Again, 'I do receive particular topics,

With obseruation, the which he vents	43
In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,	
I am ambitious for a motley coat.	45
<i>Du. Sen.</i> Thou shalt haue one.	
<i>Iaq.</i> It is my onely suite,	47

that is, places or directions of invention and inquiry in every particular knowledge, as things of great use.'—§ 10. DR JOHNSON, in his *Dictionary*, gives as one of the definitions of 'Place,' 'a passage in writing,' but under the definition 'separate room' he cites as an example the present phrase of Jaques. That Delius's, Wright's, and Neil's interpretation is correct is shown by the rest of the sentence: these strange subjects the fool 'vents in mangled forms.' It is not easy to see how 'separate rooms' or 'odd corners' could be either vented or mangled.—ED.]

43. obseruation] To be pronounced as five syllables. This *dissolution*, as it is called, of the *-ion* is almost universal at the end of a line, but it is comparatively rare in the body of the line. See Walker, *Vers.* p. 230.

45. ambitious] WRIGHT: This word, as would appear from the word 'suit' in the next speech of Jaques, is here used with something of the meaning of the Latin *ambitiosus*, going about as a candidate.

47. suite] JOHNSON: That is, *petition*, I believe, not *dress*. STEEVENS: It is a quibble, as in IV, i, 85. STAUNTON: The old, old play on the double meaning of the word. [No fit opportunity has presented itself thus far to set forth Whiter's theory of the Association of Ideas. As the present passage fairly unfolds it, it is given here, and repetition hereafter is rendered needless. It is defined (p. 68) as 'the power of association over the genius of the poet, which consists in supplying him with words and with ideas, which have been suggested to the mind by a principle of union unperceived by himself, and independent of the subject to which they are applied. From this definition it follows: First, that as these words and sentiments were prompted by a cause which is concealed from the poet, so they contain no *intentional* allusion to the source from whence they are derived; and secondly, that as they were forced on the recollection of the writer by some accidental concurrence not necessarily dependent on the sense or spirit of the subject, so they have no necessary resemblance in this secondary application to that train of ideas in which they originally existed.' On p. 82 we find the following illustration of this theory as thus defined: 'It is certain that those ideas are apparently very remote from each other which relate to *dress*, to a *noisome plant*, and to that which is expressive of *asking* or *accommodating*; and yet the curious reader will be astonished to discover that the Poet is often led to connect some of these dissimilar objects, because they have been by accident combined under the same sound; and because certain words, by which they are expressed, are sometimes found to be coincident in sense. The words to which I allude are *SUIT* and *WEED*, which from their equivocal senses have strangely operated on the mind of the Poet to produce, without his own knowledge and without confusion of metaphor, the union of words or the connexion of the ideas.' Among his first examples Whiter quotes the present passage from line 45 to line 50, italicising *coat*, *suit*, and *weed*, and then continues: 'This the reader must acknowledge to be a singular combination. I agree with Dr Johnson that "*suit*" means *petition* and not *dress*, and I think Steevens is mistaken in supposing that the Poet meant a quibble. Let me observe in this place that there is a species of quibble which may be referred in a certain sense to the prin-

[It is my onely suite,]

ciple which I am discussing; and it is therefore necessary to remind the reader that I mean only to produce those instances of *association* where the author himself was unconscious of its effect. . . . In the following passage *dress* is united to the *plant*: "they are . . . preachers to us all; admonishing, That we should *dress* us fairly for our end. Thus may we gather honey from the *weed*, And make a moral of the devil himself."—*Hen. V.* IV, i, 9. The argument, which I am illustrating, will not be affected by the sense in which *dress* is taken; whether it signifies *address*, to prepare, or *dress*, to clothe; as the association arising from the same sound bearing an equivocal sense will be equally remarkable. . . . In the following passage *dress* is connected with *suit* in its sense of *accommodation*. "Bravery" (as every one knows) is splendour in *dress*. "That says his *bravery* is not on my cost (Thinking that I mean him); but therein *suits*," &c. [II. 83, 84 of the present Scene]. . . . In the following passage from *Coriolanus* "*weed*" in the sense of *dress* is connected with the word "*suit*" in the sense of *petition*; and there is likewise a new notion annexed, which relates to a peculiar meaning of the equivocal word "*suit*": "forget not With what contempt he wore the humble *weed*; How in his *suit* he scorn'd you; but your loves, Thinking upon his *services*, took from you The apprehension of his present portance, Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did *fashion* After," &c.—*Cor.* II, iii, 228. In this passage the remarkable words are *weed*, *suit*, *services*, *fashion*; and the reader, I hope, will not imagine that I refine too much, when I inform him that the word *services* is to be referred to the same association; and that it was suggested to the Poet by another signification which *suit* sometimes bears of *livery*, the peculiar dress by which the servants and retainers of one family were distinguished from those of another. These distinctions were considered matters of great importance; and we accordingly find both in Shakespeare and in all our ancient writers allusions of this sort perpetually occur, and the idea of *service* is often connected with the *badge* or *dress* by which it is accompanied. Thus: "Wear this for me; one out of *suits* with fortune," &c. [I, ii, 242 of the present play, where Steevens's and Malone's notes are quoted by Whiter as confirming his view]. . . . I could produce numberless passages in which familiar metaphors are directly taken from the distinguishing dress of servants; but those instances only are directed to explain my present argument, in which *words relating* to a certain subject, though not *all applied* to it, have been connected with each other by an involuntary association. To illustrate more fully the passage produced above from *Coriolanus*, take the following, where *service* and *fashion* are likewise again united: "How well in thee appears The constant *service* of the antique world, When *service* sweat for duty, not for meed! Thou art not for the *fashion* of these times" [II, iii, 58 of the present play]. "*Suit*" and "*service*" we know are terms familiar to the language of our Feudal Law. No ideas are more impressed on the mind of our Poet than those that have reference to the Law. In the following passages *suit* and *service* are again united: *Mer. of Ven.* II, ii, 153-156; *Love's Lab. L.* V, ii, 275, 276; *Id.* V, ii, 849, 850.<sup>3</sup> [It is not necessary that we should agree with Whiter in order to admire his ingenuity. That his theory is incapable of downright proof must be confessed, and yet who can gainsay it? There is one rather striking instance of what he urges in regard to an association in Shakespeare's mind between *weeds* and *suits* in *Lear*, which strangely escaped Whiter's observation. Cordelia says to Kent: 'Be better *suit*ed; These *weeds* are memories of those worser hours; I prithee put them off.'—IV, vii, 6. Here '*weed*' is used, as in many another place in these plays, for *garment* (it still survives in '*widow's weeds*'), and it

Prouided that you weed your better iudgements 48  
 Of all opinion that growes ranke in them,  
 That I am wife. I must haue liberty 50  
 Wiithall, as large a Charter as the winde,  
 To blow on whom I please, for so fooles haue:  
 And they that are most gauled with my folly,  
 They most must laugh: And why fir must they fo?  
 The why is plaine, as way to Parish Church: 55  
 Hee, that a Foole doth very wifely hit,  
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart  
 Seeme fenfelesse of the bob. If not, 58

51. *Wiithall*] F.

55. *why*] way Rowe ii.

56. *Hee, that*] *He whom* Pope+.

58. *Seeme*] Ff, Rowe, Pope. *But to*

Coll. (MS), Wh. i, Coll. ii, iii, Dyce iii,

Rlf. *Not to* Theob. et cet.

was because it thus means *garments* that it was associated elsewhere with *suits of clothes*, even when it means a *troublesome plant*, as in this present speech of Jaques. Whiter noted that 'suit' here in Jaques's mind suggested 'weed'; it did not, perhaps, come within the scope of his special association to note that 'weed' in turn suggested 'rank growth' in the next line. And may we not carry on the association and fill out the picture, and see the gaudy blossoms bending in 'the wind' that 'blows on whom it pleases,' along the summer pathway to the 'Parish Church'?—ED.]

51. *Wiithall*] See I, i, 130.

51. *Charter*] STEEVENS: So in *Hen. V*: I, i, 48: 'The wind, that charter'd libertine, is still.'

53. TIECK (p. 311) infers, from what he considers a resemblance between this and a passage in Jonson's *Every Man Out of his Humour*, that there is more or less reference in this character of Jaques to Jonson himself. The passage occurs in the Induction (p. 12, ed. Gifford): 'I'll strip the ragged follies of the time Naked as at their birth—and with a whip of steel Print wounding lashes in their iron ribs,' &c. While the character itself of Jaques may have been intended for Jonson, Tieck thinks that in the rest of this speech, and especially in the Duke's reply, there may be an allusion to Marston, in whose *Scourge of Villainy* Tieck is 'inclined on more than one ground to believe that Shakespeare himself is lashed.' This fanciful surmise of Tieck's has met with no acceptance. I have alluded to it again in the Appendix on 'The Date of Composition.'—ED.

53, 54. NEIL: 'The very attempt to disguise embarrassment too often issues in a secondary and more marked embarrassment.'—De Quincey [*Lit. Reminiscences*, i, 25, quoted by Ingleby].

55. *as way*] ABBOTT, § 83: *A* and *the* are also sometimes omitted after *as*, *like*, and *than* in comparative sentences. See 'creeping like snail,' *post* 154.

57, 58. THEOBALD: Besides that [line 58] is defective one whole foot in measure, the tenour of what Jaques continues to say, and the reasoning of the passage, show it no less defective in the sense. There is no doubt that the two little monosyllables which I have supplied [see Textual Notes] were either by accident wanting in the MS copy, or by inadvertence left out at press. WHITER (p. 23): I read and point

[Doth very foolishly, . . . If not,]

the passage thus: 'He, that a fool doth very *wisely* hit, Doth, very *foolishly* although he smart, Seem senseless of the bob; if not,' &c. That is, a wise man, whose failings should chance to be well rallied by a simple, unmeaning jester, even though he should be weak enough really to be hurt by so foolish an attack, appears always insensible of the stroke. When the line is smooth it will not be necessary for us to disturb the text on the authority of our fingers. As the poet did not write with such a process, so he ought not to be tried by such a test. CALDECOTT: Olivia in *Twelfth N.* has much this sentiment: 'To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets; there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail.'—I, v, 100. COLLIER (*Notes*, &c., p. 131): Theobald was nearly right, though not entirely so, for the better correction in the Fol. 1632 is '*But to seem*,' &c. WHITE (ed. i): The text of Collier's (MS) better suits the style of Shakespeare's time. DYCE (ed. i): I cannot agree with Singer (*Sh. Vind.* p. 40) that 'Whiter explains the old text satisfactorily, and neither [Theobald's nor Collier's] addition is absolutely necessary.' Whiter's explanation of the old text here was a little too much even for Caldecott and Knight. KEIGHTLEY (*Expositor*, p. 158): We have the very same omission [as Theobald's *not to*] in 'Yet if it be your wills *not to* forgive The sin I have committed, let it not fall,' &c.—*Philaster*, II, iv, where none of the editors have perceived the loss. [Nor would have accepted 'the loss' had it been offered to them. Keightley's emendation here in *Philaster* is, I think, utterly wrong.—ED.] 'INGLEBY (*Sh. Hermeneutics*, p. 81) disapproves of Theobald's emendation, and thus attempts the vindication of the original text: Why 'does a fool do *wisely* in hitting a wise man? Because, through the vantage of his folly, he puts the wise man 'in a strait betwixt two,' to put up with the smart of the bob, without dissembling, and the consequential awkwardness of having to do so—which makes him feel foolish enough—or to put up with the smart, *and dissemble it*, which entails the secondary awkwardness of the dissimulation, which makes him feel still more foolish. Taking the former alternative, *i. e.* 'If not' ('If he do not') his 'folly is anatomized even by the squandering glances of the fool'; taking the latter alternative, he makes a fool of himself in the eyes of almost everybody else. So the fool gets the advantage both ways. . . . Observing that [line 58] is too short, we think it probable that the words *he do* originally formed part of it. Be that as it may, 'If not' must mean 'If he do not.' Perhaps 'very foolishly' should be in a parenthesis; and 'very wisely' might be so also. WRIGHT thus replies to Ingleby: In the first place, it is not said that the fool doth wisely in hitting a wise man; but if he hits him wisely, the blow on the part of the fool being struck at random, a squandering glance, without any wisdom of intention, the wise man will do well to observe a certain line of conduct. Again, Dr Ingleby's explanation would seem to require 'because he smarts' instead of 'although he smarts,' as shewing how it is that the wise man's dissimulation is foolish or awkward. If the wise man in his dissimulation very foolishly or awkwardly attempts to seem insensible to the jesting of the fool, his folly is anatomised or exposed as much as it possibly could be, and the contrast implied in the 'If not' of the next sentence has no point. 'If not,' that is, if he do not what is suggested, 'the wise man's folly is anatomized' or laid bare even by the extravagant and random sallies of the fool. The preceding sentence shows how this is to be avoided, which is by seeming insensible to the jest and laughing it off; for otherwise, if the wise man shews that he feels the sting, or even foolishly and awkwardly disguises his feeling, which is the only meaning of which the original text seems capable,

The Wife-mans folly is anathomiz'd  
 Euen by the squandring glances of the foole,  
 Inuest me in my motley : Giue me leaue  
 To speake my minde, and I will through and through  
 Cleanse the foule bodie of th'infected world,  
 If they will patiently receiue my medicine.

*Du. Sen.* Fie on thee. I can tell what thou wouldst do. 65

*Iaq.* What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?

59. *Wife-mans*] *wise man's* Rowe et seq.  
 60. *the foole*] *a fool* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe+.

61. *my*] the F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe.

62. *and through*] Om. F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

his folly is equally exposed. Jaques gives this as the explanation of what he said in line 53: 'And they that are most galled with my folly, They most must laugh.' The reading of the Folio is not an explanation, but a repetition. [In *Shakespeare the Man*, &c., p. 140, INGLEBY replied to Wright and 'restated' his own argument, but with no essential addition. It seems to me that the original text is capable of being thus paraphrased: He who is hit the hardest by me must laugh the hardest, and that he must do so is plain; because if he is a wise man he must seem perfectly insensible to the hit; no matter how much he smarts, he must still seem foolishly senseless of the bob by laughing it off. Unless he does this, viz.: show his insensibility by laughing it off, any chance hit of the fool will expose every nerve and fibre of his folly. See Dr Johnson's paraphrase below. I really do not see any need of changing the text. —ED.]

58. bob] DYCE: A taunt, a scoff. 'A bob, sanna,' Coles's *Lat. and Eng. Dict.* WRIGHT: Cotgrave: 'Taloche: A bob, or a rap ouer the fingers ends closed together.'

58. If not] JOHNSON: Unless men have the prudence not to appear touched with the sarcasms of a jester, they subject themselves to his power; and the wise man will have his folly 'anatomised,' that is, *dissected* and *laid open*, by the 'squandering glances' or *random shots* of a fool.

60. squandring] See the citations in proof that to 'squander' means to *scatter* in *Mer. of Ven.* I, iii, 22: 'Other ventures hee hath squandred abroad.'

66. Counter] STEEVENS: Dr Farmer observes to me that about the time when this play was written the French 'counters' (*i. e.* pieces of false money used as a means of reckoning) were brought into use in England. They are mentioned in *Tro. & Cress.* II, ii, 28: 'Will you with counters sum The vast proportion of his infinite?' KNIGHT: The wager proposed by Jaques was not a very heavy one. Jettons or counters, which are small and very thin, are generally of copper or brass, but occasionally of silver, or even of gold; they were commonly used for purposes of calculation in abbeyes and other places, where the revenues were complex and of difficult adjustment. From their being found among the ruins of English abbeyes they are usually termed abbey-counters. They have been principally coined abroad, particularly at Nürnberg, though some few have been struck in England since the reign of Henry VIII. The most ancient bear on both sides crosses, pellets, and globes; the more modern have portraits and dates and heraldic arms on the reverse. The legends are at times religious, and at others *Gardez vous de mescompter*, and the like.



*Du. Sen.* Most mischeeuous foule sin, in chiding fin : 67  
 For thou thy selfe hast bene a Libertine,  
 As fenfuall as the brutish sting it selfe,  
 And all th'imbossed fores, and headed euils, 70

67. *chiding fin*] F<sub>1</sub>.

68. *bene*] *ben* F<sub>2</sub>.

69. *brutish*] *brutish* F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.

69. *sting*] *swine* Gould.

70. *imbossed*] *embossed* Pope.

67, &c. MOBERLY: You would do foul sin in chiding others; for your former profligacy would make you corrupt the world, not amend it, by your experience. To converts like you silence is more suitable than the part of a moral and social reformer. ALLEN (MS): Jaques understands the sin, which the Duke predicts he will commit, to be false-witness, or calumnious satire, in that he will disgorge upon the world charges ('chidings') of *their* being guilty of such sins as *he* had himself committed.

69. *brutish sting*] JOHNSON: Though 'brutish sting' is capable of a sense not inconvenient in this passage, yet as it is a harsh and unusual mode of speech, I should read the 'brutish *sty*.' STEEVENS: Compare *Oth.* I, iii, 361: 'our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts.' WRIGHT: The impulse of the animal nature.

70. *imbossed*] DYCE: A hunting term, properly applied to a deer when foaming at the mouth from fatigue. Also, swollen, protuberant. FURNIVALL (*Notes & Qu.* 4th S. vol. xi, 507) shows that the two meanings, scarcely sufficiently distinguished by Dyce, are due to two different derivatives: 'The oldest is a term in hunting from Old French, and, therefore, almost certain to involve some "conceit" or fanciful allusion. When the deer foams at the mouth from fatigue, is covered with bubbles there, he is accordingly said to be "embossed." Cotgrave's "*Embosser*: To swell, or arise in bunches, hulches, knobs; to grow knottie or knurrie." So in *Tam. Shr.* I, i, 17, the "poor cur" Merriman is *emboss'd* or foams at the mouth, and is ill. So again, of Antony foaming with rage against her, Cleopatra says (IV, xiii, 2) "the boar of Thessaly was never so *emboss'd*"; never so foamed with rage. The other *embossed* is from the Old French "*emboiser*, emboiter, enchâsser une chose dans une autre. Ducange, v. *imbotare*."—Hippeau. This is Cotgrave's "*Emboister*: To imbox, inclose, insert, fasten, put, or shut up, as within a box," and is Shakespeare's word in *All's Well*, III, vi, "we have almost *embossed* him" (emboxt him), as is clear from the next speech: "*First Lord*. We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we *case* him." [Is not 'case,' by the way, in this last speech the ordinary hunting and culinary term, meaning *to skin*? The distinction, however, between these two meanings, which have caused much discussion, was first, I think, here pointed out by Furnivall, and has been fully confirmed.] SKEAT, s. v. '*Emboss* (1), to adorn with bosses or raised work (French). . . . Lat. *im* = *in*; and Old French *bosse*, a boss. *Emboss* (2), to enclose or shelter in a wood (French). . . . Old French, *embosquer*, to shroud in a wood. . . . Lat. *im* = *in*; and Old French, *bosc* or *bosque*, only used in the diminutive form *bosquet*, a little wood.'

70. *euils*] WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 61): An old use of 'evil,' still extant in 'king's evil.' [In quoting this line Walker gives it '*beaded* evils.' Lettsom, in a foot-note, says: 'I follow Walker's manuscript, though, from his silence, *beaded* may be a slip of his pen or memory. I suspect it to be the genuine word, though I believe all editions have "*headed*.'" It is certainly a good emendation, and follows out the meaning of 'embossed' even more completely than, probably, Lettsom was aware of.—ED.]

That thou with license of free foot hast caught, 71  
Would'st thou disgorge into the generall world.

*Iaq.* Why who cries out on pride,  
That can therein tax any priuate party :  
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea, 75  
Till that the wearie verie meanes do ebbe.

74. *taxe]* *be tax'd* of Daniel.

76. *wearie verie meanes]* *weary very*  
*means* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe, Knt, Coll. i, Dyce i,  
iii, Sta. Cam. Clke. *very very means*  
Pope+, Cap. Steev. Mal. *wearie very*

*means* Cald. *wearer's very means* Sing.  
Wh. Dyce ii, Ktly, Coll. iii, Huds. Cla.  
Rlse. *very means of wear* Coll. ii. *means,*  
*the very means* Jervis. *tributary streams*  
Lloyd (*ap.* Cam. Ed.).

71. *with license]* The definite article is absorbed in the *th* of 'with.'—ED.

73. WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 61) would arrange the lines: 'Why, who cries out on pride, that can therein Tax any private party?' and begin a new line, 'Doth it not,' &c. [But all such arrangements are merely scansion for the eye, and could not possibly be indicated on the stage.—ED.] KEIGHTLEY (*Expositor*, p. 158): There is something wanting here; for in this play the speeches never begin with a short line. It is evident also that it is one kind of pride, that of dress, that is spoken of. I therefore read without hesitation '*pride of bravery.*'

73, &c. MOBERLY: Chide as I will, why should I *offend* them? Who can say I mean him? Jaques appears either wilfully or through shallowness to miss the deep wisdom of the Duke's saying and the whole character of his admonition. The Duke had not said that Jaques would *offend* people, but that he would *corrupt* them.

76, 78. 'Till that . . . When that] See I, iii, 44.

76. *wearie verie]* WHITER (p. 24): The original text is certainly right. The sense is, 'Till that the very means being weary do ebb.' CALDECOTT explains '*wearie*' by *exhausted*. SINGER (*Notes & Qu.* vol. vi, p. 584, Dec. '52): It is quite obvious we should read '*the wearer's very means.*' The whole context shows this to be the poet's word, relating as it does to the extravagant cost of finery bestowed by the pride of the wearers on unworthy shoulders, '*until their very means do ebb.*' COLLIER (ed. i): A clear sense can be made out of the passage as it stands in the old text, and we therefore reprint it; but the compositor may have misread '*wearie*' for *wearing*, and transposed '*very*'; and if we consider Jaques to be railing against pride and excess of apparel, the meaning may be that '*the very wearing means,*' or means of wearing fine clothes, '*do ebb.*' HALLIWELL: The meaning [of the original text] is, does not pride flow as stupendously as the sea, until that its very means, being weary or exhausted, do ebb. The original text is perfectly intelligible, and similar transpositions of adjectives are met with in other places. It may be observed, however, that Rosalind, in the Fourth Act, terms herself '*your very, very Rosalind.*' COLLIER (ed. ii): Our reading is that of the (MS), '*the very means of wear*' being the money spent upon the apparel of pride to which Jaques is referring. STAUNTON: The reading of the old text is not very clear; neither are the emendations of it which have been adopted or proposed. . . . The disputed words should, perhaps, be printed with a hyphen, *weary-very* or *very-weary*. DYCE (ed. i): Though I believe the line to be corrupted, I follow the old copy, because none of the changes which have been proposed are quite satisfactory. [Herein Dyce takes me completely with him.—ED.]

What woman in the Citie do I name, 77  
 When that I say the City woman beares  
 The coft of Princes on vnworthy shoulders?  
 Who can come in, and say that I meane her, 80  
 When fuch a one as thee, fuch is her neighbor?  
 Or what is he of bafeft function,  
 That faves his brauerie is not on my coft,  
 Thinking that I meane him, but therein fuites  
 His folly to the mettle of my fpeech, 85  
 There then, how then, what then, let me fee wherein  
 My tongue hath wrong'd him : if it do him right,  
 Then he hath wrong'd himfelfe : if he be free,  
 why then my taxing like a wild-gooſe flies  
 Vnclain'd of any. man But who come here? 90

*Enter Orlando.*

*Orl.* Forbeare, and eate no more. 92

78. *City woman*] *city-woman* Pope. Steev. *There then; how then? what*  
 83. *on my*] *of my* Cam. (misprint?) *then?* Theob. et cet.  
 Glo. Cla. Wh. ii. 86. *There...see*] *There then; how then?*  
 85. *fpeech,*] *speech.* Pope. *speech?* *let me then see* Han.  
 Theob. 89. *wild-gooſe*] *wild goose* Rowe.  
 86. *There then*] *Where then* Mal. 90. *come*] F.  
 conj. 91. Scene VIII. Pope+.  
*There...what then*] Ff, Rowe+. Enter ... with a sword drawn.  
*There then; How, what then?* Cap. Theob. et seq.

DYCE (ed. ii): I adopt Singer's correction as being, at least, not so violent as the other proposed readings. . . . Mr Lettsom queries, 'Till that your bravery bring your means to ebb.' DYCE (ed. iii) silently returns to the original text.

76. *meanes*] In *Notes & Qu.* 5th Ser. vol. v, p. 143, S. T. P. proposes to substitute *maines*, i. e. 'main flood, or springtide.' On p. 345 of the same volume, J. L. Walker suggests '*mears*, i. e. boundaries or limits.'

82. *function*] MOBERLY: Suppose I say that mean fellows should not be smart, and suppose any such person, the lowest of the low, tells me he does not dress at my expense, he only proves that the cap fits.

86. Walker (*Vers.* 116) among instances of the shifting accent of *wherein*, *whereof*, &c. cites this line, but reads '*Thus then*' for '*There then*.' Dyce (ed. iii) says Lettsom conjectures '*Where* [*sic* Malone—ED.] then? how then? what then? *let's see wherein*.' [The line is inflexibly, and I believe intentionally, trochaic.—ED.]

88. *free*] DYCE: Free from vicious taint, guiltless. As in 'Make mad the guilty and appal the free.'—*Ham.* II, ii, 590.

90. *any. man But*] Another trifling variation in different copies of the First Folio: The Reprint of 1807, Staunton's Photo-lithograph, and my copy place the period after '*any*.' Booth's Reprint, and the copy used by the Cambridge Editors, place it after '*man*.'—ED.

*Iaq.* Why I haue eate none yet. 93

*Orl.* Nor shalt not, till necessity be feru'd.

*Iaq.* Of what kinde should this Cocke come of? 95

*Du. Sen.* Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy distres?

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,

That in ciuility thou seem'st fo emptie?

*Orl.* You touch'd my veine at first, the thorny point  
Of bare distresse, hath tane from me the shew 100

Of smoothe ciuility : yet am I in-land bred,

And know some nourture : But forbear, I say, 102

94. *not*] *thou* Theob. ii, Warb. Johns. *come of*—Ktly. *come of, I marvel* Ktly  
95. *Of what*] *What* Johns. Cap. (cor- conj.  
rected in Errata). 100. *hath*] *that hath* Ff, Rowe i.

*come of*] *come* Rowe, Pope, Han. 101. *in-land*] *in land* F<sub>4</sub>, inland  
Rowe, Johns.

92, 93. According to Abbott, § 500, a trimeter couplet. For 'eate,' see § 343.

95. *Of . . . of*] ABBOTT, § 407: Where the verb is at some distance from the preposition with which it is connected, the preposition is frequently repeated for the sake of clearness. See line 146 below, 'the Sceane Wherein we play in.' [There is the same idiom in Greek and in Latin.—ED.]

96. *bolden'd*] Richardson, *Dict. s. v.*, gives *bold* in the sense of *audacious, impudent*, as well as in a good sense of *fearless*, &c. There seems to be here this worse meaning of 'bolden'd,' making it parallel with 'a rude despiser of good manners' in the next line. Allen (MS) suggests this.—ED.

97. *else*] WRIGHT: Redundant here, as in *R. of L.* 875: 'Or kills his life or else his quality.'

98. *ciuility*] WRIGHT: Politeness in a higher sense than it is used at present. See III, ii, 127, and *Mer. of Ven.* II, ii, 204: 'Use all the observance of civility.'

100. *tane*] JOHNSON: We might read *turn* with more elegance, but elegance alone will not justify alteration.

101. Abbott's scansion (§ 467) of this line is to me objectionable. Perhaps he is right in saying that an unaccented *i* before *-ty* is sometimes dropped, but I doubt if this be here required; it gives a line which is to my ear anything but pleasant: 'Of smoothe | *civil* | *ty* yet | am I in | land bred.' I prefer to pronounce every syllable, 'Of smooth | civil | ity | yet am | I in | land bred,' and term the line a trimeter couplet, or courageously call it a downright Alexandrine.—ED.

101. *in-land*] HOLT WHITE: The opposite to *outland* or *upland*. Orlando means to say that he had not been bred among clowns. CALDECOTT: *Uplandish* in our early writers and dictionaries is interpreted 'unbred, rude, rustical, clownish'; 'because,' says Minshew, 'the people that dwell among mountains are severed from the *civilitie* of cities,' 1617. See III, ii, 334.

102. *nourture*] STEEVENS: That is, education, breeding, manners. 'It is a point of *nurture*, or *good manners*, to salute them you meete. Urbanitas est salutare obvios.'—Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580. WRIGHT: See *Saladynes Complaint* in Lodge's Novel: 'the faults of thy youth . . . not onely discovering little *nourture*, but blemishing the excellence of nature'

He dies that touches any of this fruite, 103  
Till I, and my affaires are answered.

*Iaq.* And you will not be answer'd with reason, 105  
I must dye.

*Du. Sen.* What would you haue?  
Your gentlenesse shall force, more then your force  
Moue vs to gentlenesse.

*Orl.* I almost die for food, and let me haue it. 110

105. *And*] Ff, Rowe, Cald. *If* Pope +  
*An* Cap. et cet.  
*answer'd*] *answered* Rowe.

105, 106. *be...dye*] Sep. line, Pope +.  
Prose, Cap. et seq.  
107, 109. Two lines, ending *force...*  
*gentlenesse* Pope et seq.

103. *fruite*] It seems superfluous, if not worse, to call attention to Shakespeare's accuracy even in the most trivial details. *Meat* or *food* would have suited the rhythm here, but 'fruite' recalls the 'banket' which was now before the Duke. Of course, a little further on, when Orlando says he dies for 'food,' he had to use that word then; it would have been laughable to say he died for *fruit*.—ED.

104, 105. *answered . . . answer'd*] Abbott, § 474, refers to this as an instance where *-ed* is sonant and mute, even in words in close proximity. It is certainly thus printed in the Folio, as we see; but I doubt if it be the better way. The scansion of these lines is not easy, and the majority of modern editors, following Capell's lead, have evaded the difficulty by printing lines 105 and 106 as prose, which I cannot but think is wrong. The whole scene is in rhythm, and one solitary prose sentence, thus breaking in, is as certainly discordant as it is suspicious. Pope and his followers down to Capell divided the lines, and printed, thus: 'If you will not Be answered with reason I must die,' which is certainly better than prose, and it makes *-ed* sonant in both examples of 'answered,' but the division of the lines at 'not' is objectionable. Why Capell printed as prose I cannot see; he certainly, in his *Notes*, approves of Pope's division, that is, if I can understand his ragged English. I prefer the arrangement as we have it here, merely changing 'answer'd' to *answered*, in order to avoid throwing the ictus on the last syllable of 'reason;' to accent the last syllable of 'reason' weakens the force of what, I am afraid, Jaques intended for a pun.—ED.

105. *reason*] STAUNTON: We should, possibly, read *reasons*. Here, as in other places, Shakespeare evidently indulged in the perennial pun on *reasons* and *raisins*.

108, 109. *gentlenesse . . . force . . . force . . . gentleness*] Moberly calls attention to what he considers the chiasm here. I think this can hardly be called a perfect chiasm, wherein something more is needed than a mere criss-cross position of the terms; to speak arithmetically, the extremes, as well as the means, should be related. For instance, 'warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer,' (*Mer. of Ven.* III, i, 57) is a complete chiasm. There appears to be no such relation here.—ED.

110. and] ABBOTT, § 100: *I pray you* may perhaps be understood after this word, implied in the imperative 'let.' DYCE (ed. iii): Probably (as Mr Lettsom remarks), an error caused by 'and' occurring twice in the next line: *qy. so?* WRIGHT: For this use of 'and' in the sense of 'and so' or 'and therefore,' see below, line 142, and *Temp.* I, ii, 186: "'Tis a good dulness, And give it way.'

*Du. Sen.* Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table 111  
*Orl.* Speake you so gently ? Pardon me I pray you,  
 I thought that all things had bin sauage heere,  
 And therefore put I on the countenance  
 Of sterne command'ment. But what ere you are 115  
 That in this desert inaccessible,  
 Vnder the shade of melancholly boughes,  
 Loose, and neglect the creeping houres of time :  
 If euer you haue look'd on better dayes :  
 If euer bcene where bells haue knoll'd to Church : 120  
 If euer fate at any good mans feast :  
 If euer from your eye-lids wip'd a teare, 122

112. *gently*] *gentle* Ktly.113. *bin*] *beene* Ff.115. *command'ment*] Ff. *commandment* Rowe,116. *desert*] *desart* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe, Pope,  
Theob. Han. Warb.118. *Loose, and neglect*] *Neglect and*  
*lose* Gentleman.120. *bcene*] F<sub>1</sub>.

111, &c. FLETCHER (p. 210) : Orlando's eagerness to relieve the pressing necessity of his aged servant, would not have permitted him to waste his time on even the most eloquent appeal to the feelings of his stranger host and his companions, but that he now feels 'gentleness' to be his most effective weapon for securing from these men, with whom he is so newly acquainted, the means of relief to the subject of his solicitude. Here, therefore, the speaker is making the best use of his time, even for that immediate purpose; while the passage itself, so touchingly expressing his own sense of the sweets of social life, as contrasted with that of the wilderness to which he is yet uninitiated, is one of those most intimately disclosing that genial nature which Shakespeare has so studiously developed in this character.

115. *command'ment*] WALKER (*Vers.* p. 126) notes that in certain words in *-ment* the *e* which originally preceded this final syllable was sometimes retained and sometimes omitted. DYCE (ed. iii) in a note on *Mer. of Ven.* IV, i, 471, says that 'commandment' is to be there read as a quadrisyllable, as also in *1 Hen. VI*: I, iii. 'In all the other passages in Shakespeare where it occurs in his blank verse it is a trisyllable.' Dyce overlooked the fact in this note on *Mer. of Ven.* that it is only by following the text of Q<sub>1</sub>, as Dyce himself did, that 'commandment' in that place is a quadrisyllable. In the Folio it follows the rule and is a trisyllable: 'Be vâl | uéd | agáinst | your wíues | commándment.' The Quarto reads: 'Be val | ew'd gáinst | your wíues | commánd | emént.' Hence the instance in *1 Hen. VI* remains the only one where, in Shakespeare's blank verse, the word is a quadrisyllable. Wright notes that the quadrisyllabic form is to be found in *Pass. Pil.* 418: 'If to women he be bent They have at commandement.'—Ed.

120. *knoll'd*] Cotgrave translates *Carillonner* by 'to chyme, or knowle, bells'; and *Carillonneur* by 'a chymer, or knowler, of bells'; under *Carillon*, however, he gives, 'A chyming of bells; a knell.' Way, in *Prompt. Parv.*, s. v. *Knollynge*, cites Palsgrave: 'I knolle a belle, *je frappe du batant*. Halliwell quotes, 'poor weary souls that hear the bell knoll.'—*Humorous Lieutenant*, II, iv [p. 457].

And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittied : 123

Let gentleness my strong enforcement be,

In the which hope, I blush, and hide my Sword. 125

*Du. Sen.* True is it, that we have fewer better days,

And have with holy bell been known to Church,

And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes

Of drops, that sacred pity hath engendered :

And therefore fit you down in gentleness, 130

And take upon command, what help we have

That to your wanting may be ministered.

*Orl.* Then but forbear your food a little while :

Whiles (like a Doe) I go to find my Fawn,

And give it food. There is an old poor man, 135

Who after me, hath many a weary step

Limp in pure love : till he be first suffic'd,

Opprest with two weak evils, age, and hunger, 138

123. *know*] *known* Han. Johns.

136. *a*] Om. F., Rowe i.

125. *blush*] *blush* Ff.

125. the which] See I, ii, 120.

125. blush] If by chance the misprint of the three later Folios had occurred in the First, how loudly Shakespeare's classical knowledge would have been extolled, founded on this clear reference to Harmodius and Aristogeiton!—ED.

131. upon command] JOHNSON: It seems necessary to read *demand*, that is, *ask* for what we can supply and have it. [In the next Variorum Edition published after Johnson's death, this note was withdrawn, and in its place, we have] STEEVENS: 'Upon command,' is *at your own command*. COLLIER [ed. ii, reading with his (MS) *commend*]: Orlando has previously spoken of 'commandment,' which he finds unnecessary; and here the Duke tells him to 'take upon *commend*' (as opposed to command) what he requires. *Commend* is misprinted 'command' in the Folios, but the small, though important error is set right by the alteration of a letter in the (MS). The verb to *commend* is explained in our dictionaries, 'To give anything into the hands of another.' Orlando was to take what he needed as a free gift, and not as a violent enforcement. DYCE (*Strictures*, &c. p. 69): If Mr Collier had not been under a sort of spell, thrown over him by the (MS), he never would have tried to expound such a senseless alteration as 'upon *commend*' by referring to what precedes,—he would have dismissed it in silence. The meaning of the old reading, though dark to the (MS), hardly requires a gloss; most people will see immediately that 'upon command' is equivalent to 'as you may choose to order,—at your will and pleasure.'

134. Whiles] For this genitive of *while* see Abbott, § 137.

134. Doe] Malone refers to the repetition of this simile in *V. & A.* 875.

138. weak evils] CALDECOTT: That is, unhappy weaknesses, or causes of weakness. [See 'thrifty hire,' II, iii, 41, from which this differs in being a genuine prolepsis or anticipation. Walker (*Crit.* ii, 85, followed by Abbott, § 4) gives the following examples of this figure so familiar to the ancients, whereby a predicate, which prop-

I will not touch a bit.

*Duke Sen.* Go finde him out.

140

And we will nothing waste till you returne.

*Orl.* I thanke ye, and be blest for your good comfort.

*Du Sen.* Thou feest, we are not all alone vnhappye:

This wide and vniuerfall Theater

Presents more wofull Pageants then the Sceane

145

Wherein we play in.

*Ia.* All the world's a stage,

147

142. Exit. Rowe et seq.  
Scene IX. Pope +.

146. *Wherein...in*] *Wherein we play*  
Rowe, Pope, Han. *Which we do play*  
*in Cap. conj.*

erly indicates effect, is made to express cause. Heywood, *Silver Age*, Lamb's *Specimens*, vol. ii, p. 229 (Ceres is threatening the earth), 'With idle agues I'll consume thy swains; . . . The rotten showers Shall drown thy seed.' Shakespeare, *Sonnet* xiii, 'the stormy gusts of winter's day, And barren rage of death's eternal cold.' Beau. & Fl., *Mad Lover*, III, iv: 'Live till the mothers find you. . . And sow their barren curses on your beauty.' Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, Bk. vi, C. xi, St. xvii (speaking of dogs), 'striving each to get The greatest portion of the greedie prey.' Walker professed to give merely a few instances in other poets; in Shakespeare are numberless examples. See 'fair state,' *Ham.* III, i, 152; and instances there cited.—ED.]

146. *Wherein . . . in*] STEEVENS: I believe we should read with Pope, and add a word at the beginning of the next speech, to complete the measure, viz.: *Why*, all the worlds,' &c. MAGINN (p. 72): *Qy*: 'Wherein we play on,' i. e. continue to play. [See line 95 above.]

147. *stage*] STEEVENS: This observation occurs in one of the Fragments [No. X] of Petronius: 'Non duco contentionis funem, dum constet inter nos, quod fere totus mundus exerceat histrioniam.' MALONE: This observation had been made in an English drama before the time of Shakespeare. See *Damon & Pythias* [1571, p. 31, ed. Hazlitt]: 'Pythagoras said, that this world was like a stage, Whereon many play their parts.' In *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597, we find these lines: 'Unhappy man Whose life a sad continual tragedie, Himself the actor, in the world, the stage, While as the acts are measur'd by his age.' DOUCE (i, 299): Petronius had not been translated in Shakespeare's time. . . . In Withal's *Short Dictionarie in Latine and English*, 1599, is the following passage: 'This life is a certain enterlude or plaie. The world is a stage full of chang everie way, everie man is a plaier.' Also in Pettie's translation of Guazzo's *Civile conversation*, 1586, one of the parties introduces the saying of some philosopher 'that this world was a stage, we the players which present the comedie.' See also *Mer. of Ven.* I, i, 78: 'I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano; A stage where every man must play a part.' [One cannot but wonder after reading such notes as these by Steevens, Malone, and Douce, not to mention modern editors who have followed them in all seriousness, that it never seems to have occurred to these editors to ask themselves what is the legitimate inference to be drawn from their adducing such citations, and whether they are not hereby virtually claiming for such authors as Petronius, or Edwardes, or for Guazzo (almost the barrenest and jejunest of writers), a fund of originality which they deny to William



And all the men and women, meere Players; 148  
 They haue their *Exits* and their Entrances,  
 And one man in his time playes mahy parts, 150  
 His Acts being seuen ages. At first the Infant,

151. *At*] *As* Cap conj. Dyce iii.

Shakespeare.—ED.] KNIGHT: It is scarcely necessary to inquire whether Shakespeare found the idea in the Greek epigram: *Σκηνὴ πᾶς ὁ βίος, καὶ παύσις.* ἢ μάθε παίζειν, Τὴν σπουδὴν μεταβέις, ἢ φέρε τὰς ὁδύνας.—[Palladas, in *Anthologia Græca*, X. *Protreptika*, No. 72. The idea had almost passed into a proverb. Halliwell says that the comparison of life to the stage 'is of constant occurrence in English writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.' It is therefore needless to 'shed any more Christian ink' in compiling what would be merely a bibliography of the phrase, and of no particle of use in the illustration of Shakespeare. One other solitary reference it is worth while to note. In that same collection of items which Oldys had gathered for a life of Shakespeare from which we get the anecdote about old Adam, see line 176 of this Scene, there is another extract, given by Steevens (Var. 21, vol. i, p. 467), as follows: 'Verses by Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, occasioned by the motto to the Globe Theatre—*Totus mundus agit histrionem*.

Jonson.—"If, but stage actors, all the world displays,  
 "Where shall we find spectators of their plays?"

Shakespeare.—"Little, or much, of what we see, we do;  
 "We are all both actors and spectators too."

Poetical Characteristics, 8vo, MS, vol. i, some time in the Harleian Library; which volume was returned to its owner'—ED.]

148. meere] That is, absolutely, purely.

151. His Acts being seuen ages] STEEVENS: Dr Warburton observes that this was 'no unusual division of a play before our author's time'; but forbears to offer any one example in support of his assertion. I have carefully perused almost every dramatick piece antecedent to Shakespeare, or contemporary with him; but so far from being divided into acts, they are almost all printed in an unbroken continuity of scenes. I should add, that there is one play of six acts to be met with, and another of twenty-one; but the second of these is a translation from the Spanish, and never could have been designed for the stage. In *God's Promises*, 1577, *A Tragedie or Enterlude* (or rather a *Mystery*), by John Bale, seven acts may indeed be found. It should, however, be observed, that the intervals in the Greek Tragedy are known to have varied from three acts to seven. MALONE: One of Chapman's plays, *Two Wise Men and All the Rest Fools*, is in seven acts. This, however, is the only dramatick piece that I have found so divided. But surely it is not necessary to suppose that our author alluded here to any such precise division of the drama. His comparisons seldom run on four feet. It was sufficient for him that a play was distributed into several acts, and that human life long before his time had been divided into seven periods. In *The Treasury of Ancient and Modern Times*, 1613, Proclus, a Greek author, is said to have divided the lifetime of man into seven ages; over each of which, one of the seven planets was supposed to rule: 'The first age is called Infancy, containing the space of foure years. The second age continueth ten yeares until he attaine to the age of fourteene: this age is called Childhood. The third age

## [His Acts being seven ages.]

consisteth of eight yeares, being named by our auncients *Adolescencie* or *Youthhood*; and it lasteth from fourteene till two and twenty yeares be fully compleate. The *fourth age* paceth on, till a man have accomplished two and forty yeares, and is tearmed *Young Manhood*. The *fifth age*, named *Mature Manhood*, hath (according to the said author) fiteene yeares of continuance, and therefore makes his progress so far as six and fifty yeares. Afterwards, in adding twelve to fifty-six, you shall make up sixty-eight yeares, which reach to the end of the *sixt age*, and is called *Old Age*. The *seaventh* and last of these seven ages is limited from sixty-eight yeares, so far as four-score and eight, being called weak, declining, and *Decrepite Age*. If any man chance to goe beyond this age (which is more admired than noted in many), you shall evidently perceive that he will returne to his first conditiou of Infancy againe.' Hippocrates likewise divided the life of man into seven ages, but differs from Proclus in the number of years allotted to each period. See Sir Thomas Brown's *Enquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors*, 1686, p. 173 [Book IV, chap. xii: 'Of the great climacterical year']. So also in *The Diamant of Devotion, Cut and Squared into Six Severall Points*, by Abraham Fleming, 1586, Part I: 'Wee are not placed in this world as continuers; for the scripture saith that we have no abiding citie heere, but as travellers and sojourners, whose custome it is to take up a new inne, and to change their lodging, sometimes here, sometimes there, during the time of their travell. Heere we walke like plaiers uppon a stage, one representing the person of a king, another of a lorde, the third of a plowman, the fourth of an artificer, and so forth, as the course and order of the enterlude requireth; everie acte whereof beeing plaide, there is no more to doe, but open the gates and dismisse the assemblie. Even so fareth it with us; for what other thing is the compasse of this world, beautified with varietie of creatures, reasonable and unreasonable, but an ample and large theatre, wherein all things are appointed to play their pageants, which when they have done, they die, and their glorie ceaseth.' HENLEY: I have seen, more than once, an old print, entitled, 'The Stage of Man's Life,' divided into seven ages. As emblematical representations of this sort were formerly stuck up, both for ornament and instruction, in the generality of houses, it is more probable that Shakespeare took his hint from thence, than from Hippocrates or Proclus. HUNTER (i, 341): The merit of Shakespeare is not that he invented this distribution, but that he has exhibited it more brilliantly, more impressively, than had ever been done before. The beauty and tenderness of the thought that life is a kind of drama with intermingling scenes of joy and sorrow, together with the justness of the sentiment, would have kept this forever in the public view: but the multitude would probably by this time have wholly lost sight of the distribution of life into periods, if it had not been embalmed in these never-to-be-forgotten lines. If it be asked how Shakespeare became acquainted with this distribution of human life, since he certainly did not read Proclus or Hippocrates, nor yet Prudentius or Isidore; it might be sufficient to answer that the notion floated in society, that it was part of the traditionary inheritance of all, which was no doubt the case. But if a printed authority likely to have met his eye is wanted [reference is here made by Hunter to Primautdaye's *French Academy*, 1598, and to 'another contemporary with Shakespeare, Sir John Ferne,' and the distribution in each case is given; but as these 'distributions,' and all others which are not the same as Shakespeare's, are pure surplusage here and now, I have not repeated them. Malone's note is given in full because the substance of it has been so often repeated by subsequent editors]. GRANT WHITE (*Shakespeare's Scholar*, p. 247) gives an extract from Eras-

## [His Acts being seven ages.]

mus's *Praise of Folie*, *Englished by Sir Thomas Chaloner*, 1549, sig. E, iii, in which 'this life of mortall man' is likened to 'a certain kynde of stage plaie' in which sometimes one man 'comes in two or three times with sundry partes.' [This same passage was afterwards re-discovered by 'G. W. T.' in *Notes & Queries*, 1856, 2d Ser. ii, 44; again in the same volume, p. 207, J. Doran adduced a similar allusion in Calderon.] HALLIWELL cites a poem 'clepid the sevene ages' in the Thornton MS of the fifteenth century in Lincoln Cathedral; also Arnold's *Chronicle* [ed. 1811, p. 157, Wright]; also a lithographic reproduction of 'the Arundel MS, 83,' 'a highly interesting example executed in England in the early part of the fourteenth century, in which the various stages of life are depicted with an artistic merit reflecting great credit on the ancient delineator.' He also reproduces a wood-cut from the *Orbis Sensualium Pictus*, 1689, p. 45, in which the figures are placed on no less than eleven steps. STAUNTON refers to 'some Greek verses attributed to Solon,' introduced by Philo Judæus into his *Liber de Mundi opificio*; also to an Italian engraving of the sixteenth century, by Christopher Bertello, where the school-boy is carrying his books, the lover bears a branch of myrtle, and at his feet is a young Cupid, the soldier is 'bearded like the pard,' the justice has an aspect of grave serenity, the sixth age is a senile personage in a long furred robe, slippered, and with spectacles on nose, the last scene of all exhibits the man of eighty, blind and helpless. Staunton also refers to two elaborate articles, one in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxvii; and the other in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1853; and also to a Monumental Brass dated 1487 in the Hôpital S. Marie, Ypres, in Belgium. WRIGHT refers to 'an interesting paper by Mr Winter Jones which he published in the *Archæologia*, xxxv, 167-189, on a block print of the fifteenth century,' wherein a 'good deal of the literature of this subject has been collected'; also 'in the Mishna (*Aboth*, v, 24) fourteen periods are given, and a poem upon the ten stages of life was written by the great Jewish commentator, Ibn Ezra. The Midrash on Ecclesiastes, i, 2, goes back to the seven divisions. The Jewish literature is very fully given by Löw in his Treatise *Die Lebensalter in der Jüdischen Literatur*,' and finally Wright refers to 'the pavement of the Cathedral of Siena, of which a description is given by Professor Sidney Colvin in *The Fortnightly Review*, July, 1875, pp. 53, 54.' C. ELLIOT BROWNE in *Notes & Queries*, 5th Ser. vol. v, p. 143, refers to Vaughan's *Directions for Health*, 1602, and Done's *Polydoron*, 'probably published early in the seventeenth century.' [If a picture were in Shakespeare's mind, as Henley suggests, and which seems more likely than not, we can understand why the number of ages was seven. There were three steps of ascent, the soldier stood on the summit, and then followed three steps of descent. Five steps would have been too few, and nine would have been too many.—ED.]

151. At] Walker (*Crit.* i, 129) conjectured that this should be *as*, and included it among the instances of *as* used in the sense of *to wit*. He was, however, anticipated by Capell. I think the emendation is extremely probable.—ED.

151, &c. I have found it wellnigh impossible so to divide many of these lines that the eye may be guided to the rhythm. It is noteworthy that with the exception of the 'school-boy' all the 'ages' begin in the latter half of a line, an indication of the long pause which should precede; so long, that each of these half lines might not improperly form a line by itself, thus beginning a new paragraph. But this gives no help rhythmically to the lines that follow, which, in some cases, if the lines are to be considered pentameters, remain unalterably trochaic. Indeed, I am not sure that it would not be the simpler way to regard the whole of this speech as metric prose,

Mewling, and puking in the Nurfes armes : 152  
 Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Vnwillingly to schoole. And then the Louer, 155  
 Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad  
 Made to his Mistrresse eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard, 158

153. *Then*] *And then* Rowe ii +, Cap.  
 Steev. Ktly, Dyce iii, Wh. ii.

157. *a Soldier*] *the soldier* Dyce iii,  
 Huds.

exquisitely metric prose; until, toward the close, in harmony with the thought, it glides into the solemn cadence that ends this strange eventful history.—ED.

154. *like snail*] ABBOTT, § 83: *A* is still omitted by us in adverbial compounds, such as 'snail-like,' 'clerk-like,' &c. Then it was omitted as being unnecessarily emphatic in such expressions as: 'creeping like snail,' 'sighing like furnace.' 'Like snail' is an adverb in process of formation. It is intermediate between 'like a snail' and 'snail-like.'

156. *Furnace*] MALONE: So in *Cymb.* I, vi, 64: 'a Frenchman . . . that, it seems, much loves A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces The thick sighs from him.'

157. *a Soldier*] DYCE (ed. iii): The Folio has '*a Soldier*,' but compare elsewhere in the present speech; '*the infant*,' '*the school-boy*,' '*the lover*,' '*the justice*,' &c. This correction was suggested to me by Mr Robson. HUNTER (i, 343): It is the great beauty of Shakespeare that he does not give us cold abstractions, but the living figures. The blood circulates through them; it may be quickly or sluggishly, but the life-blood is there. They are personations of the abstract idea, borrowed from what was the actual life of many Englishmen of the better class in his time, who went to the wars and returned to execute the duties and enjoy the quiet majesty of the country justice. A nice critic might, however, raise the question, how far it was proper thus to introduce the characters of Soldier and Justice, which are not common to all, with those accidents of life which belong to all conditions. It might be said that they are but spirited personations of the active and sedate periods of manhood, which are common to all; but the proper answer is, that Jaques was a courtier addressing courtiers, and he speaks, therefore, of human life as it appeared in one of their own class.

158. *strange oaths . . . bearded*] To the following passage in *Hen. V*: III, vi, 78 MALONE refers in illustration of *beards*, and WRIGHT in illustration of *oaths*: 'And this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tunited oaths; and what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp will do . . . is wonderful to be thought on.' 'Our ancestors,' says Malone, 'were very curious in the fashion of their beards, and a certain *cut* or form was appropriated to the soldier, the bishop, the judge, the clown,' &c. He cites a ballad wherein a soldier's beard is described as matching 'in figure like a spade,' but the date, 1660, is rather late to be trusted as a correct description of what is as fickle as fashion. Wright explains 'bearded like a pard' by 'long pointed mustaches, bristling like a panther's or leopard's feelers.' This, I think, is doubtful. The beard is not the mustaches, or, as Stubbes calls them, 'the mowchatowes,' showing by the very use of a specific term that a distinction was made in Shakespeare's day. Does not the present phrase refer

Ielous in honor, fodaine, and quicke in quarrell,  
 Seeking the bubble Reputation 160  
 Euen in the Canons mouth : And then, the Iustice  
 In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd, 162

to the general shagginess characteristic of a true soldier on duty in the field, as distinguished from the trim nicety of a carpet knight, 'whose chin new-reap'd shows like a stubble-land at harvest home?'—ED.

159. sodaine] HUNTER (i, 339): A semicolon is necessary here, that we may not suppose the sense of 'sudden' to pass over to the next clause, so as to become 'sudden in quarrel;' while 'sudden' really stands absolutely. It is the same word which we have in *Macb.* IV, iii, 59: 'I grant him sudden,' and it seems to be nearly equivalent to *vehement*, or *violent*, or *hasty*, or perhaps still more exactly *prompt in executing a resolve*. And this suggests what is a new, but probably the true, sense of the clause 'quick in quarrel,' *adroit in the duello*, not merely quick and spirited in any dispute. HALLIWELL, however, does not acknowledge this distinction, which is to me a good one; he says: 'Accepting "sudden" in the common sense of rash or precipitate, the phrase "sudden and quick" may be considered as intentionally pleonastic.'

160. Reputation] HUNTER (i, 340) prints this with quotation-marks, regarding it as 'a favorite word of soldiers, at which the cynical Jaques means to sneer, speaking it as a quotation in a contemptuous manner. Thus Peacham: "then at their return [as soldiers from the Netherlands], among their companions they must be styled by the name of Captain, they must stand upon that airy title and mere nothing called *Reputation*, undertake every quarrel," &c.—*Truth of our Times*, p. 140. And so in an admirable little work, entitled *Vade Mecum*, of which the third edition was printed in 1638, "The French in a battle before Moncountre, standing upon their *Reputation*, not to dislodge by night, lost their reputation by dislodging by day." This is sufficient to show that there was a military and kind of technical use of the word, such as might provoke a satirist; and in this sense it is that Jaques uses it, meaning to deride it. Shakespeare has, in this play, still more pointed satire on the affected punctilio of the military profession.'

162. In] DYCE (ed. iii): 'Read,' says Mr Lettsom, '*His*;' and six lines below, '*In* youthful hose.'" I must confess that I think both these alterations unnecessary.

162. Capon lin'd] HALES (p. 219): There is an allusion that has been missed in the mention of the 'capon,' an allusion which adds to the bitterness of a sufficiently bitter life-sketch. It was the custom to present magistrates with presents, especially, it would seem, with capons, by way of securing their good will and favour. This fact heightens the satire of Jaques's portrait of an Elizabethan J. P. It gives force and meaning to what seems vague and general. Wither, describing the Christmas season, with its burning 'blocks,' its 'pies,' &c., goes on to sing how: 'Now poor men to the justices With capons make their errands; And if they hap to fail of these, They plague them with their warrants.' That is, the capon was a tribute fully expected and as good as exacted; it was 'understood' it should be duly paid in. Singer cites a member of the House of Commons as saying, in 1601: 'A Justice of the Peace is a living creature that for half a dozen chickens will dispense with a dozen of penal statutes.' Other illustrations will be found in Davies's *Supplementary English Glossary*. [Hales quotes from a letter received from the author of this *Glossary*, wherein a sermon is mentioned], probably preached very early in the seventeenth century, which speaks of judges that judge for reward and say with shame, 'Bring you' such

With eyes feure, and beard of formall cut, 163  
 Full of wise sawes, and moderne instances,  
 And so he playes his part. The sixt age shifts 165

as the country calls 'capon justices.' A further illustration of this morally dubious custom is to be found in Massinger's *New Way to Pay Old Debts* [IV, ii, where Mr Justice Greedy, under promise of a yoke of oxen from Wellborn, drives from his presence Tapwell, whose suit, under promise merely of a pair of turkeys, he had at first favoured].

163. formall cut] That is, cut with due regard to his dignity. It is not to be imagined that the nice customs of beards escaped the stern Stubbes. He is particularly entertaining in his 'anatomic' of the barber shops: 'The barbers,' he says in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, 1583 (Part II, p. 50, New Sh. Soc. Reprint), 'haue one maner of cut called the French cut, another the Spanish cut, one the Dutch cut, another the Italian, one the newe cut, another the olde, one of the brauado fashion, another of the meane fashion. One a gentleman's cut, another the common cut, one cut of the court, an other of the country, with infinite the like vanities, which I ouerpasse. They haue also other kinds of cuts innumerable; and therefore when you come to be trimmed, they will aske you whether you will be cut to looke terrible to your enimie or aimiable to your freend, grime & sterne in countenance, or pleasant & demure (for they haue diuers kinds of cuts for all these purposes, or else they lie). Then, when they haue done al their feats, it is a world to consider, how their mowchatowes must be preserued and laid out, from one cheke to another, yea, almost from one eare to another, and turned vp like two hornes towards the forehead.' Harrison, too, has his fling at the fashions of beards. On p. 172, ed. 1587, he says: 'Neither will I meddle with our varietie of beards, of which some are shauen from the chin like those of Turks, not a few cut short like to the beard of marques Otto, some made round like a rubbing brush, other with a *pique de vant* (O fine fashion!) or now and then suffered to grow long, the barbers being growen so cunning in this behalfe as the tailors. And therefore if a man haue a leane and streight face, a marquesse Ottoms cut will make it broad and large; if it be platter like, a long slender beard will make it seeme the narrower; if he be wesell becked, then much heare left on the cheekes will make the owner looke big like a bowlded hen, and so grim as a goose, if Cornelis of Chelmeresford saie true; manie old men doo weare no beards at all.'—*Description of England*, prefixed to Holinshead.

164. moderne] STEEVENS: That is, *trite, common*. So in IV, i, 7 of this play. DYCE: That is, trite, ordinary, common. ('Per modo tutto fuor del *modern* uso.'—Dante, *Purg.* xvi, 42, where Biagioli remarks, '*Moderno*, s'usa qul in senso di *ordinario*.') [It is not worth while to load the page with the various misunderstandings of this word, nor with the various passages wherein it occurs. It suffices to say that it is now understood to bear throughout the meaning of *trite, trivial, commonplace*.—ED.]

164. instances] SCHMIDT (p. 456): The fundamental idea of this word in Shakespeare is 'proof, sign of the truth of anything,' and hence it can naturally mean 'a single example.' [Schmidt translates 'modern instances' by 'Allerwelts-Sentenzen.' In his *Lexicon* he gives as the meaning here: 'A sentence, a saw, a proverb, anything alleged to support one's own opinion.' There are few words in Shakespeare that are used with a greater variety of shades of meaning than this. Schmidt seems to be correct in his interpretation of it here.—ED.]

Into the leane and flipper'd Pantalooone, 166  
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,  
 His youthfull hofe well fau'd, a world too wide,  
 For his shrunke shanke, and his bigge manly voice,  
 Turning againe toward childifh trebble pipes, 170  
 And whistles in his found. Last Scene of all,  
 That ends this strange euentfull historie,  
 Is second childifhneffe, and meere obliuion,  
 Sans teeth, fans eyes, fans taste, fans euery thing. 174

169. *shanke*] *shanks* Han.

170. *trebble pipes*] *treble, pipes* Theob.

166. Pantalooone] CAPELL (p. 60, a): Pantaloon and his mates seem to have found their way into England about the year 1607; the conjecture is founded upon an extract from a play of that date intitl'd: *Travels of Three English Brothers*. [This extract is found in Capell's *School of Shakespeare*, p. 66, wherein there is the following dialogue between Kempe and the 'Harlaken': '*Kemp*. Now Signior, how manie are you in companie? *Harl*. None but my wife and myselfe, sir. *Kemp*. . . . but the project come, and then to casting of the parts. *Harl*. Marry sir, first we will have an old Pantaloune. *Kemp*. Some iealous Coxcombe,' &c.] STEEVENS refers to a curious 'Plotte of the deade mans fortune' (reprinted Var. '21, vol. iii, p. 356), wherein 'the panteloun' is one of the characters, and in one place we find: 'to them the panteloun and pescape with spectacles,' which Steevens cites in illustration of the next line in the present passage, albeit as far as we can see 'pescape' and not 'panteloun' may have worn the spectacles. The date of this 'plotte' is unknown, but it may be fairly assumed to be older than Capell's *Travels*, &c. Malone, however, discovered in Nashe's *Pierce Pennilesse*, &c. 1592 (p. 92, ed. Grosart) the assertion that 'our Sceane is more stately furnisht, . . . and not consisting like [the foreign scene] of a Pantaloun, a Curtizan, and a Zanie, but of Emperours,' &c., from which it does not follow that the 'Pantaloun' never appeared at all in 'our sceane.' DYCE: *Il Pantalone* means properly one of the regular characters in the old Italian comedy: 'There are four standing characters that enter into every piece that comes on the stage, the Doctor, Harlequin, *Pantalone*, and Coviello. . . . *Pantalone* is generally an old cully.'—Addison's *Remarks on Several Parts of Italy*, &c. p. 101, ed. 1705. HALLIWELL: It is possible that the term may here be applied more generally. Howell, 1660, makes a pantaloon synonymous with a 'Venetian magnifico.' In Calot's series of plates illustrating the Italian comedy is one in which the ancient pantaloon is represented as wearing slippers. COWDEN-CLARKE: A comic character of the Italian stage (of Venetian origin, and taken typically of Venice, as *Arlecchino* is of Bergamo, *Pollicinello* of Naples, *Stenterello* of Florence, &c.), wearing slippers, spectacles, and a pouch, and invariably represented as old, lean, and gullible. WRIGHT: Torriano in his Italian Dictionary, 1659, gives, 'Rantalone, a Pantalone, a covetous and yet amorous old dotard, properly applyed in Comedies unto a Venetian.'

167. on nose . . . on side] For instances of the omission of *the* after prepositions in adverbial phrases, see Abbott, § 90.

171. his sound] For 'its sound;' for the use of *its*, see Abbott, § 228.

174. Sans] See line 34, above. HALLIWELL: The present line may have been

*Enter Orlando with Adam.*

175

*Du Sen.* Welcome : set downe your venerable burthen, and let him feede.

177

175. Scene X. Pope+.

177. *and...feede*] Separate line, Rowe  
ii et seq.

suggested by the following description of the appearance of the ghost of Admiral Coligny on the night after his murder at the massacre of St Bartholomew, which occurs in Garnier's poem, the *Henriade*, 1594: 'Sans pieds, sans mains, sans nez, sans oreilles, sans yeux, Meurtri de toutes parts.'

176. venerable burthen] CAPELL (p. 60, *b*): A traditional story was current some years ago about Stratford, that a very old man of that place, of weak intellects, but yet related to Shakespeare, being asked by some of his neighbors what he remembered about him, answer'd, that he saw him once brought on the stage on another man's back; which answer was apply'd by the hearers to his having seen him perform in this scene the part of Adam. That he should have done so is made not unlikely by another constant tradition, that he was no extraordinary actor, and therefore took no parts upon him but such as this: for which he might also be peculiarly fitted by an accidental lameness, which, as he himself tells us twice in his Sonnets, befell him in some part of life; without saying how, or when, of what sort, or in what degree; but his expressions seem to indicate latterly. [It is well to mark the source of this monstrous idea that Shakespeare was lame, because, forsooth, in *Sonnet* 37 he says: 'So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,' and 'Speak of my lameness and I straight will halt' in *Sonnet* 89. Every now and then, in the revolving years, this idea is blazoned forth as new and original by some one who discovers the *Sonnets*—by reading them for the first time. Let the original folly rest with Capell; few of Shakespeare's editors can better afford to bear it. The story (which is a pleasant one, and one, I think, we should all like to believe) that Shakespeare acted the part of Adam, Stevens, also, found in 'the manuscript papers of the late Mr Oldys,' and thus tells it, *Var.* 1793, vol. i, p. 65:] Mr Oldys had covered several quires of paper with laborious collections for a regular life of our author. From these I have made the following extracts: 'One of Shakespeare's younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of *King Charles II*, would in his younger days come to London to visit his brother *Will*, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramattick entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued it seems so long after his brother's death as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity at this time of the most noted actors [exciting them—*Stevens*] to learn something from him of his brother, &c., they justly held him in the highest veneration. And it may be well believed, as there was besides a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them [Charles Hart. See Shakespeare's Will.—*Stevens*], this opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance, more especially in his dramattick character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and possibly his memory so weakened with infirmities (which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects), that he could give them but little light into their inquiries; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother *Will* in that station was, the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having



*Orl.* I thanke you most for him. 178

*Ad.* So had you neede,

I scarce can speake to thanke you for my selfe. 180

*Du. Sen.* Welcome, fall too : I will not trouble you,

As yet to question you about your fortunes :

Giue vs some Musicke, and good Cozen, sing. 183

once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song.' MALONE discredits this story as far as the brother of Shakespeare is concerned, and, after a heartsome sneer at poor old Oldys, says: From Shakespeare's not taking notice of any of his brothers or sisters in his Will, except Joan Hart, I think it highly probable that they were all dead in 1616, except her, at least all those of the whole blood; though in the Register there is no entry of the burial of his brother Gilbert, antecedent to the death of Shakespeare, or at any subsequent period; but we know that he survived his brother Edmund. The truth is, that this account of our poet's having performed the part of an old man in one of his own comedies, came originally from Mr Thomas Jones of Tarbick, in Worcestershire, who related it from the information, not of one of Shakespeare's *brothers*, but of a *relation* of our poet, who lived to a good old age, and who had seen him act in his youth. Mr Jones's informer might have been Mr Richard Quiney, who lived in London, and died at Stratford in 1656, at the age of 69; or of Mr Thomas Quiney, our poet's son-in-law, who lived, I believe, till 1663, and was twenty-seven years old when his father-in-law died; or some one of the family of Hathaway. Mr Thomas Hathaway, I believe, Shakespeare's brother-in-law, died at Stratford in 1654-5, at the age of 85.—*Var. 1821*, ii, 286. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPS (*Outlines*, p. 160, 5th ed.) gives the foregoing story of Oldys, and adds: This account contains several discrepancies, but there is reason for believing that it includes a glimmering of truth which is founded on an earlier tradition. COLLIER (*Seven Lectures, &c. by Coleridge*, 1856, p. xvi): I have a separate note of what Coleridge once said on the subject of the acting powers of Shakespeare, to which I can assign no date; it is in these words: 'It is my persuasion, indeed, my firm conviction, so firm that nothing can shake it—the rising of Shakespeare's spirit from the grave, modestly confessing his own deficiencies, could not alter my opinion—that Shakespeare, in the best sense of the word, was a very great actor; nothing can exceed the judgement he displays upon that subject. He may not have had the physical advantages of Burbage or Field; but they would never have become what they were without his most able and sagacious instructions; and what would either of them have been without Shakespeare's plays? Great dramatists make great actors. But looking at him merely as a performer, I am certain that he was greater as Adam, in *As You Like It*, than Burbage as Hamlet or Richard the Third. Think of the scene between him and Orlando; and think again, that the actor of that part had to carry the author of that play in his arms! Think of having had Shakespeare in one's arms! It is worth having died two hundred years ago to have heard Shakespeare deliver a single line. He must have been a great actor.'

182. to question] That is, by questioning. So, too, I, i, 109; III, v, 66: 'Foule is most foule, being foule to be a scoffer,' i. e. in being. See Abbott, § 356.

## Song.

185

188

184. Amiens sings. Johns.

186, 187. As four lines, Pope.

187. because ..seene] *Thou causest not**that teen* Han.

186. *vnkinde*] MALONE: That is, thy action is not so contrary to thy *kind*, or to human nature, as the ingratitude of man. So in *Ven and Ad.* 204: 'O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind, She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind' DYCE: That is, unnatural. HALLIWELL: But the ordinary meaning of the term makes here a good, perhaps, a finer, sense. WRIGHT: This literal sense of the word [*i. e.* unnatural] appears to be the most prominent here.

187. *seene*] WARBURTON: This song is designed to suit the Duke's exiled condition, who had been ruined by *ungrateful flatterers*. Now the 'winter wind,' the song says, is to be preferred to 'man's ingratitude.' But why? Because it is not *seen*. But this was not only an aggravation of the injury, as it was done in secret, *not seen*, but was the very circumstance that made the keenness of the ingratitude of his faithless courtiers. Without doubt Shakespeare wrote the line thus: 'Because thou art not *sheen*,' *i. e.* smiling, shining, like an ungrateful court-servant, who flatters while he wounds, which was a very good reason for giving the 'winter wind' the preference. The Oxford editor [*i. e.* Hanmer] who had this emendation communicated to him, takes occasion to alter the whole line thus: 'Thou causest not that teen.' But in his rage of correction [This, from Warburton —ED.] he forgot to leave the reason, which is now wanting, Why the *winter wind* was to be preferred to *man's ingratitude*. JOHNSON: Warburton's emendation is enforced with more art than truth. That *sheen* signifies *shining* is easily proved, but when or where did it signify *smiling*? For my part, I question whether the original line is not lost, and this substituted merely to fill up the measure and the rhyme. Yet even out of this line, by strong agitation, may sense be elicited, and sense not unsuitable to the occasion. 'Thou winter wind,' says the Duke [*sic*], 'thy rudeness gives the less pain *as thou art not seen*, as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult.' FARMER: Perhaps it would be as well to read: 'Because *the heart's* not seen,' *ye harts*, according to the ancient mode of writing, was easily corrupted. EDWARDS (p. 106): Shakespeare has equally forgotten, in the next stanza, to leave the reason, why a *freezing sky* is to be preferred to a *forgetful friend*; which, perhaps, may give a reasonable suspicion that the word 'because' in the first stanza may be corrupt. [In quoting this sentence Kenrick (p. 62) suggests that if 'because' is wrong, 'Shakespeare must use the adverb or preposition disjunctive *beside*.'] HEATH (p. 147): What the meaning of the common reading may be, it is extremely difficult to discover, which gives great ground for suspicion that it may be corrupt. Possibly it might be intended to be this: The impressions thou makest or us are not so cutting, because thou art an unseen agent, with whom we have not the least acquaintance or converse, and therefore have the less reason to repine at thy treatment of us. KENRICK (p. 65): The scoliasts seem to blunder in mistaking the sense of the word 'keen,' which they take to signify *sharp, cutting, piercing*; whereas

*Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly,  
Most frendship, is fayning; most Louing, meere folly:* 190

*The heigh ho, the holly,*

*This Life is most iolly.*

*Freize, freize, thou bitter skie that dost not bight so nigh  
as benefitts forgot:*

*Though thou the waters warpe, thy sting is not so sharpe,* 195  
*as freind remembred not.*

*Heigh ho, sing, &c.* 197

191. The] *Then* Rowe et seq.

193. bight] *bite* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

193. As two lines, Pope et seq.

196. remembred] *rememb'ring* Han.

it only means *eager, vehement*; a sense equally common with the former. The poet here speaks only of a keenness of appetite; he does not mention actual biting till he comes to address a more proper and powerful agent. Besides, if 'keen' here means *sharp, piercing*, this line hath the same meaning as [line 195] where the poet is at the last stage of his climax. And I think he would hardly be guilty of such a piece of tautology, in the space of so few lines, or address the less severe and powerful agent exactly in the same manner as he does that which is more so. STEEVENS: Compare *Love's Lab. L.* IV, iii, 105: 'Through the velvet leaves the *wind*, All *unseen*, can passage find.' MALONE: Again, in *Meas. for Meas.* III, i, 124: 'To be imprison'd in the *viewless winds*.' HARNES: I never perceived any difficulty till it was pointed out by the commentators, but supposed the words to mean that the inclemency of the wind was not so severely felt as the ingratitude of man, because the foe is unseen, *i. e.* unknown, and the sense of injury is not heightened by the recollection of any former kindness. STAUNTON: If change is imperative, one less violent [than Warburton's or Farmer's] will afford a meaning quite in harmony with the sentiment of the song; we might read, 'Because thou art *foreseen*.' But the original text is, perhaps, susceptible of a different interpretation to that it has received. The poet certainly could not intend that the wintry blast was less cutting because invisible; he might mean, however, that the keenness of the wind's tooth was inherent, and not a quality developed (like the malice of a false friend) by the opportunity of inflicting a hurt unseen. REV. JOHN HUNTER: I have not met with any satisfactory explanation of this line. If the text be accurate, I would venture to interpret as follows: 'It is not because thou art invisible, and canst do hurt in secret and with impunity, that thou bitest so keenly as thou dost.' Here I do not regard the expression 'so keen' as meaning 'so keen as the tooth of ingratitude.' [It is highly probable that Harness speaks for us all, and that our first intimation of a difficulty comes from the commentators. Sufficing paraphrases are given, I think, by Dr Johnson, Heath, and Harness.—ED.]

189. Heigh ho] WHITE: The manner in which this is said and sung by intelligent people makes it worth noticing that this is '*hey ho!*' and not the 'heigh, ho!' (pronounced *high, ho!*) of a sigh. It should be pronounced *hay-ho*.

189. holly] HALLIWELL: Songs of the holly were current long before the time of Shakespeare. It was the emblem of mirth.

195. warpe] KENRICK: The surface of such waters as is here meant, so long as they remain unfrozen, is apparently a perfect plane; whereas when they are frozen,

[Though thou the waters warpe]

this surface deviates from its exact flatness, or *warps*. This is peculiarly remarkable in small ponds, the surface of which, when frozen, forms a regular concave, the ice on the sides rising higher than that in the middle. JOHNSON: To *warp* is to *turn*, and to *turn* is to *change*: when milk is *changed* by curdling, we say it is *turned*; when water is *changed* or *turned* by frost, Shakespeare says it is *curdled*. To be *warp'd* is only to be changed from its natural state. STEEVENS: Dr Farmer supposes *warp'd* to mean the same as *curdled*, and adds that a similar idea occurs in *Coriol.* V, iii, 66: '—the icicle That's curdled by the frost.' HOLT WHITE: Among a collection of Saxon adages in Hickes's *Thesaurus*, vol. i, p. 221, the succeeding appears: 'winter sceal geweorpan wede,' *winter shall warp water*. [See Wright's note, *post.*] So that Shakespeare's expression was anciently proverbial. WHITER: 'Warp' signifies to *contract*, and is so used without any allusion to the precise physical process which takes place in that contraction. Cold and winter have been always described as *contracting*; heat and summer as *dissolving* or *softening*. The cold is said to 'warp the waters' when it contracts them into the solid substance of ice and suffers them no longer to continue in a *liquid* or *flowing* state. NARES: It appears that to 'warp' sometimes was used poetically in the sense of to *weave*, from the *warp* which is first prepared in weaving cloth. Hence [the present passage] may be explained, 'though thou weave the waters into a firm texture.' CALDECOTT: In III, iii, 80, Jaques says, 'then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel; and, like green timber, warp, warp;' and from the inequalities it makes in the surface of the earth the mold-*warp* (or mole) is so denominated. And see Golding's *Ovid*, II [p. 22 verso. ed. 1567]: 'Hir handes gan warpe and into pawes ylfauordly to grow. 'Curvarique manus et aduncos crescere in ungues Cœperunt.' [It is proper to repeat the foregoing notes here, erroneous in the main though they be, because some of them, in whole or in part, are found in modern editions. But the note which supersedes all others, and which conclusively determines the meaning, is as follows:] WRIGHT: In the Anglosaxon *weorpan*, or *wyrpan*, from which 'warp' is derived, there are the two ideas of throwing and turning. By the former of these it is connected with the German *werfen*, and by the latter with Anglosaxon *hweorfan* and Gothic *hwairban*. The prominent idea of the English 'warp' is that of turning or changing, from which that of shrinking or contracting, as wood does, is derivative. So in *Meas. for Meas.* I, i, 15, Shakespeare uses it as equivalent to 'swerve,' to which it may be etymologically akin: 'There is our commission From which we would not have you warp.' Hence 'warped,' equivalent to *distorted*, in *Lear*, III, vi, 56: 'And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim What store her heart is made on.' With which compare *Wint. Tale*, I, ii, 365: 'This is strange: methinks My favour here begins to warp.' And *All's Well*, V, iii, 49: 'Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me Which warp'd the line of every other favour.' In the present passage Shakespeare seems to have had the same idea in his mind. The effect of the freezing wind is to change the aspect of the water, and we need not go so far as Whiter, who insists that 'warp' here means to contract, and so accurately describes the action of frost upon water. A fragment from a collection of gnomie sayings, preserved in Anglosaxon in the Exeter (MS), has been quoted by Holt White and repeated by subsequent commentators under the impression that it illustrates this passage. This impression is founded on a mistake. [White renders the fragment 'winter shall warp water.'] But, unfortunately, 'water' is not mentioned, and the word so rendered is 'weather,' that is, 'fair weather,' and is moreover the subject of the following and not the object

*Duke Sen.* If that you were the good Sir *Rowlands* son, 198  
 As you haue whisper'd faithfully you were,  
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witnesse, 200  
 Most truly limn'd, and liuing in your face,  
 Be truly welcome hither : I am the Duke  
 That lou'd your Father, the residue of your fortune,  
 Go to my Caue, and tell mee. Good old man,  
 Thou art right welcome, as thy masters is : 205  
 Support him by the arme : giue me your hand,  
 And let me all your fortunes vnderstand. *Exeunt.* 207

198, 199. *were*] *are* Dyce conj.

205. *masters*] *F.*

of the preceding verb. [In Caldecott's quotation from Golding's *Ovid*] the idea of bending or turning, and so distorting, is again the prominent one. We may, therefore, understand by the warping of the waters either the change produced in them by the action of the frost or the bending and ruffling of their surface caused by the wintry wind.

196. *remembred not*] CAPELL (p. 61) : This is subject to great ambiguity in this place; as signifying who is not remember'd by his friend, as well as who has no remembrance of his friend; which was sometimes its signification of old, and is so here. MALONE: 'Remember'd' for *remembering*. So afterwards, III, v, 136: 'And now I am remembred,' *i. e.* 'and now that I *bethink* me.' WHITE: replies to Malone: Certainly not. If ingratitude consists in one friend not *remembering* another, it surely must consist likewise in one friend not *being* remember'd by another. So in the former line, 'benefits forgot' *by* our friend, or our friend *forgetting* benefits, will prove him equally ungrateful. MOBERLY: As what an unremembered friend feels—compendiary comparison.

199. *whisper'd*] By the use of this word we are artfully told that the Duke and Orlando had carried on a subdued conversation during the music. How old this practice is, and what vitality it has!—ED.

200. *effigies*] A trisyllable, with the accent on the second syllable.

203. *residue*] By considering the unaccented *i* in the middle of this word as dropped, Abbott, § 467, thus scans: 'That lóv'd | your fáther: | the rési | due óf | your fórtune.' [Again, I doubt.—ED.]

205. *Thou*] Note the change of address to a servant.—ED.

*Actus Tertius . Scena Prima.**Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliver.*

*Du.* Not see him since ? Sir, fir, that cannot be :  
 But were I not the better part made mercie,  
 I should not seeke an absent argument  
 Of my reuenge, thou present : but looke to it, §  
 Finde out thy brother wherefoere he is,  
 Seeke him with Candle : bring him dead, or liuing  
 Within this tweluemonth, or turne thou no more  
 To seeke a liuing in our Territorie.  
 Thy Lands and all things that thou dost call thine, 10  
 Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,  
 Till thou canst quit thee by thy brothers mouth,  
 Of what we thinke against thee.

*Ol.* Oh that your Highnesse knew my heart in this :  
 I neuer lou'd my brother in my life. 15

*Duke.* More villaine thou. Well push him out of dores

1. The Palace. Rowe.  
 Duke] Duke junior. Cap. Duke  
 Frederick Mal.  
 2. *see*] *seen* Coll. (MS) ii, iii, Sing.  
 Ktly, Huds.

4. *seeke*] *see* Ff.  
 7. *with Candle*] *instantly* Cartwright  
 8. *tweluemonth*] *tweluumoneth* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub>.  
 16. *Well push*] *Well—Push* Johns.

3. the better part] See, for similar omissions of prepositions, Abbott, § 202. Cf. all points, I, iii, 123.

4. argument] JOHNSON : An argument is used for the *contents* of a book ; thence Shakespeare considered it as meaning the *subject*, and then used it for *subject* in yet another sense. [Cf. I, ii, 278.]

5. thou present] ABBOTT, § 381 : The participle is sometimes implied in the case of a simple word, such as 'being.'

7. Candle] STEEVENS : Probably alluding to St Luke, xv, 8.

11. seize] The usual legal term for taking possession. It is doubtful, however, whether 'seizure' be used in a legal sense, although I am not sure that a nice legal point might not be herein detected by a wild enthusiast for the still wilder theory that Shakespeare was not the author of these plays. As there can be in strict law no 'seizure' until after 'forfeiture,' the forfeiture in the case before us is made alternative upon Oliver's producing the body of Orlando, in which case a 'verbal seizure' will hold. Clearly, therefore, it is this seizure *in posse* which is here intended, and not a seizure which can follow only conviction and forfeiture; the term is thus used in its strictest, choicest, legal sense, and approves the consummate legal knowledge of Ba—I should say, Shakespeare.—ED.

And let my officers of such a nature 17  
 Make an extent vpon his house and Lands:  
 Do this expediently, and turne him going. *Exeunt* 19

18. extent] LORD CAMPBELL (p. 49): A deep technical knowledge of law is here displayed, howsoever it may have been acquired. The usurping Duke wishing all the real property of Oliver to be seized, awards a writ of *extent* against him, in the language which would be used by the Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer, an *extendi facias* applying to house and lands, as a *feri facias* would apply to goods and chattels, or a *capias ad satisfaciendum* to the person. [I cannot but think that the present is a passage which so far from showing any 'deep technical knowledge of law,' shows not much more than the ordinary knowledge (perhaps even a little vague at that), which must have been almost universal in Shakespeare's day, when statutes merchant and statutes staple were in common use and wont. It may be even possible that there is here an instance of that confusion which follows like a fate dramatists and novelists who invoke the law as a *Deus ex machina*. That Shakespeare is wonderfully correct in general is continually manifest. But I doubt if the present be one of the happiest examples. Lord Campbell, when he says that the Duke aims at Oliver's realty by this writ of *extent*, overlooked the fact that the Duke had already 'seized' not only all Oliver's realty, but even all his personalty, by an act of arbitrary power. After this display on the part of the Duke that he should invoke the aid of the sheriff and proceed according to due process of law and apply for a writ of *extendi facias*, which could only issue on due forfeiture of a recognizance or acknowledged debt (under circumstances which had not here occurred), is inconsequential, to say the least, and betokens either a confused knowledge of law (which could be only doubtfully imputed to Shakespeare), or an entire indifference to such trivial details or sharp quilllets which only load without helping the progress of the plot. It was dramatically necessary that Oliver should be set adrift, houseless and landless, in order that he and Orlando should hereafter meet; how he was to be rendered houseless and landless was of little moment, the use of a legal term or so would be all-sufficient to create the required impression; officers of the law are ordered to make 'an extent' upon his house and lands, and the end is gained. A 'deep technical knowledge' of the writ of *extendi facias* in Shakespeare's day would know that with the lands and goods of the debtor in cases where the Crown was concerned, as here, the sheriff was commanded to take the body also; but this would never do in the present case; Oliver must not himself be detained; he has to be sent forth, somewhere to meet with Orlando; either the sheriff will have to apply to the Court for instructions or the writ must be radically modified. In short, is it not clear that the law here, as it is in *The Merchant of Venice*, is invoked merely for dramatic purposes, and was neither intended to be shrilly sounded nor technically exact?—ED.]

19. expediently] JOHNSON: That is, expeditiously. [For other instances of expedient,' in the sense of *expeditious*, see Schmidt, s. v.]

*Scena Secunda.**Enter Orlando.*

*Orl.* Hang there my verfe, in witneffe of my loue,  
 And thou thrice crowned Queene of night furuey  
 With thy chafte eye, from thy pale fpheare aboue  
 Thy Huntreffe name, that my full life doth fway. 5  
 O *Rosalind*, thefe Trees fhall be my Bookes,  
 And in their barkes my thoughts Ile charrafter,  
 That euerie eye, which in this Forreft lookes,  
 Shall fee thy vertue witneft euery where.  
 Run, run *Orlando*, carue on euery Tree, 10  
 The faire, the chafte, and vnexprefsiue fhee. *Exit*

1. The Forrest. Rowe.

Orlando] with a Paper. Cap.

3. *thrice crowned*] *thrice-crowned*  
Theob. et seq.5. *name*] *fame* Anon.

3. *thrice crowned Queene*] JOHNSON: Alluding to the triple character of Proserpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by some mythologists to the same goddess, and comprised in these memorial lines: 'Terret, lustrat, agit; Proserpina, Luna, Diana; Ima, superna, feras; sceptro, fulgore, sagittis.' SINGER: Shakespeare was doubtless familiar with Chapman's *Hymns*, and the following from *Hymnus in Cynthia*, 1594, may have been in his mind: 'Nature's bright *eye-sight*, and the night's fair soul, That with thy *triple forehead* dost control Earth, seas, and hell.' [Although this has been repeated by four or five subsequent editors, I fail to detect any grounds for the supposition that Shakespeare had ever seen the passage.—ED.]

5. *Thy Huntresse name*] COWDEN-CLARKE: Orlando calls his mistress one of Diana's huntresses, as being a votaress of her order; a maiden lady, a virgin princess. Just as Hero is styled the 'virgin knight' of the 'goddess of the night.'

5. *sway*] STEEVENS: So in *Twelfth N.* II, v, 118: 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my lite.'

11. *vnexprefsiue*] JOHNSON: For inexpressible. MALONE: Milton also: 'With unexprefsiue notes to Heaven's new-born Heir.'—*Hymn to the Nativity*, 116. CALDECOTT quotes *Lycidas*, 176: 'And hears the unexprefsiue nuptial song.' WALKER (*Crit.* i, 179) gives many instances of adjectives in *-ive* that 'are frequently used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries, so to speak, in a passive sense.' On p. 182 he asks: 'Did this usage originate in the unmanageable length of some of the adjectives in *able* and *ible*, as *unfuppreffible*, *uncomprehenfible*?' The corresponding section in Abbott is § 3.

11. *shée*] For other instances where *he* and *she* are used for *man* and *woman*, see Abbott, § 224. See line 378, *post*.



Was't euer in Court, Shepherd?

32

*Cor.* No truly.

*Clo.* Then thou art damn'd.

*Cor.* Nay, I hope.

35

*Clo.* Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill roasted Egge,  
all on one side.

*Cor.* For not being at Court? your reason.

*Clo.* Why, if thou neuer was't at Court, thou neuer  
faw'ft good manners : if thou neuer faw'ft good maners,

4C

32, 39. *was't*] Ff, Rowe. *wast* Pope.

35. *hope.*] *hope*—Rowe et seq.

because he reasons from his observations on nature. MALONE: A *natural* being a common term for a fool, Touchstone, perhaps, means to quibble on the word. CALDECOTT: So far as reasoning from his observations on nature, in such sort a philosopher; and yet as having been schooled only by nature, so far no better than a fool, a motley fool. [See I, ii, 51.]

36, 37. Truly . . . side] JOHNSON: Of this jest I do not fully comprehend the meaning. STEEVENS: There is a proverb that 'a fool is the best roaster of an egg, because he is always turning it.' This will explain how an egg may be 'damn'd all on one side'; but will not sufficiently show how Touchstone applies his simile with propriety; unless he means that he who has not been at court is but *half* educated. MALONE: Touchstone only means to say that Corin is completely damn'd; as irretrievably destroyed as an egg that is utterly spoiled in the roasting, by being done all on one side only. [It is by no means easy to decide here on the best punctuation. It is likely, I think, that it was the punctuation of the Folios which misled Dr Johnson and prevented him from seeing that 'all on one side' applies to the egg and not to the 'damn'd.' An illustration of the perplexity which may attend the placing of even a comma is to be found in the texts of the Cambridge Edition, of the Globe, and of the Clarendon. In the first and second the text is punctuated: 'Thou art damned like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side,' which is not good, and would not have helped Dr Johnson. In the Clarendon Edition, however, WRIGHT, improving on the Cambridge and Globe texts, thus punctuates: 'Thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side,' which would have made the jest as clear to Dr Johnson as it does to us all.—ED.]

\* 39, &c. WARBURTON: This reasoning is drawn up in imitation of Friar John's to Panurge in Rabelais: 'Si tu es cocqu, *Ergo* ta femme sera belle, *Ergo* seras bien traicté d'elle: *Ergo* tu auras des amys beaucoup; *ergo* tu seras saulé' [Liv. III, chap. xxviii. Although there is no good ground for supposing that there is any connection here between Shakespeare and Rabelais, yet it is worth while to note all these parallelisms; they have lately attracted attention at home and in Germany.—ED.].

40. maners] CALDECOTT (*App.* p. 19): *Good* manners (and manners meant *morals*, no such term as *morals* being to be found in the dictionaries of these times) signified urbanity or civility, *i. e.* cultivated, polished manners as opposed to rusticity, *i. e.* coarse, unformed, clownish, or *ill-manners*. He, then, that has only good principles and good conduct, without good breeding and civility, is short of perfection by the *half*; and for want of this other half of that *good*, which is necessary to salvation,

then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is fin, 41  
and finne is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state shep-  
heard.

*Cor.* Not a whit *Touchstone*, those that are good ma-  
ners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as 45  
the behauour of the Countrie is most mockeable at the  
Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but  
you kisse your hands; that courtesie would be vncleanlie  
if Courtiers were shepheards.

*Clo.* Instance, briefly : come, instance. 50

*Cor.* Why we are still handling our Ewes, and their  
Fels you know are greasie.

*Clo.* Why do not your Courtiers hands sweate? and  
is not the grease of a Mutton, as wholefome as the sweat 54

42. *parlous*] *par'lous* Cap.

44. *Touchstone*] *Mr. Touchstone* Cap.  
*Master Touchstone* Dyce iii, Huds.

44. *are*] *have* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe i.

54. *a*] Om. F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe, Pope, Han.

or the perfect man, is like a half-roasted egg, damn'd on one side. The earlier sense of the word *manners*, as '*manners* makyth man,' the motto of William of Wykeham (and familiar to us almost as the Bible translation of the passage in Euripides: 'Evil communications corrupt good manners'), occurs in the works of an old pedagogue: 'I wyll somewhat speke of the scholer's *maners* or duty: for *maners* (as they say) maketh man. De discipulorum *moribus* pauca contexam. Nam *mores* (ut aiunt) hominem exornant.'—*Vulgaria*, Roberti Whittintoni, 1521. As it does in Milton's *Areopagitica*: 'That also, which is impious or evil absolutely against faith or *manners*, no law can possibly permit, that tends not to unlaw itself'

42. *parlous*] RITSON (p. 133): A corruption of *perilous*. DYCE also gives *alarm-ing*, *amazing*, *keen*, *shrewd*. COLLIER suggests that it may even sometimes mean *talkative*, 'as in Day's *Law Tricks*, 1608: "A parlous youth, sharp and satirical." Perhaps, being "sharp and satirical," the youth was on that account *perilous* or "par-lous."' WRIGHT: The spelling represents the pronunciation.

44. Not a whit] WRIGHT: As 'not' is itself a contraction of *nāwihit* or *nawhit*, not a whit' is redundant.

44. *Touchstone*] See Textual Notes. DYCE: Capell is doubtless right. The Folio omits *Master*. But compare Corin's first speech in this scene; and let us remember that the word *Master*, being often expressed in MSS by the single letter *M*, might easily be omitted. [How if Shakespeare intended to indicate increasing familiarity on the part of the shepherd?—ED.]

47. but] ABBOTT, § 125: That is, without kissing your hands.

51. still] That is, constantly. See Shakespeare, *passim*.

52. *Fels*] A word of common occurrence in this country. From the fact that Wright has an explanatory note, and cites Florio, Chapman, and the Wicliffe Version of Job, it is to be inferred that the word is measurably lost in England.—ED

54. a Mutton] Compare 'As flesh of muttons.'—*Mer. of Ven.* I, iii, 172.

of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance I say: 55  
Come.

*Cor.* Besides, our hands are hard.

*Clo.* Your lips will feeble them the sooner. Shallow a-  
gen: a more sounder instance, come.

*Cor.* And they are often tarr'd ouer, with the surgery 60  
of our sheepe: and would you haue vs kisse Tarre? The  
Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Ciuet.

*Clo.* Most shallow man: Thou wormes meate in re-  
spect of a good peece of flesh indeed: learne of the wife  
and perpend: Ciuet is of a baser birth then Tarre, the 65  
verie vncleanly fluxe of a Cat. Mend the instance Shep-  
heard.

*Cor.* You haue too Courtly a wit, for me, Ile rest.

*Clo.* Wilt thou rest damn'd? God helpe thee shallow  
man: God make incision in thee, thou art raw. 70

*Cor.* Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earne that I eate: get  
that I weare; owe no man hate, enuie no mans happi- 72

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 59. <i>more</i> ] Om. Pope, Han.                         | 63. <i>wormes meate</i> ] <i>worms-meat</i> Rowe         |
| 60. <i>ouer, with</i> ] <i>overwith</i> F <sub>1</sub> . | 64. <i>flesh indeed</i> :] <i>flesh, indeed</i> ! Theob. |
| 62. <i>Courtiers</i> ] <i>Countiers</i> F <sub>2</sub> . | Warb. <i>flesh—indeed</i> !— Johns. <i>flesh</i> :       |
| 63. <i>shallow man</i> :] <i>shallow, man</i> .          | <i>Indeed</i> !— Steev.                                  |
| Rowe. <i>shallow man</i> ! Theob.                        | <i>indeed</i> ] <i>indeed</i> F <sub>2</sub> .           |

59. *more sounder*] For other instances of double comparatives, see Abbott, § 11.  
63. *wormes meate*] WRIGHT: It is not impossible that this expression may have  
struck Shakespeare in a book which he evidently read, the treatise of Vincentio  
Saviolo, in which [*The 2. Booke*, between sig. G g 3 and H] a printer's device is found  
with the motto: 'O WORMES MEATE. O FROATH: O VANITIE. WHY ART THOU SO  
INSOLENT.'

65. *perpend*] SCHMIDT: A word used only by Polonius, Pistol, and the Clowns.

66. *Cat*] Cotgrave: 'Civet: f. Ciuet; also (the beasts that breeds it) a Ciuet  
cat.'

70. *incision*] HEATH (p. 147): That is, God give thee a better understanding;  
thou art very raw and simple as yet. The expression probably alludes to the common  
proverbial saying, concerning a very silly fellow, that he ought to be cut for the sim-  
ples. CALDECOTT: That is, enlarge, open thy mind. COLLIER: Heath's explana-  
tion seems supported by the next speech of Touchstone, 'That is another *simple* sense  
in you.' GRANT WHITE: The meaning of this phrase, which evidently had a well-  
known colloquial significance, has not been satisfactorily explained. Heath's expla-  
nation is the more plausible; but the meaning has probably been lost. WRIGHT: The  
reference is to the old method of cure for most maladies by blood-letting.

70. *raw*] MALONE: That is, thou art ignorant, inexperienced. [This word it is  
which, to me, throws a doubt on the explanations that have been offered of 'incision.'

neffe : glad of other mens good content with my harme : 73  
and the greateft of my pride, is to fee my Ewes graze, &  
my Lambes fucke. 75

*Clo.* That is another fimple finne in you, to bring the  
Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your  
liuing, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bawd to a Bel-  
weather, and to betray a shee-Lambe of a tweluemonth  
to a crooked-pated olde Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all 80  
reafonable match. If thou bee'ft not damn'd for this, the  
diuell himfelfe will haue no fhepherds. I cannot fee elfe  
how thou fhouldft fcape.

*Cor.* Heere comes yong M<sup>r</sup>Ganimed, my new Miftrif-  
fes Brother. 85

*Enter Rosalinde.*

*Rof.* From the east to western Inde,  
no iewel is like Rosalinde,  
Hir worth being mounted on the winde,  
through all the world beares Rosalinde. 90  
All the pictures fairest Linde,  
are but blacke to Rosalinde : 92

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 73. good] good, Ff et seq.                              | 86. Enter...] Enter...with a paper.                       |
| 78. bawd] a bawd F <sub>3</sub> F <sub>4</sub> , Rowe+. | Rowe.   |
| 79. tweluemonth] twelvemoneth F <sub>3</sub> .          | 87. western] the western Pope, Han.                       |
| twelve-month old Han.                                   | Inde] Jude F <sub>4</sub> .                               |
| 82. else] Om. F <sub>3</sub> F <sub>4</sub> , Rowe.     | 89. Hir] F <sub>2</sub> .                                 |
| 84. yong] Om. F <sub>3</sub> F <sub>4</sub> , Rowe.     | 90. beares] beards F <sub>4</sub> .                       |
| M <sup>r</sup> ] M. F., master Steev. et seq.           | 91. Linde] F <sub>3</sub> F <sub>4</sub> , Lind F., Rowe. |
| 84, 85. Mistrisfes] mistress' Cald. Knt,                | linn'd Johns. Cap. Mal. '90. lin'd Pope                   |
| Wh. i.  | et cet.   |
| 86. Scene IV. Pope+.                                    |   |

73. harme] KNIGHT: Resigned to any evil. ROLFE: 'Patient in tribulation.'

84. Mistrisfes] KEIGHTLEY (*Exp.* 159): Though it stands thus in the Folio, metre and the usage of the time reject the s. [*Aliquando dormitat*, &c. There is no metre here to demand a change.—ED.]

87. Inde] WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 62): This is the old pronunciation of *Ind*, or rather, as in the Folio, *Inde*. Fairfax's *Tasso*, B. v, st. lii, 'And kill their kings from Egypt unto Inde,' rhyming with *mind* and *inclin'd*; and so B. vii, st. lxiix, *finde*—*Inde*—*binde*. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, B. i, C. v, st. iv, *Ynd* (*Ind*), rhyming with *bynd* and *assynd*. And so C. v, st. ii, *behind*, *unkind*, *find*, *Ynd*. Drayton, *Poly-olbion*, Song ii, 'ships That from their anchoring bays have travelled to find Large China's wealthy realmes, and view'd the either Inde.' Sylvester's *Dubartas*, ii. ii. ii. ed. 1641, p. 124, 'More golden words, than in his crown there shin'd Pearls, diamonds, and other gems of Inde.' Carew, ed. Clarke, cxxi, p. 164, 'Go I to Holland, France, or furthest Inde, I change but only countries, not my mind.' Did not Milton thus pronounce it, *Par*

*Let no face bee kept in mind,  
but the faire of Rosalinde.* 93

*Clo.* Ile rime you fo, eight yeares together ; dinners, 95  
and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted : it is the right  
Butter-womens ranke to Market. 97

94. faire of] most fair F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe 1. Var. '21, Cald. Knt, Sing. Hal. Ktly  
face of Rowe ii+, Cap. Dyce iii, Huds. Coll. iii.  
fair face of Ktly conj. 97. ranke] rate Han. Johns. Steev.  
97. womens] woman's Johns. Steev. Mal. canter Cartwright

*L*, ii, 2?—'High on a throne of royal state, that far Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind.' WRIGHT: In *Love's Lab. L.* IV, iii, 222, 'Inde' rhymes with 'blind.'

91. Linde] STEEVENS: That is, most fairly delineated. WHITER: The most beautiful *lines* or touches exhibited by art are inferior to the natural traits of beauty which belong to Rosalind.

93, 94. face . . . faire] STEEVENS: 'Fair' is *beauty, complexion*. Compare Lodge's *Novel*: 'Then muse not nymphes, though I bemoane The absence of faire Rosalynde, Since for her *faire* there is fairer none.' [See Appendix, *Rosalynde's Description*; in Rosader's *Third Sonnet* 'faire' is four times used in the sense of *beauty*. Walker (*Crit.* i, 327) proposed to read *fair* in line 93; Dyce, who followed Rowe in reading *face* in line 94, objected to it on account of 'fairest' just above. Both changes, Rowe's and Walker's, are plausible and attractive, but we ought always resolutely to set our fair faces against any change which is not imperatively demanded; as Dr Johnson says, the compositors who had Shakespeare's text before them are more likely to have read it right than we who read it only in imagination.—ED.]

96. right] True, exact, downright. See line 119, *post*, 'the right vertue of the Medler.'

97. ranke] GREY (i, 180): A friend puts the qu. If 'butter-woman's *rant a* market' might not be more proper. CAPELL (p. 61): 'Rank' means the order observ'd by such women; travelling all in one road, with exact intervals between horse and horse. STEEVENS: The sense designed might have been, it is such wretched rhyme as the butter-woman sings as she is *riding* to market. So, in Churchyard's *Charge*, 1580, 'And use a kinde of *riding rime*.' Again in his *Farrwell from the Courte*: 'A man male, says he, use a kinde of *ridyng rime*.' [Steevens also refers to the Scotch *ratt rime*, which Jamieson, *s. v.*, defines as 'any thing repeated by rote, especially if of the doggerel kind.'] HENLEY: The clown is here speaking in reference to the ambling pace of the metre, which, after giving a specimen of, to prove his assertion, he affirms to be 'the very false gallop of verses.' MALONE: A passage in *All's Well*, IV, i, 44: 'Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils,' once induced me to think that the volubility of the butter-woman selling her wares at market was alone in our author's thoughts, and that he wrote '*rate at market*' [which is a modification of the emendation proposed by Grey's 'friend.—ED.]; but I am now persuaded that Hamner's emendation is right. The *hobbling* metre of these verses (says Touchstone) is like the *ambling, shuffling* pace of a butter-woman's horse, going to market. The same kind of imagery is found in *1 Hen. IV.* III, i, 134: 'mincing poetry; 'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.' WHITER (p. 30): If *rate* con-

## [Butter-womens ranke to Market]

veys a sense suitable to the occasion, 'rank' will certainly be preferable; as it expresses the same thing with an additional idea; and perhaps the very idea in which the chief force of the comparison is placed. 'The right Butter-women's *rank* to market' means the *jog-trot rate* (as it is vulgarly called) with which Butter-women uniformly travel *one after another* in their road to market; in its application to Orlando's poetry, it means a *set* or *string* of verses in the *same coarse cadence and vulgar uniformity of rhythm*. CALDECOTT: In the same sense we have, 'The *rank* of ozers by the murmuring stream.'—IV, iii, 83. [To Steevens's instances of *riding* rhymes Caldecott adds from Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, p. 76, ed. Arber:] 'Chaucer's other verses of the Canterbury Tales be but riding ryme, neuertheless very well becomming,' &c. [Guest (*Hist. of Eng. Rhythms*, vol. ii, p. 238) says: 'The metre of five accents with couplet rhyme, may have got its earliest name of 'riding rhyme' from the *mounted* pilgrims of the Canterbury Tales.'—ED.] KNIGHT: We think that Whiter's explanation is right; and that Shakespeare, moreover, had in mind the *pack-horse* roads, where one traveller must follow another in single *rank*. WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 62): Not, I think, 'rhyme' (rime—*ranke*), on account of the repetition. [This I do not understand.—ED.] At any rate, *rank* is wrong. [To this Lettsom adds the following foot-note:] 'Rank,' no doubt, is rank nonsense. . . . Hanmer's *rate* seems to me the genuine word. Even Whiter pays it an involuntary homage, when he explains *rank* as 'the jog-trot *rate* with which butter-women uniformly travel one after another in their road to market'; [This shows that Lettsom had not looked up Whiter's note in the original, but had taken the final sentence, which alone is given in the Var. of '21.—ED.] 'one after another' is added to save 'rank,' as if *rank* meant *file*. Butter-women, going each from her solitary farm to the nearest market-town, would travel most of their way alone, and the critics, I suspect, would never have dreamt of drawing them up in rank or file, if they had not had a conjecture to attack. [DYCE, after quoting this note, quietly adds: For my own part, I think *rank*' the true reading.] HALLIWELL: The term 'rank' is of constant occurrence in the sense of range, line, file, order; in fact, to [*sic*] any things following each other. Thus Browne, *Britannia's Pastorals*, speaks of trees 'circling in a ranke.' The more common meaning is row. 'Range all thy swannes, faire Thames, together on a rancke.'—Drayton's *Shepherd's Garland*, 1593. 'There be thirty egges laide in a ranche, every one three foote from another.'—Hood's *Elements of Arithmetick*, 1596. 'Short be the rank of pearls circling her tongue.'—Cotgrave's *Wits Interpreter*, 1671. STAUNTON: Whiter's explanation is not satisfactory. From a passage in Drayton's poem, *The Shepherd's Sirena*, it might be inferred that 'rank' was a familiar term for *chorus* or *rhyme*: 'On thy bank, In a rank, Let thy swans sing her.' And 'butter-women's rank' may have been only another term for verse which rhymed in couplets, called of old 'riding ryme.' DYCE (*Gloss.*) quotes this note of Staunton, and adds, 'but by "rank" Drayton assuredly means *row*.' COLLIER (ed. i): 'Rank,' as Whiter observes, means the order in which they go one after another, and therefore Shakespeare says, 'butter-women's,' and not *butter-woman's*, as it has been corrupted of late years. WRIGHT: That is, going one after another, at a jog-trot, like butter-women going to market. This seems to be the meaning, if 'rank' is the true reading. It is open to the rather pedantic objection that it makes 'rank' equivalent to *file*. But it may be used simply in the sense of *order*. I am inclined to consider *rack* to be the proper word, and I would justify this conjecture by the following quotations from Cotgrave's *Fr. Dict.*: 'Amble: f. An amble, pace, racke; an ambling or

Rof. Out Foole.

98

Clo. For a taste.

*If a Hart doe lacke a Hinde,*

100

*Let him secke out Rosalinde:*

*If the Cat will after kinde,*

*so be sure will Rosalinde:*

*Wintred garments must be linde,*

*so must slender Rosalinde:*

105

*They that reap must sheafe and binde,*

*then to cart with Rosalinde.*

*Sweetest nut, hath sowrest rinde,*

*such a nut is Rosalinde.*

*He that sweetest rose will finde,*

110

*must finde Loues pricke, & Rosalinde.*

This is the verie false gallop of Verses, why doe you infect your selfe with them?

113

100-111. In sens. obsc. In re. *kinde*, cf. *M. of V.* I, iii, 88. In re. *linde*, hoc verbo congressus caninus significabatur, v. Cotgrave, s. v. *Ligner*; immo hodie verbum sic usum est. In re. *cart*, quære symbolum incontinentiæ? cf. 'rascal beadle,' &c., *Lear*, IV, vi, 158, et *Tam. Shr.* I, i, 55. In ll. 108, 109, vestimentum virile,

quo Rosa. induta est, fortasse significatur.—ED.

100. doe] *doth* Rowe+.

104. Wintred] F., Cald. Knt, Coll. i, Wh. i, Hal. Winter F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub> et cet.

linde] lin'd F<sub>4</sub>.

108. nut] meat F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe.

racking pace; a smooth or easie gate.' 'Ambler. To amble, pace; racke; to go easily and smoothly away.' In Holme's *Armoury* (B. ii, c. 10, p. 150) 'rack' is thus defined: 'Rack is a pace wherein the horse neither Trots or Ambles, but is between both.' [Since no change free from objections has been proposed, it seems to me safest to retain the original.—ED.]

102. Cat . . . kinde] Halliwell gives half a dozen instances of the use of 'this old proverbial phrase,' and more could be added.

104. Wintred] WHITE: See the following instance of the use of this participial adjective in a passage quoted from *A Knack to Know a Knaue* [circa, 1590] by Collier in his *History of Eng. Dram. Poetry* [ii, 421, ed. 1879]: 'Now shepherds bear their flocks into the folds, And wint'red oxen, fodder'd in their stalls,' &c. WRIGHT: Compare 'azured' in *The Tempest*, V, i, 43, and perhaps 'damask'd' in *Sonnet cxxx*, 5. [While fully agreeing with Grant White's opinion that 'wintred' is to be here preferred, I doubt the parallelism of his example. 'Wintred garments' are exposed to the winter; 'wint'red oxen' are protected from the winter.—ED.]

112. false gallop] MALONE: So in Nashe's [*Four Letters Confuted*, p. 202, ed. Grosart]: 'I would trot a false gallop through the rest of his ragged Verses, but that if I should retort his rime dogrell aright, I must make my verses (as he doth his) run hobbling like a Brewers Cart vpon the stones, and obserue no length in their feete.'

*Rof.* Peace you dull foole, I found them on a tree.

*Clo.* Truly the tree yeelds bad fruite.

115

*Rof.* Ile graffe it with you, and then I shall graffe it  
with a Medler : then it will be the earlieft fruit i'th coun-

117

HUNTER (i, 348) quotes as follows from *Dictionnaire Raisonné d'Hyppiatrice*, &c. par M. Lafosse, 1776, i, 334 : 'Gâloper faux, se dit du cheval lorsqu'en galopant il lève la jambe gauche de devant la première, car il doit lever la droite la première.' [The phrase is thus understood, and still used, by horsemen at this day—ED.]

112. infect] This is strong language—strong for the occasion and strong for the speaker. It is strange that this passage has escaped those who seem to think that Shakespeare wrote his plays solely for a chance to make local allusions or to poke sly fun or worse at his contemporaries. Indeed, a very pretty case could be made out for them here, proving beyond a peradventure that Shakespeare is referring to Nashe's quarrel with Gabriel Harvey, and here indicates in terms too plain to be misunderstood that he sympathised with Nashe. In this very paragraph in Nashe, quoted in the preceding note by Malone, where the unusual phrase 'false gallop' occurs (and mark, it is the ONLY TIME that either Shakespeare or Nashe uses it!) Nashe does not conclude his sentence without using the very identical, unusual, strong word that Touchstone uses here. After saying, as we have just seen, that his verses would 'observe no length in their feet,' he goes on to say, 'which were *absurdum per absurdius*, TO INFECT my vaine with his imitation.' Surely the case is clear that Shakespeare, by using 'false gallop' and 'infect,' is alluding to Nashe. Can mortal man desire better proof? Here in one and the same paragraph we have these two unusual words! As Chief Justice Kenyon, whose classical quotations sometimes lacked the exactest parallelism, is said to have been wont to say: 'Gentlemen, the case is as clear as the nose on your face; *latet anguis in herbâ*.'—ED.

116. graffe] SKEAT (s. v.): The form *graft* is corrupt, and due to a confusion with *grafted*, which was originally the past participle of 'graft.' Shakespeare has *grafted*, *Macb.* IV, iii, 51; but he has rightly also 'graft' as a past participle, *Rich.* III: III, vii, 127. The verb is formed from the substantive *graff*, a scion. Old French, *graffe*, *grafe*, a style for writing with a sort of pencil; whence French, *greffe*, 'a graft, a slip or young shoot.'—Cotgrave; so named from the resemblance of the cut slip to the shape of a pointed pencil. Similarly, we have Lat. *graphiolum* (1), a small style; (2), a small shoot, scion, graft.

117. Medler] BEISLY (p. 32): The *Mespilus germanica*, a tree, the fruit of which is small, and in shape like an apple, but flat at the top, and only fit to be eaten when mellow or rotten. ELLACOMBE (p. 123): The medlar is a European tree, but not a native of England; it has, however, been so long introduced as to be now completely naturalised, and is admitted into the English flora. Chaucer gives it a very prominent place in his description of a beautiful garden; and certainly a fine medlar tree 'ful of blossomes' is a handsome ornament on any lawn. Shakespeare only used the common language of his time when he described the medlar as only fit to be eaten when rotten. But, in fact, the medlar when fit to be eaten is no more rotten than a ripe peach, pear, or strawberry, or any other fruit which we do not eat till it has reached a certain stage of softness. There is a vast difference between a ripe and a rotten medlar, though it would puzzle many of us to say when a fruit (not a medlar only) is ripe, that is, fit to be eaten. These things are matters of taste and fashion, and it is rather surprising to find that we are, accused, and by good judges, of eating



try : for you'll be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that's  
the right vertue of the Medler. 118

*Clo.* You haue said : but whether wifely or no, let the  
Forrest iudge. 120

*Enter Celia with a writing.*

*Rof.* Peace, here comes my sifter reading, stand aside.

*Cel.* Why should this Desert bee,  
for it is vnpeopled? *Noe :* 125

Tonges Ile hang on euerie tree,  
that shall ciuill sayings shoe. 127

121. *Forrest*] *Forester* Warb.

*a desert* Rowe et cet.

122. Scene V. Pope +.

124, 125. bee,...vnpeopled?] *be ?...*

124. *Cel.* [reads] Dyce, Cam.

*unpeopled.* Rowe. *be ?...unpeopled ?* Cap.

*Desert*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Knt, Hal. *Defart*

126. Tonges] Tongs F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

F<sub>2</sub>. *desert silent* Tyrwhitt, Steev. Mal.

127. shoe] show F<sub>4</sub>.

peaches when rotten rather than ripe. 'The Japanese always eat their peaches in an unripe state . . . they regard a ripe peach as rotten.'

117. *be*] DYCE (ed. iii): 'Read *bear*; for "it" refers to the tree that is to be grafted.'—W. N. LETTSOM.

117. *earliest*] STEEVENS: Shakespeare seems to have had little knowledge in gardening. The medlar is one of the *latest* fruits, being uneatable till the end of November. DOUCE (i, 302): If a fruit be fit to be eaten when rotten, and before it be ripe, it may in one sense be termed the earliest. COLLIER (ed. ii): If the medlar were grafted with the forwardness of the clown, instead of being one of the latest, it would be 'th' earliest fruit i' the country,' and rotten before it was half ripe.

124-125. Halliwell prints this in staves of eight, which, in a modernised edition, is, I think, good.—ED.

124. TYRWHITT: Although the metre may be assisted by reading '*a desert*,' the sense still is defective; for how will the 'hanging of tongues on every tree' make it less a desert? I am persuaded we ought to read, 'Why should this desert *silent* be?' WHITER: The old reading, I believe, is genuine. Surely the same metaphor has power to *people* woods which is able to afford them *speech*. See what Dr Johnson says in the following note on 'civil sayings.' If the metre should be thought defective, 'why' may be read as a dissyllable. Let the reader repeat the line with a gentle pause upon 'why,' and he will find no reason to reject it for deficiency of metre. KNIGHT: The absence of people, says the sonneteer, does not make this place *desert*, for I will hang tongues on every tree, that will speak the language of *civil* life. *Desert* is here an adjective opposed to *civil*. DYCE (ed. i): As if 'Why should this desert be?' could possibly mean anything else than 'Why should this desert *exist*?' [Change seems unavoidable, and Rowe's is less violent than any other. Qu. *deserted*?—ED.]

125. *for*] For instances of 'for' in the sense of *because*, see Abbott, § 151.

127. *civill*] JOHNSON: Here used in the same sense as when we say *civil* wisdom or *civil* life, in opposition to a solitary state or to the state of nature. This desert shall not appear *unpeopled*, for every tree shall teach the maxims or incidents of social life. STEEVENS: 'Civil' is not designedly opposed to *solitary*. It means only *grave*

*Some, how brieft the Life of man* 128  
*runs his erring pilgrimage,*  
*That the stretching of a span,* 130  
*buckles in his summe of age.*  
*Some of violated vowes,*  
*twixt the soules of friend, and friend :*  
*But vpon the fairest bowes,*  
*or at euerie sentence end ;* 135  
*Will I Rosalinda write,*  
*teaching all that reade, to know*  
*The quintessence of euerie sprite,*  
*heauen would in little show.* 139

131. buckles] bucklefs F<sub>4</sub>.138. The] This F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe+.

135. or] And Ktly.

or solemn. [For this meaning, which, I think, is the right one here, many examples could be adduced. The only definitions, in fact, which Dyce gives of 'civil' are 'sober, grave, decent, solemn,' a range of meaning unaccountably overlooked by Schmidt, who gives as the meaning of this passage, 'decent, well-mannered, polite.' Scarcely enough weight has been given, I think, by recent editors to this shade of meaning; not that 'civil' does not here also include the idea of civilisation or of social life as opposed to 'desert'; but that it also involves the lover's melancholy is shown in the sigh over the shortness of life, man's erring pilgrimage, and the violated vows of friends. These, we are expressly told, were to be the 'civil sayings' which would be hung on every tree.—ED.]

129. erring] WRIGHT: Wandering; not used here in a moral sense. See *Ham.* I, i, 154: 'The extravagant and erring spirit.' The word occurs in its literal sense, though with a figurative reference, in Isaiah xxxv, 8: 'The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.' For 'wandering stars' in the Authorised Version of Jude 13, the Wicliffe versions have 'erringe steeres.' [For 'his' we should now use *its*]

130. span] WORDSWORTH (p. 147): As the Psalmist complains, 'Thou hast made my days as it were a span long.'—xxxix, 6, Prayer Book Version.

135. sentence end] ABBOTT, § 217: The possessive inflection in dissyllables ending in a sibilant sound is often unexpressed both in writing and in pronunciation.

138. quintessence] 'Quinta essentia est spiritualis et subtilis quædam substantia, extracta ex rebus, per separationem, à quatuor elementis, differens realiter ab ejus essentia, ut *aqua vita, spiritus vini*,' &c.—Minsheu, *Guide Into Tongues*, 1617. WRIGHT: The fifth essence, called also by the mediæval philosophers the spirit or soul of the world, 'whome we tearme the quinticence, because he doth not consist of the foure Elementes, but is a certaine fifth, a thing aboue them or beside them. . . . This spirit doubtlesse is in a manner such in the body of the world, as ours is in mans body; For as the powers of our soule, are through the spirit giuen to the members; so the vertue of the soule of y<sup>e</sup> world is by the quintecence spread ouer all, for nothing is found in all the world which wanteth the sparke of his vertue.'—*Batman vppon Bartholome*, fol. 173, a.

139. in little] MALONE: The allusion is to a miniature portrait. The current

Therefore heauen Nature charg'd,  
that one bodie should be fill'd  
With all Graces wide enlarg'd,  
nature presently distill'd  
Helens checke, but not his heart,  
Cleopatra's Maiestie :  
Attalanta's better part,  
sad Lucrecia's Modestie.

140. charg'd] chang'd Ff.

142. all] *all the* Rowe i.wide enlarg'd] *wide-enlarged*

Dyce, Cam.

enlarg'd.] *enlarg'd* ; Rowe.144. cheek] cheeks F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe+.his] Ff. *her* Rowe.heart] *heare* F<sub>4</sub>.147. *Lucrecia's*] *Lucretia's* F<sub>3</sub>. *Lucretia's* F<sub>4</sub>.

phrase in our author's time was 'painted in *little*.' STEEVENS: So in *Ham.* II, ii, 383: 'give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats apiece for his picture in *little*.' [The train of thought here is so decidedly astrological, beginning with 'quintessence' and continuing through 'distillation' to a 'heavenly synod,' that it is possible that 'in *little*' may here refer to the microcosm, the 'little world of man,' to which the Gentleman refers in *Lear*, III, i, 10. Where 'in *little*' elsewhere refers to miniatures, I think Shakespeare generally couples with it the idea of a 'picture' or of 'drawing.'—ED.]

140, &c. JOHNSON: From the picture of Apelles, or the accomplishments of Pandora: Πανδώραν, ὅτι πάντες Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες Δῶρον ἐδώρησαν.—[Hesiod, *Erga*, 70]. So in the *Temp.* III, i, 48: 'but you, O you, So perfect and so peerless, are created Of every creature's best!' CALDECOTT cites: 'Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek; Where several worthies make one dignity.'—*Love's Lab. L.* IV, iii, 234.

142. *wide enlarg'd*] 'Spread through the world' is given by Schmidt as the equivalent of this phrase, which I doubt. Does it not refer to the magnitude of the graces with which Heaven had commanded Nature to fill one body?—ED.

146. *Attalanta's better part*] JOHNSON was the first to start a discussion which has not, to this hour, subsided. He said: I know not well what could be the 'better part' of Atalanta here ascribed to Rosalind. Of the Atalanta most celebrated, and who therefore must be intended here where she has no epithet of discrimination, the 'better part' seems to have been her heels, and the worse part was so bad that Rosalind would not thank her lover for the comparison. There is a more obscure Atalanta, a huntress and a heroine, but of her nothing bad is recorded, and therefore I know not which was her 'better part.' Shakespeare was no despicable mythologist, yet he seems here to have mistaken some other character for that of Atalanta. TOLLET: Perhaps the poet means her beauty and graceful elegance of shape, which he would prefer to her swiftness. But cannot Atalanta's 'better part' mean her virtue or virgin chastity, with which Nature had graced Rosalind? In Holland's *Plinie*, bk. xxxv, chap. 3, we find it stated that 'at Lanuvium there remaine yet two pictures of lady Atalanta, and queen Helena, close one to the other, painted naked, by one and the same hand: both of them are for beauty incomparable, and yet a man may discern the one of them [Atalanta] to be a maiden, for her modest and chaste counte-

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nance.' FARMER: I suppose Atalanta's 'better part' is her *wit*, i. e. the swiftness of her mind. MALONE: Dr Farmer's explanation may derive some support from a subsequent passage [lines 269, 270, *post*]. It is observable that the story of Atalanta in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* is interwoven with that of Venus and Adonis, which Shakespeare had undoubtedly read. Thus, Golding's translation [bk. x, p. 132, ed. 1567]: 'And hard it is to tell Thee whither she did in footemanshippe or beawty more excell.' 'And though that shee Did fly as swift as arrow from a Turkye bowe: yit hee More woondred at her beawtye than at swiftnesse of her pace Her romning greatly did augment her beawtye and her grace. [In his ed. 1790, Malone suggested that Atalanta's *lips* were her better part, because in Marston's *Insatiate Countess* he found the reference, 'Those lips were hers that won the golden ball'; evidently forgetting, as Wright says, that the allusion there was to Venus. This suggestion was withdrawn.—ED.] STEEVENS: It may be observed that Statius also, in his sixth *Thebaid*, has con-founded Atalanta, the wife of Hippomanes, with Atalanta, the wife of Pelops. After all, I believe that 'Atalanta's *better part*' means only *the best part about her*, such as was most commended. [Which is not altogether unlike Lincoln's well-known saying, that 'for those who like this kind of thing, this kind of thing is what they would like'; what was 'the best part about' Atalanta is exactly what we are trying to find out.—ED.] WHALLEY: I think this stanza was formed on an old tetrastich epitaph which I have read in a country churchyard: 'She who is dead and sleepeth in this tomb, Had Rachel's comely face, and Leah's fruitful womb: Sarah's obedience, Lydia's open heart, And Martha's care, and Mary's *better part*.' WHITER, to whom this passage offers a notable instance of the truth of his theory as to the association of ideas, devotes nearly nineteen octavo pages to its elucidation, whereof the following is a digest: It has been remarked that Shakespeare has himself borrowed many of his images from *prints, statues, paintings, and exhibitions in tapestry*; and we may observe that some allusions of this sort are to be found in the play before us, and especially in those places which describe the beauty of Rosalind. . . . I have always been firmly persuaded that the *imagery* which our Poet has selected to discriminate the more prominent perfections of *Helen, Cleopatra, Aialanta*, and *Lucretia* was not derived from the abstract consideration of their general qualities; but was caught from those *peculiar traits* of beauty and character which are impressed on the mind of him who contemplates their portraits. It is well known that these celebrated heroines of romance were, in the days of our Poet, the favourite subjects of popular representation, and were alike visible in the coarse hangings of the poor and the magnificent arras of the rich. In the portraits of *Helen*, whether they were produced by the skillful artist or his ruder imitator, though her face would certainly be delineated as eminently beautiful, yet she appears not to have been adorned with any of those charms which are allied to *modesty*; and we accordingly find that she was generally depicted with a loose and insidious countenance, which but too manifestly betrayed the inward wantonness and perfidy of her heart. [Shelton's *Don Quixote*, Part ii, p. 480, is here cited in proof.] With respect to the 'majesty of Cleopatra' it may be observed that this notion is not derived from classical authority, but from the more popular storehouse of legend and romance. . . . I infer, therefore, that the *familiarity* of this image was impressed both on the Poet and his reader from pictures and representations in tapestry, which were the lively and faithful mirrors of popular romances. *Atalanta*, we know, was considered likewise by our ancient poets as a celebrated beauty; and we may be assured therefore that her portraits were everywhere to be found. . . . Since

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the story of Atalanta represents that heroine as possessed of singular beauty, zealous to preserve her maidenliness even with the death of her lovers, and accomplishing her purposes by extraordinary swiftness in running, we may be assured that the skill of the artist would be employed in displaying the most perfect expressions of *virgin purity*, and in delineating the *fine proportions and elegant symmetry of her person*. . . . Let us suppose, therefore, that the portraits of these celebrated beauties, Helen, Cleopatra, Atalanta, and Lucretia, were delineated as I have above described, that in the days of Shakespeare they continued to be the favorite subjects of popular representation, and that consequently they were familiarly impressed on the mind of the Poet and on the memory of his audience. Let us now investigate what the bard, or the lover, under the influence of this impression, would select as the *better parts* of these celebrated heroines, which he might wish to be transferred to his own mistress as the perfect model of female excellence. In contemplating the portrait of *Helen* he is attracted only by those charms which are at once the most distinguished, and at the same time are the least employed in expressing the feelings of the heart. He wishes therefore for that rich bloom of beauty which glowed upon her *cheek*, but he rejects those lineaments of her countenance which betrayed the loose inconstancy of her mind—the insidious smile and the wanton brilliancy of her eye. Impressed with the effect, he passes instantly to the cause. He is enamoured with the *better part* of the beauty of Helen; but he is shocked at the depravity of that *heart*, which was too manifestly exhibited by the worse. To convince the intelligent reader that ‘cheek’ is not applied to *beauty in general*, but that it is here used in its appropriate and original sense, we shall produce a very curious passage from one of our author’s *Sonnets*, by which it will appear that the portraits of Helen were distinguished by the consummate beauty which was displayed upon *her cheek*: ‘Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit (*i. e.* picture) Is poorly imitated after you. On Helen’s *cheek* all art of beauty set, And you in Grecian tires are *painted new*.’—*Sonnet 53*. . . . In surveying the portrait of *Atalanta*, and in reflecting on the character which it displayed, the lover would not find it difficult to select the *better part* both of her mind and of her form, which he might wish to be transfused into the composition of his mistress. He would not be desirous of that perfection in her person which contributed nothing to the gratification of his passion, and he would reject that principle of her soul which was adverse to the object of his wishes. He would be enamoured with the fine proportions and elegant symmetry of her limbs; though his passion would find but little reason to be delighted with the quality of *swiftness* with which that symmetry was connected. He would be captivated with the blushing charms of unsullied virginity; but he would abhor that unfeeling coldness which resisted the impulse of love, and that unnatural cruelty which rejoiced in the murder of her lovers. The Poet lastly wishes for the modesty of the *sad Lucretia*, that firm and deep-rooted principle of female chastity which is so visibly depicted in the *sadness* of her countenance, and which has rendered her through all ages the pride and pattern of conjugal fidelity. Such then are the wishes of the lover in the formation of his mistress, that the *ripe and brilliant beauties* of *Helen* should be united to the *elegant symmetry and virgin graces* of *Atalanta*, and that this union of charms should be still dignified and ennobled by the *majestic mien* of *Cleopatra* and the *matron modesty* of *Lucretia*. [Whiter concludes by pointing out the allusion to a picture, involved in ‘little,’ line 139, and the term of painting, in ‘touches’ in line 151.] CALDECOTT: From the use of it in Quarles’s *Argalus and Parthenia*, it has been suggested that this might have been a

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well-understood phrase for works of high excellence: 'No, no, 'twas neither brow, nor lip, nor eye, Nor any outward excellence urg'd me, why To love Parthenia. 'Twas her better part (Which mischief could not wrong) surpriz'd my heart.' HAL-LIWELL: The expression 'better part' is a very common one in works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, used in the sense of the soul or mind, or sometimes for the head, the seat of the intellect or soul. Its exact meaning in the present line is somewhat obscure, but it probably refers to the chaste mind of the beautiful Atalanta. KNIGHT quotes certain paragraphs from Whiter which are included in those given above. COLLIER has no note on the passage. SINGER says nothing new. STAUNTON (in a note on *Macb.* V, viii, 18: 'it hath cow'd my better part of man'): Atalanta's *better part* was not her *modesty*, nor her *heels*, nor her *wit*, but simply her *spiritual part*. The old epitaph quoted by Whalley almost proves, although he was apparently unconscious of the meaning, that 'better part' signified the *immortal*, the *intelligent* part. But the following lines from Overbury's *Wife* places this beyond doubt: 'Or rather let me *Love*, then *be in love*; So let me chuse, as *Wife* and *Friend* to finde, Let me forget her *Sex*, when I *approve*; *Beasts* likeness lies in *shape*, but *ours* in *minde*; Our *Soules no Sexes* have, their Love is cleane, No *Sex*, both in the *better part* are *men*.' The Italics are the author's. [Sig. D 2, ed. 1627.] DYCE says the expression is 'common enough,' but offers nothing new in way of explanation. The COWDEN-CLARKES think that Atalanta's beauty, reticence, and agility form her 'better part.' HUDSON: The 'better part' would refer to Atalanta's exquisite symmetry and proportion of form; and Orlando must of course imagine all formal, as well as all mental and moral graces, in his 'heavenly Rosalind.' WRIGHT: Whiter's opinion that Shakespeare may have had in mind pictures or tapestry may well have been the case, and it is known that cameos representing classical subjects were much in request. [In a letter to me in 1877 the late A. E. BRAE says: 'My own interpretation, unpublished except now to you, is that the allusion is Meleager's Atalanta of *epicene loveliness*, half boy, half girl, with whom Meleager fell in love at first sight, just as Orlando did with Rosalind. The "better part" may be either Atalanta's *feminine* beauty as contrasted with her *boyish* beauty, or it may be her loveliness as contrasted with her equipment in huntress fashion. After the description of which, in Ovid's *Meta.* lib. viii, comes: "Talis erat *cultus*; facies quam dicere vere Virgineam in puero, puerilem in virgine posses." Now, had not Rosalind, even before she donned male attire, this double character of beauty? . . . It may be objected that Orlando did not know when he was versifying that Rosalind was in boy's dress, but Shakespeare knew it, and the audience knew it, and it is but a very slight discrepancy or oversight compared with the suggestion of "agility" which is nowhere even hinted at as attributable to Rosalind. . . . Should you think the interpretation here suggested as too abstruse, I should substitute this: that Atalanta's subsequent eager susceptibility to love from Hippomanes and Meleager might well be called her *better part*, as opposed to her former insensibility and cruelty in outpacing and then slaughtering her lovers.' To me both of these interpretations are somewhat too refined; the former Brae himself adequately condemns by referring to the anticipation involved in it. Atalanta wished to remain unwedded not from any love of maidenhood, but simply because the oracle had told her that marriage would prove fatal to her, as it did. It was her physical beauty which attracted her lovers and made them prefer death, to life without her. Staunton's explanation is hardly specific enough; her 'immortal part' she shared in common with the other three types. Her 'better part' was, I

Thus Rosalinde of manie parts, 148  
     by Heauenly Synode was deuīs'd,  
 Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts, 150  
     to haue the touches deereſt priſ'd.  
 Heauen would that ſhee theſe gifts ſhould haue,  
     and I to liue and die her ſlaue.

Ros. O moſt gentle Iupiter, what tedious homilie of 154

154. *Iupiter*.] *Jupiter*, F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Juniper*! Warb. *pulpiter*! Spedding, Cam. Glo. Cla.

think, her physical, perſonal charms. Nature's diſtillation reſulted in Helen's face, Cleopatra's bearing, Atalanta's form, and Lucretia's modeſty.—ED.]

147. Lucrecia's] The ſpelling in F<sub>3</sub>, 'Lucretiaes,' if it be phonetic, which is not unlikely, exactly reproduces the New England pronunciation of to-day among thoroughbred Yankees. I have heard from college profeſſors *Cubae*, *stigmae*, &c. for *Cuba*, *stigma*. See alſo what White ſays about 'lectors,' line 336, *poſt*.—ED.

150. WRIGHT: Shakeſpeare may have remembered the ſtory of Zeuxis as told by Pliny (xxxv, 9, trans. Holland), 'that when hee ſhould make a table with a picture for the Agrigentines, to be ſet up in the temple of Iuno Lacinia, at the charges of the citie, according to a vow that they had made, hee would needs ſee all the maidens of the citie, naked; and from all that companie hee choſe five of the faireſt to take out as from ſeverall patterns, whatſoever hee liked beſt in any of them; and of all the lovely parts of thoſe five, to make one bodie of incomparable beautie.'

151. touches] JOHNSON: The features; les traits. [See V, iv, 31.]

152, 153. ſhould . . . and I to liue] WRIGHT: The conſtruction is looſe, although the ſenſe is clear. We may regard the words as equivalent to 'And that I ſhould live,' &c.; or ſupply ſome verb from 'would' in line 152, as if it were either 'And I would live,' or 'am willing to live,' &c. ABBOTT refers to this paſſage in § 416, as an inſtance of where 'conſtruction is changed for clearneſs.' 'Here "to" might be omitted, or "ſhould" might be inſerted inſtead, but the omiſſion would create ambiguity, and the inſertion would be a tedious repetition.' See alſo a parallel conſtruction in V, iv, 25, 26. For other inſtances where 'I' is uſed before an infinitive, ſee Abbott, § 216.

154. *Iupiter*] Spedding's emendation, *pulpiter*, adopted by the Cambridge Editors and by Dyce in his Second Edition, but abandoned in his Third, is plauſible and alluring. It is the word of all words to introduce the train of thought that follows, with which 'Jupiter' has no connection. This addition of an *-er* to a noun in order to change it to an agent, like 'moraler' in *Othello*, 'juſticer' in *Lear*, &c., is, as we all know, thoroughly Shakeſpearian. Moreover 'Iupiter' is not printed in Italics as though it were a proper name, to which Wright calls attention, and as it is printed in the only other place where it is uſed in this play, II, iv, 3; which adds to the likelihood that it is here a miſprint. All theſe conſiderations are clamorous for Spedding's *pulpiter*. But, on the other hand the text is clear without it; once before Roſalind has appealed to 'Jupiter,' and to uſe this mouth-filling oath, which is 'not dangerous,' may have been one of her characteristics, as certainly the uſe of expletives in general is. Although 'Jupiter' is not elſewhere printed in Roman, yet 'Jove' is, and in this very ſcene, line 231; and ſo alſo is 'Judas' in III, iv, 10. *Pulpiter* can

Loue haue you wearied your parishioners withall, and 155  
neuer cri'de, haue patience good people.

*Cel.* How now backe friends : Shepheard, go off a little : go with him firrah.

*Clo.* Come Shepheard, let vs make an honorable retreat, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with 160  
scrip and scrippage. *Exit.*

*Cel.* Didst thou heare these verses?

*Rof.* O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more feete then the Verses would 165  
beare.

*Cel.* That's no matter : the feet might beare y<sup>e</sup> verses.

*Rof.* I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

*Cel.* But didst thou heare without wondering, how 170  
thy name should be hang'd and carued vpon these trees?

*Rof.* I was seuen of the nine daies out of the wonder, 172

156. *cri'de*] *cride*, have your parishioners withall, and never *cri'de*, F<sub>2</sub>.

Cap. Steev. Mal. *backe, friends*. Coll. *Backe, friends!* Wh. Cam.

157. *How now*] *How now!* Ff. *How now?* Theob.

162. Scene VI. Pope+.

*backe friends:] back-friends!*  
Theob. Han. Warb. Johns. *back friends?*

. 172. *the wonder*] *wonder* Ff, Rowe+, Cap.

hardly be called an emendation; there is no obscurity which amounts to a defect. It is an improvement, and against verbal improvements, which it is far from impossible to make in Shakespeare's text, we should, I think, acquire and maintain a dogged habit of shutting our eyes and closing our ears. See IV, iii, 19.—Ed.

168. without] That is, outside of the verse.

171. should] ABBOTT, § 328: There is no other reason for the use of 'should' in this line than that it denotes a statement not made by the speaker (compare *sollen* in German). *Should* seems to denote a false story in George Fox's *Journal*: 'From this man's words was a slander raised upon us that the Quakers *should* deny Christ,' p. 43 (edition 1765). 'The priest of that church raised many wicked slanders upon me: "That I rode upon a great black horse, and that I *should* give a fellow money to follow me when I was on my black horse."' 'Why should you think that I *should* woo in scorn.'—*Mid. N. D.* III, ii, 122. WRIGHT: 'Should' is frequently used in giving a reported speech. Thus in Jonson, *The Fox*, II, i: '*Sir Politick*. I heard last night a most strange thing reported By some of my lord's followers, and I long To hear how 'twill be seconded. *Peregrine*. What was 't, sir? *Sir P.* Marry, sir, of a raven that should build In a ship royal of the king's' [p. 202, ed. Gifford].

172. seuen . . . nine] CAPELL (p. 61): It is still a common saying amongst us, that a wonder lasts nine days; seven of which, says Rosalind, are over with me, for I have been wondering a long time at some verses that I have found.



before you came: for looke heere what I found on a 173  
 Palme tree; I was neuer fo berim d since *Pythagoras* time  
 that I was an Irish Rat, which I can hardly remember. 175

174. *Pythagoras*] *Pythagoras's* Rowe+ *Pythagoras' Cap.*

174. *Palme tree*] STEEVENS: A 'palm-tree' in the forest of Arden is as much out of place as the lioness in a subsequent scene. CALDECOTT: Bulleyn in his *Booke of Compounds*, 1562, p. 40 [speaks of] 'the kaies or woolly knottes, growing upon sallowes, commonly called *palmes*.' BRAND (*Pop. Ant.* i, 127, ed. Bohn): It is still customary with our boys, both in the south and north of England, to go out and gather slips with the willow-flowers or buds at this time [*i. e.* Palm Sunday]. These seem to have been selected as substitutes for the real palm, because they are generally the only things, at this season, which can be easily procured in which the power of vegetation can be discovered. It is even yet a common practice in the neighborhood of London. The young people go *a-palming*, and the willow is sold in London streets for the whole week preceding Palm Sunday, the purchasers commonly not knowing the tree which produces it, but imagining it to be the real palm, and wondering that they never saw it growing! HALLIWELL (*Archaic Dict. s. v. Palm*): Properly exotic trees of the tribe *Palmaceæ*; but among our rustics it means the catkins of a delicate species of willow gathered by them on Palm Sunday. 'Palme, the yelow that groweth on wyllowes, *chattow*.'—Palsgrave, 1530. WRIGHT: As the forest of Arden is taken from Lodge's Novel, it is likely that the trees in it came from the same source. This is certainly the case with the 'tuft of olives' in III, v, 78. Lodge's forest was such as could only exist in the novelist's fancy, for besides pines, beech trees, and cypresses, there were olives, figs, lemons, and citrons, pomegranates, and myrrh trees. The palm is mentioned, but not as a forest tree, and only in figures of speech; as, for example: 'Thou art old, Adam, and thy haire waxe white; the palme tree is alreadie full of bloomes.'—Lodge's *Novel*. COLLIER (ed. i): Shakespeare cared little about such 'proprieties'; but possibly he wrote *plane-tree*, which may have been misread by the transcriber or compositor [Collier did not repeat this suggestion in his subsequent editions. It seems quite clear from both Bulleyn and Palsgrave that the catkins of the willow were called *palmes*, and presumably for the reason that they were used, as Brand states, on Palm Sunday. But I can find no proof that the willow was ever called a 'palm tree.' Here, in this city, on that day, in lieu of the Oriental branches, sprigs of box and the long leaves of the *Phormium tenax* are distributed in the churches, and are called 'palms,' but no one ever thinks of calling the plants themselves 'palm trees.' Shakespeare's forest was Lodge's forest, and, as Wright truly says, that forest could exist only in fancy.—ED.]

174, 175. *berim d . . . Rat*] GREY (i, 181): A banter upon Pythagoras's doctrine of the transmigration of souls. See Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, I, ix ['As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes.'—line 437, ed. Grosart]. In Randolph's *Jealous Lovers*, v, ii, there is an image much like this: '*Azotus*. And my poets Shall with a satire steep'd in gall and vinegar Rithme 'em to death, as they do rats in Ireland.' JOHNSON: The power of killing rats with rhymes Donne mentions in his *Satires* and Temple in his *Treatises*. [The passage in Donne's *Satires* to which reference is here made must be, I think, in Pope's version, pointed out by Wright, *Satire* II, line 22: 'One sings the fair; but songs no longer move; No rat is rhymed to death, nor maid to love.' I cannot find it in the original. The passage in Temple is probably that

*Cel.* Tro you, who hath done this? 176

*Rof.* Is it a man?

*Cel.* And a chaine that you once wore about his neck:  
change you colour?

*Rof.* I pre'thee who? 180

*Cel.* O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to

176. *Tro*] *Trow* Theob. ii.

178. *And*] *Ay, and* Cap.

178. *wore*] *wore*, Ff, Rowe et seq.

179. *you*] *your* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

which is quoted by M. M. (*N. & Qu.* 1st Ser. vol. vi, p. 460) from the *Essay on Poetry*: 'and the proverb of "rhyming rats to death" came, I suppose, from the same root' [*i. e.* the Runic]. In the same volume of *N. & Qu.* p. 591, G. H. Kingsley supplied another allusion from Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*: 'The Irishmen . . . terme one sort of their witches eybiters . . . yea and they will not sticke to affirme, that they can rime either man or beast to death.'—Book III, chap. xv, p. 64, ed. 1584.—ED.] STEEVENS: So in an address 'To the Reader' at the conclusion of Jonson's *Poetaster*: 'Rhime them to death, as they do Irish rats In drumming tunes.' MALONE: So in Sir Philip Sidney's *Defence of Poesie*: 'I will not wish vnto you the Asses eares of *Midas* . . . nor to be rimed to death, as is said to be done in *Ireland*.'—[p. 518, ad fin. ed. 1598]. HALLIWELL gives several references of a later date, and adds that 'the power of the Irish satirist to rhyme men to death is frequently referred to, and is the subject of various ancient legends. According to Mr Currie, "the most ancient story of rhyming rats to death in Ireland is found in an historico-romantic tale, entitled, *The Adventures of the Great Company*.'" Hereupon, Halliwell quotes the 'adventures,' whereof space and relevancy will scarcely permit the reprint here. 'An anonymous critic adds,' says Halliwell in conclusion, 'that in France, at the present day, similar reliance on the power of rhyme is placed by the peasantry. Most provinces contain some man whose sole occupation is to lure insects and reptiles by song to certain spots where they meet with destruction. The superstition belongs to the same order as that of the serpent-charmers of the East.'

174. Pythagoras] WALKER (*Crit.* i, 152) cites this allusion to Pythagoras, among many others, to show the influence of Ovid on Shakespeare. The doctrines of that philosopher are set forth at large in *Met.* xv.

175. *that*] ABBOTT, § 284: Since *that* represents different cases of the relative, it may mean 'in *that*,' 'for *that*,' 'because' ('quod'), or 'at *which* time' ('quum').

175. *which*] For other instances where 'which' is used for 'which thing,' often parenthetically, see Abbott, § 271.

178. And a chaine] WRIGHT: This irregular and elliptical construction, in which 'and' does yeoman's service for many words, may be illustrated by the following from *Cor.* I, i, 82: 'Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain.' And in *Cym.* V, iv, 179: 'But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer.'

181, 182. *friends . . . meete*] STEEVENS: Alluding to the proverb: 'Friends may meet, but mountains never greet.' See Ray's *Collection*. MALONE: So in *Mother Bombe*, by Lily, 1594: 'Then wee foure met, which argued wee were no mountaines.'—[V, iii].

meete ; but Mountaines may bee remoou'd with Earth- 182  
quakes, and so encounter.

*Rof.* Nay, but who is it?

*Cel.* Is it possible? 185

*Rof.* Nay, I pre'thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

*Cel.* O wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull  
wonderfull, and yet againe wonderful, and after that out  
of all hooping. 190

*Rof.* Good my complection, dost thou think though

186. *pre'thee*] *pray thee* Cap. Steev. *whooping* Theob. et seq.  
Var. '21, Cald. Knt. Sta. 191. *Good my*] *Odd's, my* Theob. Han.

187. *tell*] *till* F.

*Od's my* Cap.

190. *hooping*] *hoping* F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe. *complection*] *companion* Gould.

182. with] For other instances of the use of 'with' in the sense of *by means of*, see Abbott, § 193.

183. encounter] GREY (i, 181): A plain allusion to the following incident mentioned by Pliny, *Hist. Nat.* ii, 83 [or as it stands in Holland's translation, cited by Tollet, but no credit given to Grey]: 'There hapned once . . . a great strange wonder of the earth; for two hills encountered together, charging as it were, and with violence assaulting one another, yea, and retyring againe with a most mighty noise.' WRIGHT: There is of course no necessity for supposing that Shakespeare had such a passage in his mind.

190. *hooping*] STEEVENS: That is, out of all measure or reckoning. MALONE: This appears to have been a phrase of the same import as another formerly in use, 'out of all cry.' CALDECOTT: Literally beyond, or out of all call or stretch of the voice; metaphorically, and as we are to understand it, not to be expressed by any figure of admiration. DYCE: Akin to this are the phrases *Out of all cry* and *Out of all ho*. [Of the former of these kindred phrases examples are given by Steevens, Collier, Wright, and many by Halliwell, but of the phrase itself, 'hooping,' there does not appear to be another instance, nor is any needed: its meaning is clear enough.—ED.] WRIGHT: The form *whoop* [see Text. Notes] was in early use. Cotgrave gives: 'Hucher. To whoope, or hallow for; to call vnto.' And earlier still, in Palsgrave, 1530, we find, 'I whoope, I call. *Je huppe*. . . . Whooppe a lowde, . . . *huppe hault*.'

191. *complection*] Theobald in his first edition confessed himself unable to 'reconcile this expression to common sense,' and hence his emendation, which Hamner adopted. The emendation is ingenious, because afterwards Rosalind says, 'Odd's, my little life,' and again, 'Odd's, my will.' He withdrew it, however, in his second edition, presumably convinced in the interim by his 'most affectionate friend' Warburton, who wrote to him (Nichols, *Illust.* ii, 646): 'You say you cannot reconcile this to common sense. Can you reconcile *odds my complexion* to it? The truth is, "good my complexion" is a fine proverbial expression, and used by way of apology when one is saying anything for which one ought to blush, and signifies, *hold good, my complexion*, i. e. may I not be out of countenance?' Very different this, in tone, from the sneer which Warburton printed in his own edition seven years later. MALONE: That is, my native character, my female inquisitive disposition, canst thou

I am caparison'd like a man, I haue a doublet and hose in 192  
 my disposition? One inch of delay more, is a South-sea  
 of discouerie. I pre'thee tell me, who is it quickly, and 194

192. *hose*] a *hose* Ff, Rowe, Pope, Han.

193, 194. *South-sea of*] Ff, Var. '21, Cald. Knt, Coll. Sing. Wh. Dyce, Sta. Cam. Glo. Clke, Cla. Ktly, Huds. Rlfe. *South-sea off* Theob. Han. Warb. Mal. *south-sea-off* Cap. Steev.

194. *discouerie*] *discourtesy* Gould.

*who is it*] *who is it*, Rowe, Pope, Sta. Coll. iii. *who is it*; Theob. Warb. Johns. *who is it*? Han. Cap. Steev. Mal. Cald. Knt, Sing. *who it is* Anon. (*ap.* Cam. Ed.).

endure this? RITSON: It is a little unmeaning exclamatory address to her beauty; in the nature of a small oath. HEATH (p. 148): The present occasion afforded nothing which might provoke the lady's blushes, unless it were the suddenness of the news that Orlando was so near her, and that had already produced its effect, either in blushes or in paleness, as the lady's emotion happened to determine her. This appears from the question asked her by Celia some short time before, 'Change you colour?' She had also long before made Celia her confidante, and owned her passion to her, so as to have got the better of her bashfulness in that respect too; and now nothing remained but those agitations which were excited in her by Celia's tantalising her curiosity. I must profess myself to concur in opinion with Mr Theobald and Sir Thomas Hanmer, in defiance of that supercilious haughtiness with which they are treated by Mr Warburton. I imagine that the poet may possibly have written, *Good my coz perplexer*, that is, I pr'ythee, my perplexing coz; and that the last word, *perplexer*, was written with the common abbreviation, thus, 'ꝥplexer', which might easily mislead the printer to take the whole, 'coz ꝥplexer,' for 'complexion.' CAPELL [who adopted Theobald's emendation, slightly changing the spelling, says that it is 'abundantly justified by the two similar expressions of the same speaker,' and that] it means, if such phrases as these can be said to have meaning, so God save my complexion. CALDECOTT: It is of the same character with what the Princess says in *Love's Lab. L.* IV, i, 19: 'Here, good my glass.' SINGER: It is probably only a little unmeaning exclamation similar to Goodness me! Good heart! or Good now! but her exclamation implies that this delay did not suit that female impatience which belonged to her sex and disposition. STAUNTON: Celia is triumphing in Rosalind's heightened colour, and the latter's petulant expression may be equivalent to 'plague on my complexion.' Or 'Good' may be a misprint for *Hood*. Thus Juliet, 'Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks.'—III, ii. [But Juliet's expression was a simile from hawking and used in anticipation of 'bating.'] MOBERLY: In the name of all my good looks. REV. JOHN HUNTER: Rosalind means to compliment her complexion for having by its blushes shown her genuine nature as a woman. HUDSON: Merely a common inversion for 'my good complexion,' like 'good my lord,' &c. The phrase here means, no doubt, 'my good wrapper-up of mystery'; as Celia has been tantalising Rosalind 'with half-told, half-withheld intelligence.' 'Complexion' for *com-plicator*. For this explanation I am indebted to Mr A. E. Brae. WRIGHT: Rosalind appeals to her complexion not to betray her by changing colour. [Since in this case, in the interpretation of the original text, there is no aid to be gained from the wise, in Archeology, Etymology, or Syntax, we simple folk may make what meaning we please for ourselves, or else pick out one from the foregoing, or combine them all.—ED.]

193, 194. One . . . *discouerie*] 'A South-sea of Discovery: This is stark non-

speake apace : I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I pre'thee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings.

sense; We must read *off* Discovery, *i. e.* from Discovery. "If you delay me one inch of time longer, I shall think this secret as far from discovery as the *South-sea* is." [The foregoing note appeared in Theobald's edition of 1733, and again in his edition of 1740; in neither case is it credited to 'Mr Warburton,' a custom which is elsewhere, when necessary, duly observed. I can find no allusion to it throughout the voluminous correspondence between Theobald and Warburton. There is a presumption therefore that it is Theobald's. On the other hand, it appears in Warburton's edition in 1747 as his own, and is not credited to Theobald, a credit which he never fails to give where there is a chance to sneer. It is attributed to Warburton by Steevens in the *Variations*, but then Steevens was not averse to overlooking, where he could, poor 'Tib and his Toxophilus.' The peremptory phrase, 'stark nonsense,' sounds very like Warburton, but the moderation of the emendation does not. On the whole, the credit may be fairly divided between him and Theobald, and no great harm, nor good, done to either.—ED.] CAPELL [When Theobald altered 'of' to *off*] he should have gone a step farther and join'd it to 'South-sea'; for the English language admits of such compounds, but not of interpreting *off* by *from*. JOHN-SON: I read thus: One inch of delay more is a South Sea. *Discover*, I pry'thee; tell me who is it quickly! When the transcriber had once made 'discovery' from *discover* I, he easily put an article after 'South Sea.' But it may be read with still less change, and with equal probability: Every inch of delay more is a *South sea discovery*; Every delay, however short, is to me tedious and irksome as the longest voyage, as a voyage of *discovery* on the *South sea*. How much voyages to the South Sea, on which the English had then first ventured, engaged the conversation of that time, may be easily imagined. FARMER: 'Of' for *off* is frequent in the elder writers. A 'South Sea of discovery' is a discovery a South Sea off—as far as the South Sea. HENLEY: A 'South Sea of discovery' is not a discovery as far off, but as *comprehensive*, as the South Sea; which, being the largest in the world, affords the widest scope for exercising curiosity. KNIGHT: My curiosity can endure no longer. If you perplex me any further I have a space for conjecture as wide as the South Sea. COLLIER: The meaning is, that a single 'inch' of delay is more to Rosalind than a whole continent in the South Sea. STAUNTON: This is painfully obscure, and the efforts of the commentators have by no means lessened its ambiguity. Does Rosalind mean that though 'captivated like a man,' she has so much of a woman's curiosity in her disposition that 'one inch of delay more' would cause her to betray her sex? COWDEN-CLARKE: That is, one inch of delay more is as tedious to wait for as a discovery made in the South Seas. INGLEYBY (*Sh. Hermeneutics*, p. 80): The more Celia delays her revelation as to who the man is, the more she will have to reveal about him. Why? Because Rosalind fills up the delay (increases it, in fact) with fresh interrogatories, whereby Celia becomes lost in a South Sea of questions. WRIGHT: If you delay the least to satisfy my curiosity I shall ask you in the interval so many more questions that to answer them will be like embarking on a voyage of discovery over a wide and unknown ocean.

*Cel.* So you may put a man in your belly. 200

*Rof.* Is he of Gods making? What manner of man?  
Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

*Cel.* Nay, he hath but a little beard.

*Rof.* Why God will fend more, if the man will bee  
thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou 205  
delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

*Cel.* It is yong *Orlando*, that tript vp the Wraftlers  
heelles, and your heart, both in an instant.

*Rof.* Nay, but the diuell take mocking: speake fadde  
brow, and true maid. 210

*Cel.* I'faith (*Coz*) tis he.

*Rof.* *Orlando*?

*Cel.* *Orlando*.

*Rof.* Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet &  
hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What sayde 215

210. *maid*] *mind* Anon (*ap. Cam. Ed.*).

201. *Gods making*] *WRIGHT*: Or his tailor's? Compare *Lear*, II, ii, 59: 'nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.' Stephens in his *Essays and Characters* (2d ed. 1615) has one 'My Mistresse,' of whom he says: 'Her body is (I presume) of God's making & yet I cannot tell, for many parts thereof she made her selfe' (p. 391). [Compare too what *Viola* answers (*Twelfth N. I.*, v, 254) when *Olivia* unveils her face and asks, 'is't not well done?' 'Excellently done,' replies *Viola*, 'if God did all.'—*Ed.*]

205. *stay*] For many other instances where 'stay' is equivalent to *wait for*, see *Schmidt*, s. v. 2, g.

209, 210. *sadde . . . maid*] *RITSON*: That is, speak with a grave countenance, and as truly as thou art a virgin; speak seriously and honestly. [In connection with the similar phrase 'I answer you right painted cloth,' line 267, *Steevens* cites the parallel construction: 'He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and bounce'—*King John*, II, i, 462. And *Malone* cites, 'I speak to thee plain soldier'—*Hen. V.* V, ii, 156; 'He speaks nothing but madman'—*Twelfth N. I.*, v, 115. For 'sad' in the sense of *grave*, *Schmidt* will supply many an instance.]

213. *Orlando*] *LADY MARTIN* (p. 418): *Celia* answers, and this time gravely, for *Rosalind's* emotion shows her this is no jesting matter. Oh happiness beyond belief, oh rapture inexpressible! The tears at this point always welled up to my eyes and my whole body trembled. If hitherto *Rosalind* had any doubt as to the state of her own heart, from this moment she can have none. Finding how she is overcome at the bare idea of his being near, the thought flashes on her: 'Alas, the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?' but *Celia* has seen him, he perhaps has seen *Celia*, and that perplexing thought is put aside in the eagerness to learn full particulars about her lover.

he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes hee  
 heere? Did he aske for me? Where remains he? How  
 parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him a-  
 gaine? Answer me in one vword.

*Cel.* You must borrow me Gargantuas mouth first:  
 'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages size, to  
 say I and no, to these particulars, is more then to answer  
 in a Catechisme.

216. *makes hee*] *makes him* Han.

+, Steev. Mal. Coll. Sing. Ktly.

218. *he*] *me* F.

221. *size, to*] *size*: To Cap. *size*. To

220. *Gargantuas*] *Garagantua's* Pope

Coll.

216. *Wherein went he?*] HEATH (p. 149): That is, in what manner was he clothed? How did he go dressed? REV. JOHN HUNTER: This has been supposed to mean *in what dress*; but surely it is used for *whereinto*. [This latter interpretation would be conclusive were it not that *to go* bears the meaning, so very frequently, of *to dress*. Schmidt gives fourteen or fifteen examples, and the list is far from complete. Furthermore, is not Hunter's interpretation virtually contained in 'Where remains he?'—ED.]

218. *with*] ABBOTT, § 194: Though we still say 'I parted *with* a house' or 'with a servant (considered as a chattel),' we could not say 'When you parted *with* the king.'—*Rich. II.*: II, ii, 2.

220. *Gargantuas*] GREY (i, 181): Alluding to Garagantua's swallowing five pilgrims, with their pilgrims' staves, in a salad. [Rabelais, Bk. I, chap. xxxviii.] JOHNSON: Rosalind requires nine questions to be answered in *one word*. Celia tells her that a word of such magnitude is too big for any mouth but that of Garagantua, the giant of Rabelais. STEEVENS: It appears from the *Stationers' Registers* that in 1592 [April 6—Wright; vol. ii, p. 607, ed. Arber] was published 'Gargantua his prophesie.' And in 1594 [Dec. 4—Wright; vol. ii, p. 667, ed. Arber] 'A booke entituled, the historie of Gargantua,' &c. The book of Gargantua is likewise mentioned by Laneham in his letter from Kenilworth, 1575. HALLIWELL: Although there had been no English translation of Rabelais in Shakespeare's time, yet it is evident from several notices that a chap-book history of Gargantua was very popular in this country in the sixteenth century. [Hereupon Halliwell gives several of these notices and other references. See Text. Notes for the misspelling started among the Editors by Pope.—ED.] WRIGHT: Colgrave gives: 'Gargantua. Great throat. Rab.'

222. *I and no*] On that puzzling passage in *Lear*, IV, vi, 99, where Lear says "Ay" and "no" too was no good divinity,' COWDEN-CLARKE remarks: 'In proof that "ay" and "no" was used by Shakespeare with some degree of latitude as a phrase signifying alternate reply, and not merely in strictness "yes" and "no," compare [this present passage], where if the questions Rosalind asks be examined, it will be perceived that neither "ay" nor "no" will do as answers to any of them, except to "Did he ask for me?"' [Celia's words, as Cowden-Clarke intimates, are not to be taken literally. I think she means that if she were to give even the very shortest of answers to all of Rosalind's questions, it would be a longer task than to go through the Catechism.—ED.]

223. *in a*] HEATH (p. 149): We should read 'to answer a catechism,' 'To

*Rof.* But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and  
in mans apparrell? Looks he as freshly, as he did the day 225  
he Wraftled?

*Cel.* It is as easie to count Atomies as to resolute the  
propositions of a Louer: but take a taste of my finding  
him, and relish it with good obseruance. I found him  
vnder a tree like a drop'd Acorne. 230

*Rof.* It may vvel be cal'd Ioues tree, when it droppes  
forth fruite.

*Cel.* Giue me audience, good Madam.

*Rof.* Proceed.

*Cel.* There lay hee stretch'd along like a Wounded 235  
knight.

*Rof.* Though it be pittie to see such a sight, it vvell  
becomes the ground. 238

226. <i>Wraftled</i> ] <i>Wraftled</i> F <sub>2</sub> .	Knt.
227. <i>Atomies</i> ] <i>Atomes</i> F <sub>3</sub> F <sub>4</sub> . <i>Atoms</i>	230. <i>a tree</i> ] <i>an oak-tree</i> Han.
Rowe+.	232. <i>forth</i> ] <i>such</i> Cap. Ktly, Huds.
229. <i>good</i> ] <i>a good</i> Steev. Var.'21, Cald.	<i>forth such</i> Ff, Rowe et cet.

answer in a catechism' implies no more than to answer a single question in it. The sense requires that the answer should be to every part of it.

227. *Atomies*] MALONE: 'An atomie,' says Bullokar, in his *Expositor*, 1616, 'is a mote flying in the sunne. Any thing so small that it cannot be made lesse.' [Probably this was pronounced *atomeis*. In Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, *Bethulias Rescue*, 1632, lib. vi, 346: 'Alas! I erre: for all in Atomies Wert thou divided, all would not suffice.' Again, *Ibid.*, *Battail of Yury*, 421: 'Our State (yerst honour'd where the Sun doth rise) Would fly in sparks or die in atomies.' Also in R. L.'s *Diella*, Sonn. xxx., quoted by Caldecott (not, however, in reference to the pronunciation of *atomie*), we read: 'Hee that can count the candles of the skie Or number numberlesse small attomie.—Ed.]

231. *Ioues*] Because the oak was sacred to Jove, and because Orlando was compared to an acorn, Warburton reads 'under *an oak* tree' in the preceding line. 'A laughing allusion,' says NEIL, 'to Minerva's springing full-grown from Jupiter's head, seeing that the oak's acorn Celia spoké of was a full-grown lover.'

232. *forth fruite*] See Text. Notes for the omission supplied by the Second Folio. Capell asserted that no such phrase as 'drops *forth*' is 'acknowledg'd by Englishmen'; but Malone cites it in this very play, IV, iii, 37.

238. *becomes the ground*] CAPELL: The metaphor is taken from colour'd needlework, whose figures are more or less beautiful, according to the ground they are lay'd on. HALLIWELL: But the more obvious meaning may be what is intended. STEEVENS: So in *Ham.* V, ii, 413: 'Such a sight as this Becomes the field.' WRIGHT: But 'field' in this case means 'battle-field.' STAUNTON: That is, it well *adorns*, or *graces*, or *sets off* the ground. To 'become,' in the present day, signifies usually to *befit*, to be *suitable*; formerly it meant more than this. Thus, in *Com. of Err.* III, ii,



*Cel.* Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee : it curuettes  
vnseasonably. He was furnish'd like a Hunter. 240

*Rof.* O ominous, he comes to kill my hart.

*Cel.* I would sing my song without a burthen, thou  
bring'st me out of tune. 243

239. *holla*] *halla* F, Rowe.

*the*] Ff, Cald. Knt. *thy* Rowe

241. *hart*] Ff, Pope, Cap. Cald. Knt.

*heart* Rowe et cet.

et cet.

Luciana bids Antipholus, '*become* disloyalty; Apparel Vice, like Virtue's harbinger.' And in *King John*, V, i, Falconbridge exhorts the king to 'glisten like the god of war, When he intendeth to *become* the field.'

239. *holla*] SKEAT: *Holla, Hollo*, stop, wait! (French). Not the same word as *halloo*, and somewhat differently used in old authors. The true sense is stop! wait! and it was at first used as an interjection simply, though early confused with *halloo*, and thus acquiring the sense of to shout. '*Holla*, stand there.'—*Oth.* I, ii, 56. [The present passage cited.] French *hola*, 'an interjection, hoe there enough; . . . also, hear you me, or come hither.'—Cotgrave. French *ho*, interjection, and *là*, there. The French *là* is an abbreviation from Latin *illac*, that way, there, originally a feminine ablative, from *illic*, pronoun, he yonder, which is a compound of *ille*, he, and the enclitic *ce*, meaning 'there.'—*Lear*, III, i, 55; *Twelfth N.* I, v, 291. But note that there is properly a distinction between *holla* (with final *a*), the French form, and *hollo* (with final *o*), a variant of *halloo*, the English form. Confusion was inevitable; it is worth noting that the Fr. *là* accounts for the final *a*, just as Ang. Sax. *lā* accounts for the final *o* or *oo*; since Ang. Sax. *ā* becomes long *o* by rule, as in *bān*, a bone, *stān*, a stone.

239. *the*] Walker (*Crit.* ii, 231) has a chapter on the confusion of *thy* and *the*, of which confusion the present word is an instance. Rapid pronunciation will, I think, account for this apparent confusion in many an instance. The every-day speech of the Quakers, or 'their Friends' language,' as they call it, furnishes frequent examples.—Ed.

240. vnseasonably] Apparently through a mere oversight Steevens in his edition of 1793 inserted *very* before this word; thereupon the error curvetted unseasonably through the Variorums of 1803, 1813, 1821, and Singer's first edition, until Knight cried *holla* to it.—Ed.

241. *hart*] STEEVENS: A quibble between *heart* and *hart*. [See Schmidt, *s. v.* *heart*, for the same pun elsewhere.]

242. I would] See Abbott, § 329, for other examples of 'would' used for *will*, *wish*, *require*.

242. *burthen*] CHAPPELL (p. 222): The 'burden' of a song, in the old acceptance of the word, was the *base*, *foot*, or *under-song*. It was sung throughout, and not merely at the end of the verse. 'Burden' is derived from *bourdon*, a drone base (French, *bourdon*). 'This sompnour bar to him a stif burdoun, Was nevere trompe of half so gret a soun.'—[*Cant. Tales, Prol.*, line 673, ed. Morris]. We find as early as 1250 that *Somer is icumen in* was sung with a foot, or burden, in two parts throughout ('Sing cuckoo, sing cuckoo'); and in the preceding century Giraldus had noticed the peculiarity of the English in singing under-parts to their songs. That 'burden' still bore the sense of an under-part or base, and not merely of a ditty, see *A Quest*

*Rof.* Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke,  
I muſt ſpeake : ſweet, ſay on.

245

*Enter Orlando & Iaques.*

*Cel.* You bring me out. Soft, comes he not heere?

*Rof.* 'Tis he, ſlinke by, and note him.

248

244. *when*] *what* Han.

246. Scene VII. Pope+.

Enter...] After line 248, Dyce.

247. *out*] *out* F<sub>3</sub>.

247. *heere*] *neere* F<sub>2</sub>. *near* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

248. *ſlinke*] *ſling* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

Cel. and Ros. retire. Theob.

*of Inquiry*, &c. 1595, where it is compared to the music of a tabor: 'Good people, beware of wooers' promises, they are like the musique of a tabor and pipe: the pipe says golde, giftes, and many gay things; but performance is moralised in the tabor, which bears the burden of "I doubt it, I doubt it." So in *Much Ado*, III, iv, 44, Margaret says, 'Clap's into "Light o' love;" that goes without a burden' [there being no man or men on the stage to sing one.—Chappell]: 'do you sing it, and I'll dance it.' *Light o' Love* was therefore strictly a *ballet*, to be sung and danced. . . . Many of these burdens were short proverbial expressions, such as: "'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all.' . . . Other burdens were mere nonsense, words that went glibly off the tongue, giving the accent of the music, such as *hey nonny, nonny no; hey derry down*, &c. [See IV, ii, 14.]

247. *bring me out*] Almost a repetition of what she had just said; which explains itself. WRIGHT cites *Love's Lab. L. V. ii, 171*: 'They do not mark me, and that brings me, out.' If the reference in the present instance be not exclusively to music, our modern idiom has merely substituted *put* for 'bring.'—ED.

248. COWDEN-CLARKE: One of Shakespeare's touches of womanly nature. Rosalind, so eager to hear of him, so impatient to extract every particle of description of him, the instant she sees Orlando approach, draws back, and defers the moment of meeting him. In the first place, she cannot bear to join him while he has another person with him, and waits till Jaques is gone; in the next place, she wishes to look upon him before she looks at him face to face; and lastly, she is glad to have an interval wherein to recover from her first emotion at hearing he is near, ere she accosts him in person. Dramatically, also, the poet is skilful in this pause; he gives opportunity for the dialogue between Jaques and Orlando, showing them together, and making the latter avow his passion for Rosalind (in her very presence, though unconsciously) before he brings the lover to his mistress. LADY MARTIN (p. 405): It was surely a strange perversion which assigned Rosalind, as it once assigned Portia, to actresses whose strength lay only in comedy. Even the joyous, buoyant side of her nature could hardly have justice done to it in their hands; for that is so inextricably mingled with deep womanly tenderness, with an active intellect disciplined by fine culture, as well as tempered by a certain native distinction, that a mere comedian could not give the true tone and colouring even to her playfulness and her wit. These forest scenes between Orlando and herself are not, as a comedy actress would be apt to make them, merely pleasant fooling. At the core of all that Rosalind says and does lies a passionate love as pure and all-absorbing as ever swayed a woman's heart. Surely it was the finest and boldest of all devices, one in which only a Shakespeare could have ventured, to put his heroine into such a position that she could, without revealing her own secret,

*Iaq.* I thanke you for your company, but good faith  
I had as lief haue beene my selfe alone. 250

*Orl.* And so had I : but yet for fashion sake  
I thanke you too, for your societie.

*Iaq.* God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.

*Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers. 254

251, 252. Prose, Pope et seq. Wh. Dyce. *be wi'* Cla. Rife, *be with*  
253. *buy*] Ff, Cam. *b'w'* Rowe+. Steev. et cet.  
*be wi'* Cap. Mal. Sta. *bye*, Coll. *b' wi'*

probe the heart of her lover to the very bottom, and so assure herself that the love which possessed her own being was as completely the master of his. Neither could any but Shakespeare have so carried out this daring design, that the woman, thus rarely placed for gratifying the impulses of her own heart and testing the sincerity of her lover's, should come triumphantly out of the ordeal, charming us during the time of probation by wit, by fancy, by her pretty womanly waywardness playing like summer lightning over her throbbing tenderness of heart, and never in the gayest sallies of her happiest moods losing one grain of our respect. No one can study this play without seeing that, through the guise of the brilliant-witted boy, Shakespeare meant the charm of the high-hearted woman, strong, tender, delicate, to make itself felt. Hence it is that Orlando finds the spell which 'heavenly Rosalind' had thrown around him drawn hourly closer and closer, he knows not how, while at the same time he has himself been winning his way more and more into his mistress's heart. Thus, when at last Rosalind doffs her doublet and hose and appears arrayed for her bridal, there seems nothing strange or unmeet in this somewhat sudden consummation of what has in truth been a lengthened wooing. The actress will, in my opinion, fail signally in her task who shall not suggest all this, and who shall not leave upon her audience the impression that when Rosalind resumes her state at her father's court she will bring into it as much grace and dignity as by her bright spirits she had brought of sunshine and cheerfulness into the shades of the forest of Arden.

249-254. Both Walker (*Crit.* i, 1) and Abbott (§ 511) suggest that this passage is verse. The arrangement proposed by the former happens, however, to be exactly the division of lines as given here in the Folio. Unless the whole scene were converted into verse, it is not easy to see what gain would accrue from thus converting these few lines. We must not forget how seldom Shakespeare's prose in serious passages is wholly unrhymical; it is almost always metric.—ED.

250. *my selfe*] ABBOTT, § 20 (foot-note): 'Myself' seems here used for our *by myself*.

253. *God buy you*] WALKER (*Vers.* 227): *God be with you* is in fact *God b' wi' you*; sometimes a trisyllable, sometimes contracted into a dissyllable;—now *Good bye*. (Quere, whether the substitution of *good* for *God* was not the work of the Puritans, who may have considered the familiar use of God's name in the common form of leave-taking as irreverent? I suggest this merely as a *may-be*.) This form is variously written in the Folio and in old editions of our other dramatists; sometimes it is in full, even when the metre requires the contraction; at others *God b' wi' ye*, *God be wy you*, *God buy*, *God buy*, &c. I have noticed the form *God b' wi' you* as late as Smollett (*Roderick Random*, chap. iii): 'B' wye, old gentleman'; if not later.

*Iaq.* I pray you marre no more trees vwith Writing 255  
Loue-songs in their barks.

*Orl.* I pray you marre no moe of my verses with reading them ill-fauouredly.

*Iaq.* *Rosalinde* is your loues name? *Orl.* Yes, Iust.

*Iaq.* I do not like her name. 260

*Orl.* There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

*Iaq.* What stature is she of?

*Orl.* Iust as high as my heart.

*Iaq.* You are ful of pretty anfwers : haue you not bin acquainted with goldsmiths wiues, & cond thẽ out of rings 265

257. *moe*] *Cla. Rife. mo Mal. more* 266. *cond*] *conn'd Rowe. conned*  
*Ff et cet. Knt.*

261. *no*] *not F.*

257. *moe*] SKEAT: The modern English word *more* does duty for two Middle English words which were, generally, well distinguished, viz.: *mo* and *more*, the former relating to number, the latter to size. 1. Middle English *mo*, more in number, additional. '*Mo* than thries ten' = more than thirty in number; Chaucer, *C. T.* 578.—*Ang. Sax. mā*, both as adj. and adv., Grein, ii, 201. . . . This A. S. *mā* seems to have been originally an adverbial form; it is cognate with Ger. *mehr*, Goth. *mais*, adv., Lat. *magis*. . . . 2. Mid. Eng. *more*, larger in size, bigger; '*more* and lesse' = greater and smaller, Chaucer, *C. T.* 6516. (The distinction between *mo* and *more* is not *always* observed in old authors, but very often it appears clearly enough)—A. S. *māra*, greater, larger; Grein, ii, 212. . . . This is really a *double* comparative, with the additional comp. suffix *-ra*. . . . It deserves to be noted that some grammarians, perceiving that *mo-re* has one comparative suffix more than *mo*, have rushed to the conclusion that *mo* is a positive form. This is false; the positive forms are *mickle*, *much*, and (practically) *many*. [A somewhat different ground of distinction is laid down by the German grammarians, with whom Wright apparently agrees. It was suggested first by MOMMSEN (I speak subject to correction), in his edition of *Rom. & Jul.* p. 12 (cited by Mätzner, i, 277, trans. Grece), who, on the authority of an assertion by Alexander Gil that *mo* is plural in form, said that he 'knew of scarcely a single passage in any poet of that age where *mo* was used with the singular.' The inference is that he held *mo* to be used with plurals and *more* with singulars. What we merely infer from Mommsen is laid down with emphasis by KOCH (*Grammatik*, ii, 209—cited by Wright), who says: 'The difference seems to be firmly fixed that *more* is used with the singular and *mo* with the plural; whence it comes that the oldest grammarians, like Gil and Wallis, set forth *mo* as the comparative of *many*, and *more* the comparative of *much*. Finally, WRIGHT, with a broader knowledge, says that 'the distinction appears to be that "*moe*" is used only with the plural, "*more*" both with singular and plural.' See Wright's 'Additional Note,' V, i, 34.—ED.]

266. *wiues . . . rings*] The shop-keepers wives decked out in fine clothes were wont to sit before their doors, and had it in their power by their engaging manners greatly to augment their husbands' custom. Goldsmiths' Row in Cheapside was the

*Orl.* Not so : but I answer you right painted cloath, 267  
from whence you haue studied your questions.

*Iaq.* You haue a nimble wit ; I thinke 'twas made of  
*Attalanta's* heeles. Will you fitte downe with me, and 270  
wee two, will raile against our Mistris the world, and all  
our miserie. 272

267. *you*] *your* Mason.  
*right*] *right*, Rowe. *right in the*  
*style of the Han.*

268. *your*] *you* F.  
271. *Mistris*] *mistress*, Pope+, Cap.  
Mal.

pride of London for its display of glittering ware, and naturally a resort for young fops with more money than brains. The sneer at Orlando is not even thinly veiled. In Arber's *English Garner*, i, 611, is to be found a collection of *Love Posies* for rings, many hundred in number, from a MS of about 1596. Other specimens of them may be found in Tusser's *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*, and Wright refers to Fairholt's *Rambles of an Archaeologist*, pp. 142, 143.—ED.

267. painted cloath] CAPELL: In the painted cloth style, *i. e.* briefly and pithily. Tapestries are improperly call'd painted cloths: therefore the cloths here alluded to seem rather those occasional paintings that were indeed done upon cloth, *i. e.* linnen or canvas; and hung out by the citizens upon different publick occasions, but chiefly —entries; the figures on these cloths were sometimes made to converse and ask questions, by labels coming out of their mouths; and these are the speeches that Jaques is accused of studying. There was also a furniture of painted cloth; the devices and legends of one of them, the possessors of Sir Thomas More's works may see among his poems. [STEEVENS was evidently one of these possessors; he quotes from Sir Thomas More's *Works*, 1557:] 'Mayster Thomas More in hys youth devysed in hys father's house in London, a goodly hangyng of fyne *paynted clothe*, with nine pageauntes and verses over every of those pageauntes; which verses expressed and declared what the ymages in those pageauntes represented: and also in those pageauntes were paynted the thynges that the verses over them dyd (in effecte) declare.' [Theobald having spoken of this 'painted cloth' as 'tapestry,' NARES corrects him, and says 'it was really *cloth* or canvas *painted in oil* with various devices or mottoes. Tapestry, being both more costly and less durable, was much less used, except in splendid apartments; nor though coloured could it properly be called "painted."' [Steevens, Malone, Knight, Halliwell, all give references throughout Elizabethan literature to this painted cloth, with specimens of the mottoes, but references from Shakespeare himself are all that is needful, and are far more satisfactory.] THEOBALD: See *R. of L.* 244: 'Who fears a sentence, or an old mans saw Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.' WRIGHT: The scenes were frequently of Scripture subjects. Compare *1 Hen. IV.* IV, ii, 28: 'Slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth.' And *a Hen. IV.* II, i, 157: 'And for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these fly-bitten tapestries.' ROLFE: Compare *Love's Lab. L.* V, ii, 579, and *Tro. & Cress.* V, x, 47. JOHNSON: This may mean, I give you a true painted cloth answer; as we say, she talks *right Billingsgate*; that is, exactly such language as is used at Billingsgate. [For the construction see 'speake sadde brow,' line 209; and for 'right' see 'right Butterwomans rank,' line 96.]

*Orl.* I wil chide no breather in the world but my selfe 273  
against whom I know most faults.

*Iaq.* The worst fault you haue, is to be in loue. 275

*Orl.* 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your best vertue : I am wearie of you.

*Iaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a Foole, when I found you.

*Orl.* He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and 280  
you shall see him.

*Iaq.* There I shal see mine owne figure.

*Orl.* Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.

*Iaq.* Ile tarrie no longer with you, farewell good signior Loue. 285

*Orl.* I am glad of your departure : Adieu good Monsieur Melancholly.

*Ros.* I wil speake to him like a fawcie Lacky. and vnder that habit play the knaue with him, do you hear For-

*Orl.* Verie wel, what would you ? (rester. 290

273. *breather*] *brother* Rowe i.

274. *most*] *no* Ff, Rowe, Pope, Han.

275. *you*] *yon* F<sub>2</sub>.

285. *Exit.*] Rowe. After line 287,  
Cap.

286. Scene VIII. Pope+.

287. Cel. and Ros. come forward.

Theob.

288. Aside to Cel. Cap.

289. *him,*] *him*: Rowe+. *him*—  
Johns. *him*. Cap. et seq.

273. *breather*] MALONE: So in the 81st *Sonnet*: 'When all the breathers of this world are dead.' Again, in *Ant. & Cleop.* III, iii, 24: 'She shows a body rather than a life, A statue than a breather.' HALLIWELL: 'Let a man examine himself; for if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged.'—*1 Corinthians*, xi. It is Law, if I recollect rightly, who observes, not imagining he was nearly quoting Shakespeare, that every man knows something worse of himself than he is sure of with respect to others. MOBERLY: As Jaques had been routed by the Duke's sound and vigorous reflections in II, vii, so here Orlando's sound-heartedness, and afterwards Rosalind's caustic criticisms, make short work with his melancholic view of life.

274. *know most faults*] See Text. Notes. It is to be regretted that neither Pope nor Hanmer has vouchsafed to us an interpretation of this fine speech, which, by following the later Folios, they have transformed from modest humility to the extreme of boastful arrogance.—ED.

282. Is it quite in keeping with Jaques's mother-wit that he should thus tamely fall into the trap set for him by Orlando?—ED.

283. *Cipher*] WHITE (ed. ii): A pun on 'sigh for,' with an allusion to Narcissus. [Grant White, in his *Preface* (p. xii), says that 'in determining what passages were sufficiently obscure to justify explanation,' he 'took advice of his washerwoman.' It is a comfort to know the source of the foregoing note.—ED.]

289. LADY MARTIN (p. 418): At this moment Orlando is seen approaching with

*Ros.* I pray you, what 't a clocke?

291

*Orl.* You should aske me what time o'day: there's no clocke in the Forrest.

*Ros.* Then there is no true Louer in the Forrest, else fighting euerie minute, and groaning euerie houre wold detect the lazie foot of time, as wel as a clocke. 295

*Orl.* And why not the swift foote of time? Had not that bin as proper?

*Ros.* By no meanes fir; Time trauels in diuers paces, with diuers perfons: Ile tel you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands stil withall. 300 302

299. *paces*] *places* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe i.

300. *diuers*] *diuerse* F<sub>7</sub>.

Jaques through the trees. A glance assures Rosalind that it is indeed he; but now the woman's natural shyness at being discovered in so strange a suit comes over her. 'Slink by and note him,' she says; and withdrawing along with Celia to a point where she may see and not be seen, she listens, with what delight we may conceive, to the colloquy in which her lover more than holds his own when the misanthrope Jaques rallies him on being in love and marring the forest trees 'with writing love-songs in their bark.' On the assurance given by Orlando's answers that she is the very Rosalind of these songs, her heart leaps with delight. Not for the world would she have Orlando recognise her in her unmaidenly disguise; but now a sudden impulse determines her to risk all, and even to turn it to account as the means of testing his love. Boldness must be her friend, and to avert his suspicion her only course is to put on a 'swashing and a martial outside,' and to speak to him 'like a saucy laquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.' He must not be allowed for an instant to surmise the 'hidden woman's fear' that lies in her heart. Besides, it is only by resort to a rough and saucy greeting and manner that she could mask and keep under the trembling of her voice and the womanly tremor of her limbs. I always gave her 'Do you hear, forester?' with a defiant air, as much as to say, 'What are you, a stranger, doing here, intruding in the forest on those who are "natives of the place"?' With such a swagger, too, that Orlando feels inclined to turn round sharply upon the boy, as he had just done upon the cynical Jaques.

295, 296. ABBOTT refers to *Rich. II.* V, v, 50, etc.: 'For now hath time made me his numbering clock; My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch, Whereto my finger, like a dial's point, Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears. Now, sir, the sound that tells what hour it is Are clamorous groans, which strike upon my heart, Which is the bell; so sighs and tears and groans Show minutes, times, and hours.'

296. *detect*] ALLEN (MS): To 'detect' rather implies discovery by *indications* (рекшпрон). Then, taking the liberty (as Shakespeare does) to use the verb intransitively, it may mean here: A groan once an hour and a sigh once every minute *give indications* of the progress of time.

300, &c. *who*] See Abbott, § 274, for many other examples of this common use of 'who' for *whom*.

*Orl.* I prethee, who doth he trot withal?

303

303, 316. *who*] *whom* Ff, Rowe +, Cap

303-315. MRS GRIFFITH (p. 84, foot-note) says that to 'trot hard' means to *trot high*, 'which is the most fatiguing rate to a traveller.' HUNTER (i, 349): This portion of this very sprightly dialogue appears to have undergone dislocation at a very early period, for the old copies and the new are alike. To *trot hard*, at least in the present use of the phrase, is a rapid motion, only just below the gallop. How, then, can it be said that Time 'trots hard' when a se'ennight seems as long as seven years? A slow motion is intended, such as is meant by the word *ambling*. Again, Time passes swiftly with the easy priest and the luxurious rich man who is free from gout. He 'trots hard' with them. And that this transposition is required appears from the order in which Rosalind proposed to show the divers paces of Time with divers persons: 1. *ambling*; 2. *trotting*; 3. *galloping*. I would therefore propose to regulate the passage thus: '*Orl.* I prythee who ambles Time withal? *Ros.* Marry, he ambles with a young maid, &c. Time's pace is so *ambling*, &c. *Orl.* Who doth he trot withal? *Ros.* With a priest that lacks Latin, &c. There Time trots withal.' If this is not accepted we are driven to the supposition that when Shakespeare speaks of 'trotting hard' a slow motion is intended, and that *ambling* denotes a swift motion, neither of which can, I think, be maintained. WHITE: Of all the means of making a short journey seem long, a hard-trotting horse is the surest; while an *ambling* nag, on the contrary, affords so easy and luxurious a mode of travelling that the rider arrives all too soon at his journey's end. That Rosalind's comparison is between comfort and discomfort, not speed and slowness, is, beside, conclusively shown by her saying, afterward, that Time gallops with a thief to the gallows, 'for though he go as *softly as foot can fall*, he thinks himself too soon there.' HALLIWELL: Can this ['He trots hard with a young maid'] be accepted that Time appears so long to her that it increases the necessary pace to enable him to overcome it? The repetition of the word *hard* shows that it is unlikely there is any misprint, but the term may perhaps here be interpreted, *with difficulty, very slowly*. 'Solid bodies foreshow rain, as boxes and pegs of wood when they draw and wind *hard*.'—Bacon. 'Time goes on crutches, till love hath all his rites.'—*Much Ado* [II, i, 372, cited by Malone]. It is perhaps possible that Rosalind is referring to the idea that in matters of ardent desire even rapidity is reckoned a delay. 'In desiderio etiam celeritas mora est—in desyre, in a thing that a man coveteth, even *spede* is counted a taryance.'—Taverner's *Mimi Publani*, 1539 [cited by Caldecott]. WRIGHT: The following definition from Holme's *Armoury*, B. II, c. 7, p. 150, justifies the original arrangement: 'Trot, or a Trotting Horse, when he sets hard and goes of an uneasy rate.' The point is not that Time goes fast, but that he goes at an uneasy pace, and therefore seems to be slow. [I cannot but agree with Hunter, not in any exchange of the phrases, but that, in the case of the young maid it is the rate of the pace, not its quality, to which Rosalind refers. I think that here 'hard' means *fast*. The speed of the trot is increased by the shortness of the time. Invert the order of the sentence: 'If the interim be but a sennight, Time will trot hard.' Are we not compelled here to interpret 'hard' as *fast*? What effect can the flight of time have on the quality of a trot other than on its speed? How can any shortness of the interim make a trot jauncing? The faster the trot, as every one knows, the easier it is. That the time seems long because the trot is jauncing is a mere inference; in actual experience the comfort or discomfort of such a trot depends not a little on the use and wont of the rider.



*Ros.* Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between  
the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnizd: 305  
if the interim be but a fennight, Times pace is so hard,  
that it seemes the length of feuen ycare.

*Orl.* Who ambles Time withal?

*Ros.* With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man  
that hath not the Gowt : for the one sleepest easily be- 310  
cause he cannot study, and the other liues merrily, be-  
cause he feelles no paine : the one lacking the burthen of  
leane and wasteful Learning; the other knowing no bur-  
then of heauie tedious penurie. These Time ambles  
withal. 315

*Orl.* Who doth he gallop withal?

*Ros.* With a theefe to the gallows : for though hee  
go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himselfe too soon  
there.

*Orl.* Who staies it stil withal? 320

*Ros.* With Lawiers in the vacation : for they sleepe  
betweene Terme and Terme, and then they perceiue not  
how time moues.

*Orl.* Where dwell you prettie youth?

*Ros.* With this Shepheardeffe my sifter : heere in the 325  
skirts of the Forrest, like fringe vpon a petticoat.

*Orl.* Are you natieue of this place?

*Ros.* As the Conie that you see dwell where shee is  
kindled. 329

307. *yeare*] *years* F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe+, Mal.  
Steev. Coll. Sing. Ktly.

320. *staies it*] *stands he* Coll. (MS)  
ii, iii.

316, 320. *Who*] *Whom* Ff, Rowe+.

329. *kindled*] *kind-led* Pope i.

Unquestionably, 'hard' may be applied to a trot in the sense of *uneasy*, and it is apparently so used in Wright's citation from Holme's *Armoury*, but I doubt if it can be restricted to this sense. Hunter thinks that a 'slow motion' is intended when Rosalind says that 'Time's pace is so hard that a sennight seems the length of seven years.' To me it implies fast motion, seven years are compressed into a week; the thoughts, hopes, wishes, prayers of seven years are felt and lived through while 'the happy planet dips forward under starry light' only seven times.—ED.]

307. *yeare*] WRIGHT: We still use *pound* and *stone* with plural numerals as did Hamlet, III, ii, 298: 'I'll take the Ghost's word for a thousand pound.' Other instances of this use are in *Tam. of Shr.* Induct. II, 115; *1 Hen. IV.* II, iv, 50; *2 Hen. IV.* III, ii, 224.—Note on *Temp.* I, ii, 53. [See V, ii, 62]

327. *natieue*] WRIGHT: 'Native,' as applied to persons, is always an adjective in Shakespeare.

*Orl.* Your accent is something finer, then you could  
purchase in so removed a dwelling. 330

*Rof.* I haue bin told so of many : but indeed, an olde  
religious Vnckle of mine taught me to speake, who was  
in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtship too  
well : for there he fel in loue. I haue heard him read ma- 335  
ny Lectors against it, and I thanke God, I am not a Wo-  
man to be touch'd with so many giddie offences as hee  
hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principall euils,  
that he laid to the charge of women? 340

*Rof.* There were none principal, they were all like

336. *Lectors*] *Lecturs* F<sub>2</sub>. *Lectures* 336. *and*] Om. F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe+.  
F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

329. *kindled*] SKEAT: To bring forth young. Middle English, *kindlen*, *kundlen*.  
... Cf. also: '*Kyndlyn*, or brynge forthe yonge kyndelyngis, *Feto*, *effeto*.'—*Prompt.*  
*Parv.* p. 275. And in Wyclif, *Luke* iii, 7, we find '*kyndlis* of edderis' in the earlier,  
and '*kyndlyngis* of eddris' in the later version, where the A. V. has 'generation of  
vipers.' . . . It refers, in general, to a numerous progeny, a litter, especially with  
regard to rabbits, &c. [It is still in common use in this country, and always, I  
believe, restricted to rabbits.—ED.] CAMBRIDGE EDITORS: In F<sub>4</sub> and in Rowe's  
two editions the word 'kindled' happens to be in two lines, and therefore divided  
by a hyphen. Pope, misled by this, printed it in his first edition as a compound,  
'kind-led,' interpreting it probably with reference to the gregarious habits of the ani-  
mal in question.

331. *purchase*] That is, simply, to acquire. In technical legal language all land,  
howsoever acquired, other than by descent, is by purchase.—ED.

331. *removed*] REED: That is, remote, sequestered.

332. *of many*] See II, i, 54 or Abbott, § 170.

333. *religious*] MOBERLY: An uncle of mine, who is an aged monk or her-  
mit. ABBOTT (p. 456) refers to *Rich. II.* V, i, 23: 'Cloister thee in some religious  
house.'

334. *inland*] See II, vii, 101.

334. *Courtship*] WHITE: That is, court life. SCHMIDT: Used in the double  
sense of civility and elegance of manners and of courting or wooing. So also *Rom.*  
& *Jul.* III, iii, 34: 'more honourable state, more courtship lives in carrion-flies than  
Romeo.'

335. *there*] ALLEN (MS): That is, at the court, implied in 'courtship.'

336. *Lectors*] WHITE: This is one of the many evidences that the English of  
Shakespeare's time has been remarkably preserved, even in sound, by the inhabitants  
of New England. Throughout the Eastern States, even among a large proportion of  
those who are 'inland-bred and know some culture,' *lecture* is pronounced *lectur*.  
WRIGHT: In the same way in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, 1605, p. 30, '*ver-*  
*dure* is spelt "*verdor*."'

337. *touch'd*] COWDEN-CLARKE: That is, tainted, infected.

one another, as halfe pence are, euerie one fault seeming  
monstrous, til his fellow-fault came to match it. 342

*Orl.* I prethee recount some of them.

*Rof.* No: I wil not cast away my physick, but on those  
that are sicke. There is a man haunts the Forrest, that a-  
bufes our yong plants with caruing *Rosalinde* on their  
barkes; hangs Oades vpon Hawthornes, and Elegies on  
brambles; all (forfooth) defying the name of *Rosalinde*.  
If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would giue him 350  
some good counfel, for he seemes to haue the Quotidian  
of Loue vpon him.

*Orl.* I am he that is so Loue-shak'd, I pray you tel  
me your remedie. 354

342. *euerie one*] *every ones* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
Rowe.

348. *barkes*] *borhes* F<sub>2</sub>.

349. *defying*] *deifying* Ff.

342. *halfe pence*] WRIGHT: No halfpence were coined in Elizabeth's reign till 1582-3. Bacon refers to 'the late new halfpence' in the Dedication to the first edition of his *Essays*, which was published in 1597. They all had the portcullis with a mint mark, and on the reverse a cross moline with three pellets in each angle, so that, in comparison with the great variety in coins of other denominations then in circulation, there was a propriety in saying 'as like one another as halfpence are.' They were used till 1601. See Folkes, *Table of Silver Coins*, p. 57.

343. *monstrous*] One of Walker's most valuable chapters is that on 'Omissions in consequence of Absorption' (*Crit.* ii, 254). On p. 264 he cites the present passage, and after it, follows, without comment, 'Most monstrous'; which is, to me, a decidedly plausible conjecture. The fault was not made less monstrous by having a fellow-fault. It was its pre-eminence, its superlative degree, that was thereby taken from it.—ED.

344. *recount some of them*] LADY MARTIN (p. 420): What an opening here for her to put her lover to the test, to hear him say all that a loving woman most longs to hear from him she loves, and he all the while ignorant that he is laying bare his heart before her!

350. *Fancie*] Love.

351. *Quotidian*] RUSHTON (*Shakespeare's Euphuism*, p. 90): 'Doubtlesse if euer she [Liua] hir selfe haue bene scorched with the flames of desire, she wil be redy to quench the coales with courtesie in an other; if euer she haue bene attached of loue, she wil rescue him that is drenched in desire: if euer she haue ben taken with the feuer of fancie, she will help his ague, who by a *quotidian* fit is conuerted into phrensie.' [Lily's *Euphuus*, p. 66, ed. Arber,—Wright. In Greene's *Planetomachia*, 1585, we find 'the peculiar affections of those men, in whom she [Venus] is predominant,' and on p. 103 (ed. Grosart), *quotidian fevers* are expressly mentioned as a symptom of love; we there read: 'the peculiar diseases to this starre are Cathars, Coryse Branchy [qu. Coryza?], Lethargies, Palsies, . . . quotidian feuers, paines in the heade.'—ED.]

*Rof.* There is none of my Vnckles markes vpon you: 355  
he taught me how to know a man in loue : in which cage  
of rushes, I am fure you art not prisoner.

*Orl.* What were his markes?

*Rof.* A leane cheek, which you haue not : a blew eie 360  
and funken, which you haue not : an vnquestionable spi-  
rit, which you haue not : a beard neglected, which you  
haue not; (but I pardon you for that, for simply your ha-  
uing in beard, is a yonger brothers reuennue) then your  
hose should be vngarter'd, your bonnet vnband, your 364

357. *art*] F.

363. *in*] no Ff, Rowe, Pope.

355. There is . . . markes] See Abbott, § 335, for other instances of 'the inflection in *s* preceding a plural subject.'

356, 357. cage of rushes] C. H. HART (*New Sh. Soc. Trans.*, 1877-9, Pt. iii, p. 462): 'Cage' of course means prison here; but if 'cage of rushes' be not taken to mean a rush ring, or to allude to it, the phrase seems to me meaningless and deprived of its pith. [For *rush rings*, used in mock ceremonies of marriage, and much conducing thereby to immorality, see Nares, *s. v.*; Brand's *Pop. Ant.* ii, p. 107; Skeat's *Two Noble K'ns.* IV, i, 88—all cited by Hart. I doubt if there be more of an allusion here to a custom, low and vulgar at its best, than might be suggested by the mere chance use of the word. It is in keeping with Rosalind's assumed disbelief in the strength of Orlando's love, that she should refer to the bars of his prison as no more than rushes.—ED.]

359. blew eie] STEEVENS: That is, blueness about the eyes. WHITE: That is, hollow-eyed. 'Blue eyes' were called *grey* in Shakespeare's time. See 'blue-eyed hag,' *Temp.* I, ii, 270.

360. vnquestionable] CHAMIER: Unwilling to be conversed with. M. MASON: So in [III, iv, 34] Rosalind says she had 'much question' with the Duke. And in V, iv, 165, the Duke was converted after 'some question with an old religious man.' In both places, 'question' means *discourse* or *conversation*. [For many more instances, see Schmidt, *s. v.* 'Question,' the noun and the verb. White refers to 'Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,'—*Ham.* I, iv, 43, where the word is used in exactly the same sense; that is, thou com'st in a shape so proper to be questioned, and yet this line is often quoted as if 'questionable' meant 'suspicious.']

362. hauing] STEEVENS: 'Having' is *possession, estate*. So in *Merry Wives*, III, ii, 73: 'The gentleman is of no having.' [For nine or ten other examples see Schmidt.]

364. vngarter'd] MALONE: The established and characteristic marks by which the votaries of love were denoted in the time of Shakespeare. Thus, in *The Fair Maid of the Exchange*, by Heywood, 1637: 'Shall I that have jested at lovers' sighs, now raise whirlwinds? Shall I, that have flouted *ah! me's* once a quarter, now practise *ah! me's* every minute? Shall I defy hatbands, and tread garters and shoe-strings under my feet? Shall I fall to falling-bands and be a ruff-an no longer? I must; I am now liege-man to Cupid, and have read all these informations in his book of Statutes.'—[p. 22, ed. Sh. Soc. Evidently these signs of love were unmistakeable in the

fleeue vnbutton'd, your shoo vnti'de, and euerie thing 365  
about you, demonstrating a carelesse desolation: but you  
are no such man; you are rather point deuice in your ac-  
couftruments, as louing your selfe, then seeming the Lo-  
uer of any other. (I Loue.

Orl. Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleuee 370

Rof. Me beleuee it? You may affoone make her that

367. *point*] a *point* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. 367, 368. *accouftruments*] Ff. *Accou-*  
*point deuice*] *point-de-vice* Johns. *trements* Rowe.  
*point-deuise* Dyce.

speaker's mind; what he has just said is after he had seen the Fair Maid of the Exchange; before he had seen her he says (p. 18): 'if ev'ry tale of love, Or love itself, or fool-bewitching beauty, Make me cross-arm myself, study *ah-me's*, Defy my hatband, tread beneath my feet Shoe-strings and garters, practise in my glass Distressed looks, and dry my liver up, With sighs enough to wind an argosy, If ever I turn thus fantastical, Love plague me.' Again, in *How a Man may Choose a Good Wife from a Bad*, 1602: 'I was once like thee, A sigher, melancholy humorist, Crosser of arms, a goer without garters, A hatband-hater, and a busk-point wearer.'—[I, iii, p. 17, ed. Hazlitt. Hamlet's 'ungartered stockings' will occur to every one.—Ed.]

364. *vnbande*] The foregoing extracts, cited by Malone, fairly illustrate this whole passage. Wright quotes from *The Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583, where Stubbes describes the fashions of hats: 'An other sort have round crownes, sometimes with one kinde of bande, sometimes with an other; nowe blacke, now white, now russet, now red, now greene, now yellowe, now this, nowe that, never content with one colour or fashion two dayes to an ende. . . . Besides this, of late there is a new fashion of wearing their Hattes sprung vp amongst them, which they father vpon the Frenchmen, namely to weare them without bandes; but how vnseemelie (I will not say how Assy) a fashion that is, let the wise judge.'—(p. 52, Collier's Reprint) [Part I, pp. 50, 51, ed. New Sh. Soc.]

367. *point deuice*] STEEVENS: That is, drest with finical nicety. So in *Love's Lab. L.* V, i, 21: 'I abhor such fanatical phantasies, such insociable and point-deuise companions.' SKEAT: A shortened form of the older phrase *at point deuice*, equivalent to with great nicety or exactitude, as: 'With limmes [limbs] wrought *at point deuice*;'—*Rom. of the Rose*, l. 830; a translation of Old French, *à point devis*, according to a point [of exactitude] that is devised or imagined, *i. e.* in the best way imaginable.

FLETCHER (p. 216): Who does not see the pleasure with which, under her affected disbelief, she dwells on the contrast which Orlando's neatness of personal appearance presents to that of the ordinary but less healthy kind of lover, 'about whom everything demonstrates a careless desolation.'

367, 368. *accouftruments*] WRIGHT: The early form of the French word. In *King John*, I, i, 211, and in *Tam. Shr.* III, ii, 121, it occurs in the modern spelling.

371. *Me beleuee it*] KEIGHTLEY's text reads 'Make me believe it,' and in a note (*Exp.* 160) he says: 'Surely the passage thus gains not only in metre, but in spirit.' [This is the second time (see line 84 above) that Keightley in a prose passage appeals

of teares, full of smiles ; for euerie passion something, and 392  
 for no passion truly any thing, as boyes and women are  
 for the most part, cattle of this colour : would now like  
 him, now loath him : then entertaine him, then forweare 395  
 him : now weepe for him, then spit at him ; that I draue  
 my Sutor from his mad humor of loue, to a liuing humor  
 of madnes, w<sup>ch</sup> was to forweare the ful stream of y<sup>e</sup> world,  
 and to liue in a nooke meerly Monastick : and thus I cur'd 399

397. *my*] *this* F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe.

*Sutor*] *Suter* F<sub>2</sub>. *Suitor* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*from*] *for* F<sub>4</sub>.

397. *liuing*] *loving* Johns. conj. Col<sup>l</sup>.

i, ii, iii, Dyce, Sta. Huds.

398. *to*] *which* Ff.

397. *liuing*] JOHNSON: If this be the true reading, we must by 'living' understand *lasting*, or *permanent*; but I cannot forbear to think that some antithesis was intended which is now lost; perhaps the passage stood thus: I drove my suitor from a *dying* humour of love to a living humour of madness. Or rather thus: From a mad humour of love to a *loving* humour of madness, that is, From a *madness* that was *love*, to a *love* that was *madness*. This seems somewhat harsh and strained, but such modes of speech are not unusual in our poet; and this harshness was probably the cause of the corruption. FARMER: Perhaps we should read: to a humour of *loving* madness. MALONE: 'A living humour of madness' is, I conceive, a humour of *living* madness, a mad humour that operates on the *mode of living*; or, in other words, and more accurately, *a mad humour of life*; '—to forswear the world, and *live* in a nook,' &c. WHITER (p. 51): Compare: 'Give me a *living* reason she's disloyal.'—*Oth.* III, iii, 470. That is, give me a *direct, absolute, and unequivocal* proof. Why then may not the 'living humor of madness' mean a *confirmed, absolute, and direct* state of madness? This signification is easily deduced from the sense which the original word bears in the phrases of 'Done or expressed to the *life*'—*ad vivum expressum*. COLLIER: The antithesis is complete if, with Johnson, we read *loving*, which is only the change of a letter; and this reading is supported by the MS correction of the early possessor of the First Folio in the library of Lord Francis Egerton. The meaning thus is, that Rosalind drove her suitor from his mad humour of love into a humour in which he was in love with madness, and forswore the world. [It is also *loving* in Collier's (MS).] WHITE: *Loving* is plausible, and the antithetical conceit quite in the manner of Shakespeare's time. WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 63): Of course *loving*. [Walker gives five or six instances where unquestionably 'live' has been printed *love*, and 'love' *live*.] WRIGHT: But 'living' in the sense of real or actual [as Whiter suggests] gives a very good meaning, and its resemblance in sound is sufficiently near to keep up the jingle. [Wherewith the present editor entirely agrees.—ED.]

399. *meerly Monastick*] ALLEN (MS): I wonder whether it should not be written: 'to live in a nook, merely monastic'? That is, 'monastic' as an adjective in the nominative, 'he becoming merely monastic,' *i. e.* absolutely *religious*.

399. BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE (April, 1833): Who could resist this? Not Orlando; for, though love-stricken [Qu. *because* love-stricken?—ED.], he is full of the power of life; his passion is a joy; his fear is but slight shadow, his hope strong sunshine. . . . There is a mysterious spell breathed over his whole being from that

him, and this way wil I take vpon mee to wash your Li- 400  
uer as cleane as a found sheepes heart, that there shal not  
be one spot of Loue in't.

*Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

*Rof.* I would cure you, if you would but call me *Rosa-*  
*lind*, and come euerie day to my Coat, and woe me. 405

*Orlan.* Now by the faith of my loue, I will ; Tel me  
where it is.

*Rof.* Go with me to it, and Ile shew it you : and by  
the way, you shal tell me, where in the Forrest you liue :  
Wil you go ? 410

*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth.

*Rof.* Nay, you must call mee *Rosalind* : Come sifter,  
will you go ? *Exeunt.* 413

401. *cleane*] *cleare* F<sub>2</sub>. *cleer* F<sub>3</sub>. *clear*  
F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe+, Cap.

405. *Coat*] *cote* Rowe. *cotte* Theob.

408. *Ile*] *I will* Rowe+.

412. *Nay*] *Nay, nay* F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe+.

silver speech. Near the happy close of the play the Duke says to him : ' I do remem-  
ber in this shepherd-boy Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.' And Orlando  
answers : ' My lord, the first time that I ever saw him, Methought he was a brother to  
your daughter.' That sweet thought had passed across his mind at their first meeting,  
although he did not tell the ' shepherd-boy.' . . . And is not this shepherd-boy with  
' lively touches of my daughter's favour ' a thousand times better than a dead picture ?  
It is a living full-length picture even of Rosalind in a fancy-dress ; and ' tis easy as  
delightful to imagine it the very original's own self, ' the slender Rosalind,' ' the  
heavenly Rosalind,' ' tis ' Love's young dream !'

400, 401. STEEVENS : This is no very delicate comparison, though produced by  
Rosalind in her assumed character of a shepherd. HALLIWELL : The liver was con-  
sidered the seat of love. WRIGHT : See *The Temp.* IV, i, 56 : ' The cold white vir-  
gin snow upon my heart Abates the ardour of my liver.' Compare the ' jecur ulcero-  
sum ' of Horace, *Od.* I, xxv, 15. [Forgetfulness of this fact, so familiar to every  
student, whether English or Classical, led Dr Bucknill (p. 110) to propose that the  
words ' heart ' and ' liver ' should be transposed. Whereto attention was called by  
' Speriend,' *Notes & Qs.* 5th S. vol. iv, p. 182.]

406. I will] NEIL : Francis, ' the dramatic Censor,' suggests the insertion here of  
the words, ' The more so as thou hast strong traces of Rosalind's favour,' justified  
by V, iv, 32, 33.

413. FLETCHER (p. 218) : We must bear in mind that Orlando cannot be supposed  
to lose sight for a moment of the resemblance in feature and in voice which the sup-  
posed forest youth bears to his noble and graceful mistress. Nor does he any more  
wish for his own cure than Rosalind herself desires it. On the contrary, it is because  
he feels the lively and delicate charm which he finds in this new acquaintance, opera-  
ting, by strong affinity, to nourish and deepen the impression which his real mistress's  
perfections have made upon his heart, that he at last accepts the sportive invitation to

[will you go]

visit the cottage of the fictitious Ganymede. On the other hand, Rosalind has secured to herself the pleasure of hearing under her disguise the continued addresses of her lover; while the fact of her remaining undiscovered is brought within the limits of probability by the exceeding unlikelihood to Orlando's mind of such a metamorphosis on the part of his princess, and yet more by the perfect self-possession and finished address wherewith both she and her cousin are enacting their forest and pastoral parts, as if they were as native to the scene, to borrow Rosalind's expression, 'as the coney that you see dwell where she is kindled.' But, above all, she is talking herself more deeply into love. How beautifully does this appear in her subsequent conversation with Celia, when Orlando has failed to keep his wooing appointment: 'Never talk to me, I will weep,' &c., and in her account of how she had avoided recognition by her father, although she and her cousin had set out upon their wanderings on purpose to seek him. LADY MARTIN (p. 422): I need scarcely say how necessary it is for the actress in this scene, while carrying it through with a vivacity and dash that shall divert from Orlando's mind every suspicion of her sex, to preserve a refinement of tone and manner suitable to a woman of Rosalind's high station and cultured intellect; and by occasional tenderness of accent and sweet persuasiveness of look, to indicate how it is that, even at the outset, she establishes a hold upon Orlando's feelings, which in their future intercourse in the forest deepens, without his being sensibly conscious of it, his love for the Rosalind of his dreams. I never approached this scene without a sort of pleasing dread, so strongly did I feel the difficulty and the importance of striking the true note in it. Yet when once engaged in it, I was borne along I knew not how. The situation in its very strangeness was so delightful to my imagination that from the moment when I took the assurance from Orlando's words to Jaques that his love was as absolute as woman could desire, I seemed to lose myself in a sense of exquisite enjoyment. A thrill passed through me; I felt my pulse beat quicker; my very feet seemed to dance under me. That Rosalind should forget her first woman's fears about her 'doublet and hose' seemed the most natural thing in the world. Speak to Orlando she must at any hazard. But oh, the joy of getting him to pour out all his heart, without knowing that it was his own Rosalind to whom he talked,—of proving if he were indeed worthy of her love, and testing, at the same time, the depth and sincerity of her own devotion! The device to which she resorted seemed to suggest itself irresistibly; and, armed with Shakespeare's words, it was an intense pleasure to try to give expression to the archness, the wit, the quick, ready intellect, the ebullient fancy, with the tenderness underlying all, which give to this scene its transcendent charm. Of all the scenes of this exquisite play, while this is the most wonderful, it is for the actress certainly the most difficult. GRANT WHITE (*Studies*, &c., p. 254): Now here most Rosalinds go shyly off with Celia and leave Orlando to come dangling after them; but when I read the passage I see Ganymede jauntily slip his arm into Orlando's, and lead him off, laughingly lecturing him about his name; then turn his head over his shoulder, and say, 'Come, sister!' leaving Celia astounded at the boundless 'cheek' of her enamored cousin. [In a foot-note:] I have used the words 'cheek' and 'chaff' in connection with Rosalind, because they convey to us of this day the nature of her goings-on as no other words would; and Shakespeare himself, who always treats slang respectfully, although he contemns and despises cant, would be the first to pardon me.



*Scæna Tertia.**Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Iaques :*

*Clo.* Come apace good *Audrey*, I wil fetch vp your Goates, *Audrey* : and how *Audrey* am I the man yet? Doth my siple feature content you?

*Aud.* Your features, Lord warrant vs : what features? 5

Scene IX. Pope +

2. *Audrey*] *Audrie F.*

3. *how*] *now F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>*, Rowe +.

3. the man] ABBOTT, § 92: *The* used to denote notoriety.

5. features] STEEVENS: *Feat* and *feature*, perhaps, had anciently the same meaning. The Clown asks if the *features* of his face content her; she takes the word in another sense, *i. e.* *feats, deeds*, and in her reply seems to mean what *feats, i. e.* what have we done yet? Or the jest may turn on the Clown's pronunciation. In some parts, 'features' might be pronounced *faitors*, which signify *rascals, low wretches*. Pistol uses the word in *2 Hen. IV.*: II, iv, 173, and Spenser very frequently MALONE: In Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594: 'I see then artless feature can content, And that true beauty needs no ornament' [III, ii, line 729, ed. Grosart]. Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*: 'My feature is not to content her sight; My words are rude, and work her no delight' [II, i, p. 37, ed. Hazlitt]. 'Feature' appears to have formerly signified the whole countenance. So, in *1 Hen. VI.*: V, v, 68: 'Her peerless feature, joined to her birth, Approves her fit for none but for a king.' WHITER (p. 51): 'Feature' appears to have three senses. First, The cast and make of the face. Secondly, Beauty in general. Thirdly, The whole turn of the body. CALDECOTT: 'Feature' strictly is *form* or *figure*. NARES: This passage may as well be explained by supposing that the word 'feature' is too learned for the comprehension of the simple Audrey. 'Feature' is sometimes used for form or person in general: 'She also doff her heavy haberieon, Which the fair feature of her limbs did hide.'—Spenser, *Fairie Queene*, III, ix. As a magical appearance: 'Stay, all our charms do nothing win Upon the night; our labour dies! Our magick feature will not rise.'—Jonson, *Masque of Queens*. On the preceding charm Jonson's own note says: 'Here they speake as if they were creating some new feature, which the devil persuades them to be able to do often, by the pronouncing of words, and pouring out of liquors on the earth.' DYCE: 'Feature' is form, person in general. WALKER (*Crit.* ii, 305): 'Feature,' in its earliest form, the Latin *factura*, signifies, in our old writers, the *make* of a person, his *tout-ensemble*. Jonson, *Poetaster*, II, i, Gifford, vol. ii, p. 416: 'her fair features'; surely an error; in the very same scene, p. 418, l. 4, we have, 'No doubt of that, sweet feature'; as Browne, *B. P.* i, *Song* iv, Clarke, p. 112: 'from the ruins of this mangled creature Arose so fair and so divine a feature, That envy from her heart would dote upon her,' &c.; and, I think, Milton, *P. L.* x: 'So scented the grim feature'; *abstractum pro concreto, ut persæpe in poet. vet. Anglicis*. Uncertain Poets, Chalmers, vol. ii, p. 439, col. 2, *Praise of M. [Mistrasse] M.*: 'I woxe asto-

[Your features . . . what features?]

nied (?) to read the feator [*feature*] of her shape, And wondred that a mortall hart such heavenly beames could scape.' Browne, *B. P. B. i, Song ii*, Clarke, p. 67 (of a fountain): 'Not changing any other work of nature, But doth endow the drinker with a feature More lovely,' &c. Spenser, *F. Q. B. iv, C. ii, St. xlv*: 'And to her service bind each living creature, Through secret understanding of their feature'; *i. e. their construction, their make*. C. ii, of *Mutabilitie*, St. iv: 'And thither also came all other creatures, Whatever life or motion do retaine, According to their sundry kinds of features.' Carew, *Epitaph on the Lady S.*, Clarke, lviii, *init.* p. 76: 'The harmony of colours, *features*, grace, Resulting airs (the magic of a face) Of musical sweet tones, all which combined, To crown one sovereign beauty, lies confined To this dark vault.' *Drunken Barnaby*: 'Where I sought for George à Green a; But cou'd find not such a creature, Yet on a sign I saw his feature,' &c. [p. 19, ed. 1805]. Dubartas, i, vi, ed. 1641, p. 54, col. 2: 'Can you conceal the feet's rare-skilful feature,' 'The goodly bases of this glorious creature?' WRIGHT: There is possibly some joke intended here, the key to which is lost. 'Feature' in Shakespeare's time signified shape and form generally, and was not confined to the face only. [In the *Transactions*, 1877-9, Part I, p. 100, of *The New Shakspeare Soc.*, W. WILKINS 'made Touchstone use "feature" in its etymological sense of "making," that is, the Early English *making* or writing of verses, as we use "composition," &c. now. Ben Jonson,' continues FURNIVALL, 'seems to use the word in the same sense when he says of his creature or creation, the play of *Volpone*, that two months before it was no *feature*: "think they can flout them, With saying he was a year about them. To this there needs no lie, but this his creature, Which was two months since no *feature*." —Prologue to *Volpone*, 1607. MR. W. A. HARRISON finds the same sense in Bp. Latimer and Pliny: "Some of them ingendred one, some other such *features*, and euery one in that he was deliuered of was excellent, politike, wise."—*Fruitfull Sermons*, &c. by Master Hugh Latimer, &c. 1596, Sig. B 4, p. 12. *Feature* means here "a thing made," "a production." Pliny (Præf. Lib. I) uses *setura* figuratively of a literary production, and calls his work on Natural History *proxima setura*: "Libros Naturalis Historiæ . . . natos apud me proxima setura." Nares's citations are also repeated in a foot-note.] BRINSLEY NICHOLSON (*Scot's Discovery of Witchcraft*, Reprint, 1886, p. 548): 'Feature.' An example of its being used for the make of a man, and not merely of the features of his countenance, to which it is now appropriated; but till I can find—and as yet I have found none, though I have looked out for it—an example of *feature* used for things inanimate, I cannot accept the interpretation of song or sonnet in [the present passage.] Did it refer to verse we should expect *features*. . . . All Touchstone's reference to verse-making in this passage may readily have arisen from his reference to his new situation as like that of the *honest* poet Ovid among the Goths. Had he been poetical and given her verses, he could not have explained to Audrey that he, being a poet, only feigned to love her. [We know, from Steevens's note, that the jest was lost over a hundred years ago, and it seems vain to hope to find it now. We may have our own little explanations and theories, but it is doubtful that any can be now proposed which will be generally accepted. The latest that has been offered, that of Wilkins and of *The New Shakspeare Soc.*, is to me far from satisfactory, and indeed is scarcely a clue to the joke at all, which does not lie in what Touchstone says, but in Audrey's interpretation. It makes but little difference to us what Touchstone's 'feature' is; it may be anything in the world, from a sonnet to the cut of his beard, it may be 'feature' in the sense of composition, or it

*Clo.* I am heere with thee, and thy Goats, as the most capricious Poet honest *Ovid* was among the Gothes.

7. *Goths*] *Goths* F.

may be, which I think extremely probable, that the sentence is merely a repetition by Touchstone, in different words, of his previous question, 'am I the man yet?' But what is important, and must be known before our lungs can crow like chancicleer, is the meaning that Audrey attaches to it which necessitated a 'Lord warrant us' when she alluded to it. Here lay the jest, and I think it still lies there, not in Touchstone's meaning, but hidden in his pronunciation of 'feature,' as Steevens suggested. We need have little doubt that the *ea* in 'feature' was pronounced to rhyme with the *a* in our pronunciation of *nature*. Ellis (*Early Eng. Pronun.* p. 992) gives 'feature' in palæotype as 'fee tyrr,' wherein 'ee' has the sound of *a* in *Mary*, and 'yy' the sound of the German softened *ü*. By the analogy of 'Lectors,' however, which we had in the last scene, and of many similar words, I think we have a right to suppose that Touchstone varied this pronunciation and may have said 'fee-tor.' If so, Audrey may readily have accepted it as meaning *fai-tor*, which is exactly what Steevens suggested. *Fai-tor* means a *cheat*, a *vagabond*, a *villain*. Pistol in *a Hen. IV.* II, iv, 173, says 'Down, down, dogs! down, fai-tors!' and in Spenser we have 'The false fai-tor Scudamore.' If this be the jest, it is not, it must be confessed, side-splitting, but it is quite enough to disconcert Touchstone, who was fishing for a compliment, whether we take 'feature' to mean his manly proportions (as I think he means it) or his verses, as Wilkins supposes. In support of the latter interpretation it is a little unfortunate that no other exactly parallel instance of the use of 'feature' in the sense of *factura* has been cited. In the quotation from Jonson's *Volpone* the allusion is more physiological than psychological, and, it seems to me, clearly refers to the shape or outline of his play. If, however, Jonson, with his unquestionable scholarship, here uses 'feature' in its classical sense, it should be classed, I think, with the *fetura* of Pliny (cited above by Harrison), which comes from quite a different root, and has quite a different meaning, from *factura*. There may well have been some peculiarity, not confined to Touchstone, in the pronunciation of 'feature.' In Willobie's *Avisa*, 1594, on pp. 19, 46, 99 (ed. Grosart), it is spelled *feuture*, and in no other way, as far as I noticed. This may have been a peculiarity of a Northern dialect, of which there are other indications in the poem, or it may have arisen from some peculiarity in the handwriting of 'Hadrian Dorrell,' but at any rate I think it helps to justify us in looking to Touchstone's pronunciation as the source wherein Audrey's jest lies perdu.—ED.]

5. FARMER: I doubt not this should be 'Your *feature*! Lord warrant us! *what's feature*?'

7. capricious] CALDECOTT: *Caper*, *capri*, caperitious, capricious, fantastical, capering, goatish; and by a similar process are we to smooth 'Goths' into 'goats.' DYCE quotes LETTSOM: No doubt there is an allusion to *caper* here: but there seems to be also one to *capere*; at least the word *capricious* may be used in the sense of 'taking.' Compare [Brewer's?—Dyce] *Lingua*, II, ii: 'Carry the conceit I told you this morning to the party you wot of. In my imagination 'tis capricious; 'twill take, I warrant thee.'—[p. 368, ed. Hazlitt].

7. *Goths*] CALDECOTT: In our early printing *Goths* and *Gothic* were spelt *Gotes* and *Gottische*. Wylliam Thomas's *Historye of Italye*, 1561, fol. 86: 'against the *gotes*'; and fol. 201: 'Attila, kyng of the *Goti*.' So in Chapman's *Homer*, *passim*.

Iaq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worfe then Ioue in  
a thatch'd houfe.

8

8, 29, 42. Aside. Johns. et seq.

WHITE (Intro. to *Much Ado*, p. 226, ed. i) : This joke of Touchstone's is quite decisive upon the point that the combination *o t h* was sometimes, at least, pronounced *ote*. If the pronunciation of 'Goths' was not *gotes*, he might as well have said 'among the Vandals.' [See also vol. xii, p. 431 of Grant White's first edition, where, in one of the earliest attempts to fix the pronunciation of Elizabethan English, White argues rather more strongly perhaps than he would have maintained in his maturer years that 'd, th, and t were indiscriminately used to express a hardened and perhaps not uniform modification of the Anglosaxon ð.' Ellis (*Early Eng Pronunciation*, p. 971) reviews at length White's conclusions and dissents from them: 'there does not appear,' he says, p. 972, 'to be any reason for concluding that the genuine English *th* ever had the sound of *t*, although some final *t*'s have fallen into *th*.' This seems to be stated a little too broadly, especially with Touchstone's joke before us, which Ellis elsewhere recognises, but refers to the category of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew words in which at that time there was probably great uncertainty of pronunciation. Again, there is a little strain in thus classing with Latin, Greek, or Hebrew a word as thoroughly Anglo-saxon as 'goat.'

We all know that poor Ovid for an unknown misdeed was banished to the bleak shores of the Euxine among the Getæ, who are the Goths.—ED.]

8. inhabited] STEEVENS: That is, ill-lodged. . An unusual sense of the word. A. similar phrase occurs in Reynolds' *God's Revenge against Murder*, book v, hist. 21: 'Fieria's heart is not so ill-lodged, . . . but that she is very sensible of her disgrace.' Again, in *The Golden Legend*, ed. Wynkyn de Worde, fol. 196: 'I am ryghtwysnes that am enhabyted here, and this hous is myne.' ['But,' adds WRIGHT, 'there is no evidence that in Shakespeare's time "inhabit" was equivalent to "lodge" in the active sense. *Ill-lodged* must be the meaning, although it is not easy to say why.'] ABBOTT thus explains this curious word, § 294: Hence [*i. e.* from the license in the formation of verbs] arose a curious use of passive verbs, mostly found in the participle. Thus '*famous'd* for fights' (*Sonn.* 25) means 'made famous'; but in 'Who . . . would not be so *lover'd*?'—*L. C.* 'lover'd' means 'gifted with a lover.' And this is the general rule: A participle formed from an adjective means 'made (the adjective),' and derived from a noun means 'endowed with (the noun).' [Hereupon a page and a half of examples follow, which see; among them, the present phrase is interpreted 'made to inhabit.' See also 'guiled shore,' *Mer. of Ven.* III, ii, 103.]

9. thatch'd house] UPTON: That of Baucis and Philemon; 'Stipulis et canna tecta palustri.'—Ovid, *Met.* viii, 630. ['The rooffe therof was thatched all with straw and fennish reede.'—Golding's trans. 1567, p. 106]. KNIGHT: The same allusion is in *Much Ado*, II, i, 99: '*Don Pedro*. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove. *Hero*. Why, then, your visor should be thatched.'

9. CAPELL: Does not this reflection of Jaques upon Touchstone's speech imply a sort of consciousness in the Poet, that he had made his clown a little too learned? for, besides that he has made him acquainted with Ovid's situation in Pontus, and his complaints upon that subject in his *Poems de Tristibus*, he has put into his mouth a conundrum that certainly proves him a latinist; 'Capricious' . . . as if it had sprung directly from *caper*, without the medium either of the French *caprice* or the Italian

*Clo.* When a mans verbes cannot be vnderstood, nor  
a mans good wit seconded with the forward childe, vn- 10  
derstanding: it strikes a man more dead then a great re-  
ckoning in a little roome: truly, I would the Gods hadde  
made thee poetically.

*Aud.* I do not know what Poetical is: is it honest in 15  
deed and word: is it a true thing?

*Clo.* No trulie: for the truest poetrie is the most fai-  
ning, and Louers are giuen to Poetrie: and what they  
swear in Poetrie, may be said as Louers, they do feigne.

*Aud.* Do you with then that the Gods had made me 20  
Poetically?

*Clo.* I do truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art ho-  
nest: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might haue some hope  
thou didst feigne.

*Aud.* Would you not haue me honest? 25

*Clo.* No truly, vnlesse thou wert hard fauour'd: for

12, 13. *reckoning*] *recking* Han.

19. *may*] *it may* Mason, Coll. (MS)  
ii, iii.

*capriccio* - The Poet has indeed qualify'd his learning a little, by giving him 'Goths'  
for *Getes*.

13. *roome*] *WARBURTON*: Nothing was ever wrote in higher humour than this  
simile. It implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant.  
*MOBERLY*: To have one's poetry not understood is worse than the bill of a first-class  
hotel in a pot-house. *REV. JOHN HUNTER*: An extensive reckoning to be written out  
in very small space [Can this last interpretation possibly be right? To me *Moberly's*  
paraphrase is admirable, and the only one.—*ED.*]

14. *poetically*] *GILES* (p. 193): Touchstone is the Hamlet of motley. He is bit-  
ter, but there is often to me something like sadness in his jests. He mocks, but in his  
mockery we seem to hear echoes from a solitary heart. He is reflective; and melan-  
choly, wisdom, and matter aforethought are in his quaintness. He is a thinker out of  
place, a philosopher in mistaken vesture, a gentleman without benefice, a genius by  
nature, an outcast by destiny.

15. *honest*] That is, chaste. So in I, ii, 38, and 'dishonest,' V, iii, 5.

17, 18. *the truest . . . faining*] *CAPEL LOFFT* (p. 285): This was Waller's courtly  
apology to Charles II for having praised Cromwell.

19. *feigne*] *JOHNSON*: This sentence seems perplexed and inconsequent; perhaps  
it were better read thus: What they swear as lovers, they may be said to feign as  
poets. *MASON*: I would read: *it* may be said as lovers they do feign. *WRIGHT*:  
The construction is confused. 'Shakespeare may have intended to continue the sen-  
tence 'may be said to be feigned.' [Mason's emendation is so trifling, and yet  
effective withal; that, if change be necessary, it may well be adopted. But I think  
change is unnecessary; confused as the construction is, the sense is quite intelligible.  
—*ED.*]

honestie coupled to beautie, is to haue Honie a fawce to  
Sugar. 27

*Iaq.* A materiall foole.

*Aud.* Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the  
Gods make me honest. 30

*Clo.* Truly, and to cast away honestie vpon a foule  
flut, were to put good meate into an vncleane dish.

*Aud.* I am not a flut, though I thanke the Goddes I  
am foule. 35

26. hard fauour'd] COWDEN-CLARKE: These words show that Audrey was not uncomely; although she in her modesty, and Touchstone in his pleasantry, choose to make her out to be plain. It is evident that the court-jester had the wit to perceive something genuinely and intrinsically attractive about the girl, beneath her simple looks and manner. Besides, she was an oddity, and that had charms for him. Moreover, she evidently idolises him; which rivets him to her.

29. materiall] JOHNSON: A fool with *matter* in him; a fool stocked with notions. [Dyce adopts this.] STEEVENS: So in Chapman's version of the 24th Iliad: 'his speech even charm'd his eares, So order'd, so materiall.' HALLIWELL: The Duke has said of Jaques that he likes to meet with him when he is 'full of matter.'—II, i, 73. WHITE (ed. i): Does not the clown's apparent unwillingness to have his wife both honest and beautiful make it clear that the cynical Jaques means to say that he is materially—thoroughly, essentially a fool? [In his second edition White has grown positive; he no longer asks a question, but asserts that 'a material fool is equivalent to an absolute fool; a fool in what is material or of essential importance.']

32. foule] The CAMBRIDGE EDITION notes this as *faule* in the Second Folio. There is, therefore, a variation in the copies here; mine reads as in the First Folio.—ED.

35. foule] HANMER: By 'foul' is meant *coy* or *frowning*. TYRWHITT: I rather believe 'foul' to be put for the rustic pronunciation of *full*. Audrey, supposing the clown to have spoken of her as 'a foul slut,' says, naturally enough, 'I am not a slut, though, I thank the gods, I am *foul*, i. e. *full*.' RITSON: Audrey says she is not *fair*, i. e. handsome, and therefore prays the gods to make her honest. The clown tells her that to 'cast honesty away upon a foul slut' (i. e. an *ill-favoured, dirty creature*) is to put meat in an unclean dish. She replies, she is no 'slut' (no *dirty drab*), though in her great simplicity she thanks the gods for her *foulness* (homeliness), i. e. for being as she is. MASON: By 'foul' Audrey means *not fair*, or what we call *homely*. Audrey is neither coy nor ill-humoured; but she thanks God for her homeliness, as it rendered her less exposed to temptation. So Rosalind says to Phoebe, III, v, 66: 'Foul is most foul, being foul, to be a scoffer.' MALONE: I believe Mason's interpretation to be the true one. So in *Abraham's Sacrifice*, 1577: 'The fayre, the fowle, the crooked, and the right.' So also in Gascoigne's *Steele Glasse*: 'those that loue to see themselves How foule or fayre, soeuer they may be' [p. 55, ed. Arber]. TALBOT: That 'foul' retained the meaning in which it is used here as low down as Pope, we find by the following lines in *The Wife of Bath*: 'If fair, though chaste, she cannot long abide, By pressing youth attack'd on every side; If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures.' WHITER (p. 55): What can be more mani-

*Clo.* Well, praised be the Gods, for thy foulness; sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it, as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have bin with Sir Oliver Martext, the Vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meete me in this place of the Forreft, and to couple vs. 36 40

*Iaq.* I would faine see this meeting.

*Aud.* Wel, the Gods giue vs ioy.

*Clo.* Amen. A man may if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt: for here we have no Temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what 45

44. *may*] *might* Coll. (MS).

44. *were*] *were* F<sub>2</sub>.

fest than that the humour of the passage (such as it is) consists in the equivocal sense of 'foul,' which in our poet's time not only signified what it does at present, but means likewise *plain* or *homely*? CALDECOTT: 'Foul' is used in opposition to *fair*: 'If the maiden be fayre she is some had, and little money given with her: if she be foule, they avaunce hir with a better portion.'—Thomas's *Historie of Italye*, 1561, p. 83. [Schmidt gives between twenty and thirty instances of the use of 'foul' as opposed to 'fair,' and possibly his list is not complete. In the present passage the jest's prosperity lies not alone in the ear of the hearer, but in the mouth of the speaker, and in its double meaning. There is no humour nor thought of laughter when Rosalind says of Silvius and Phoebe, 'He's fallen in love with her foulness.'—ED.]

36. *foulness*] COWDEN-CLARKE: Judging by these jumbled axioms upon fairness, foulness, and sluttishness, Shakespeare seems to have been looking into the twelfth chapter of Florio's *Second Fruits*, where are strung together as many of these trite sayings upon women's various qualities as Sancho Panza's irrelevant proverbs. We believe that this work of Florio's was often in Shakespeare's hand; for it is curious to observe how many of the words and phrases therein he has adopted. For instance, one of the scores of whimsical axioms in the above-mentioned twelfth chapter is, 'If fayre, she is sluttish; if foule, she is prowd.'

38. *with*] ALLEN (MS): Equivalent to *j'ai été chez*, I went to the house of.

38. *Sir*] See notes on *Dramatis Persona*.

43. That more may be meant by this exclamation of Audrey than meets our modern ears may be inferred, I think, from the following passage in Lilly's *Mother Bombie*, where there is a dispute over the marriage of two young people: '*Lucio*. Faith there was a bargain during life, and the clocke cried, God give them joy. *Prisus*. Villaine! they be married! *Halfepenie*. Nay, I thinke not so. *Sperantus*. Yes, yes! God give you joy is a binder!'—p. 138, ed. Fairholt. To Audrey, therefore, this exclamation may have meant the firm conclusion of the match, if not of the marriage itself.—ED.

46. *horn-beasts*] This is one of the very many examples which WALKER cites (*Crit.* ii, 63) of the confusion, in the Folio, of final *d* and final *e*, a confusion which arose 'in some instances, perhaps, from the juxtaposition of *d* and *e* in the compositor's case; but far oftener—as is evident from the frequency of the erratum—from

though? Courage. As hornes are odious, they are neces- 47  
 farie. It is said, many a man knowes no end of his goods;  
 right : Many a man has good Hornes, and knows no end  
 of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife, 'tis none 50  
 of his owne getting ; hornes, euen so poore men alone :  
 No, no, the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Raf- 52

51. *hornes, . . . alone.*] *Horns? even so—poor men alone—* Rowe, Pope. *Horns? even so—poor men alone?*—Theob. Han. Warb. Johns Steev. Mal. Knt. Sta. Cam. Ktly, Wh. ii (subs.). *Are horns given to poor men alone?* Coll. (MS) ii, Wh. i,

Rife. *Horns! never for poor men alone?* Sing. *Horns? ever to poor men alone?* Dyce. *Horns! Are horns given to poor men alone?* Coll. iii. *Horns are not for poor men alone.* Spedding (ap. Cam. Ed.).

something in the old method of writing the final *e* or *d*, and which those who are versed in Elizabethan MSS may perhaps be able to explain.' In a foot-note LETTSOM adds: 'Walker's sagacity, in default of positive knowledge, has led him to the truth. The *e*, with the last upstroke prolonged and terminated with a loop, might be easily mistaken for *d*. It is frequently found so written.' The many instances in which the sense imperatively demands this correction, and in which the change from *e* to *d* and from *d* to *e* is made in all modernized editions, ought to embolden us to make the change here from nonsense to sense, and instead of 'horne-beasts,' write *horn'd beasts*.—ED.

46, 47. what though] JOHNSON: What then? [Seeing that 'so,' originally meaning *in that way*, is frequently inserted,' according to Abbott, § 63, 'in replies where we should omit it' (e.g. *Trib.* Repair to the Capitol. *People.* We will so.—*Cor.* II, iii, 262), so after 'I think,' 'if,' &c. 'so' is sometimes omitted; see Abbott, § 64. Thus here the full meaning of the phrase is 'But what though *it may be so*.']

51. *hornes, . . . alone*] COLLIER (*Notes & Emend.* p. 133): It appears that *are* had accidentally dropped out, and that for 'euen so' we ought to read *given to*, and then Touchstone's question will be perfectly intelligible: '*Are horns given to poor men alone?*' 'No, no (replies Touchstone to his own interrogatory): the poblest deer,' &c. This emendation may have been obtained from some good authority. SINGER: I prefer, as a less violent innovation [than Theobald's text], to read, instead of 'euen so,' *never for*; which makes the passage intelligible and less incoherent. WHITE (ed. i): Collier's (MS) furnishes the emendation which is more consistent with the context than either [Theobald's or Singer's]. DYCE quotes Singer's text, and adds 'which I hardly understand.' HALLIWELL: The effect of this ruminating is impaired by the violent alteration proposed by Collier's (MS). STAUNTON: We adopt the ordinary punctuation of this hopeless passage, though with reluctance. WHITE (ed. ii): Unsatisfactory as it is, this reading [Theobald's] is perhaps the best that can be made of the original.

52. Rascall] CALDECOTT: 'As one should in reproch say to a poore man, thou raskall knaue, where *raskall* is properly the hunters terme giuen to young deere, leane and out of season, and not to people.'—Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, p. 150. Again, 'The bucks and lusty stags amongst the rascals strew'd As sometimes gallant spirits amongst the multitude.'—Drayton's *Poly-olbion* [Thirteenth Song, p. 304, ed. 1748]. WAY (foot-note to *Rascalys*,—*Prompt. Parv.*): Fabyan, under the year 1456, speaks of 'a multitude of rascall and poore people of the cytye.' Certain



call : Is the fingle man therefore bleffed ? No, as a wall'd  
 Towne is more worthier then a village, so is the fore-  
 head of a married man, more honourable then the bare  
 brow of a Batcheller : and by how much defence is bet-  
 ter then no skill, by so much is a home more precious  
 then to want.

*Enter Sir Oliuer Mar-text.*

Heere comes Sir Oliuer : Sir Oliuer Mar-text you are  
 wel met. Will you dispatch vs heere vnder this tree, or  
 shal we go with you to your Chappell ?

*Ol.* Is there none heere to giue the woman ?

*Clo.* I wil not take her on guift of any man.

*Ol.* Truly she must be giuen, or the marriage is not  
 lawfull.

*Iaq.* Proceed,proceede : Ile giue her.

*Clo.* Good euen good Mr what ye cal't : how do you  
 Sir, you are verie well met : goddild you for your last  
 companie, I am verie glad to see you, euen a toy in hand  
 heere Sir : Nay, pray be couer'd.

*Iaq.* Wil you be married, Motley ?

54. *more*] Om. Pope.

68. *Mr*] *M.* Ff, Rowe.

*cal't*] *call* Rowe ii +

69. *goddild*] *godild* Ff. *God'ild* Theob.  
*God ild* Dyce.

animals, not accounted as beasts of chase, were likewise so termed. In the St Albans Book it is stated that 'there be fīue beasts which we cal beasts of the chace, the buke, the doe, the foxe, the marterne, and the roe, all other of what kinde soeuer terme them Rascall.' It appears, however, from the Mayster of Game, that the hart, until he was six years old, was accounted 'rascayle or foly.'—*Vesp* B. xii, f. 25. In the Survey of the Estates of Glastonbury Abbey, taken at the Dissolution, the deer in the various parks are distinguished as 'deere of annntler' and 'deere of Rascall.'

53. 54. wall'd . . village] ALLEN (MS) : A town has the defence of a wall ; a village has none. Shakespeare has got *fortification* into his head. I wonder, therefore, whether he is not thinking of a 'hornwork' as one work in a system of defences. How early was the term used ?

56. defence] STEEVENS : 'Defence,' as here opposed to 'no skill,' signifies the *art of fencing*. Thus, 'and gave you such a masterly report, for arts and exercise in your defence.'—*Ham.* IV, vii, 98. CALDECOTT : Any means of defence is better than a lack of science ; in proportion as something is to nothing. [Steevens's is the better interpretation, I think.—ED.]

69. goddild you] STEEVENS : That is, God yield you, God reward you. So in *Ant. & Cleop.* IV, ii, 33 : 'And the gods yield you for 't.' [According to Skeat, the original meaning of 'yield' is to *pay*.]

*Clo.* As the Oxe hath his bow fir, the horfe his curb,  
and the Falcon her bells, so man hath his desires, and as  
Pigeons bill, so wedlocke would be nibling. 73 75

*Iaq.* And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be  
married vnder a bush like a begger? Get you to church,  
and haue a good Priest that can tel you what marriage is,  
this fellow wil but ioine you together, as they ioine  
Wainfcot, then one of you wil proue a fhrunke pannell,  
and like greene timber, warpe, warpe. 80

*Clo.* I am not in the minde, but I were better to bee  
married of him then of another, for he is not like to mar-  
rie me wel : and not being wel married, it wil be a good  
excuse for me heereafter, to leaue my wife. 85

73. *bow*] *bough* Cap.

74. *desires*] *desire* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe+.

74. *her bells*] *his bells* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe+.

82-85. *Aside*. Cap.

73. *bow*] CAPELL: The wooden collar or yoke, that lyes 'across the neck of draft oxen, and to which their traces are fastened, is call'd their *bow*; and this being the spelling of the word in former editions, it has probably been the sense it was taken in; but a little attention to the true meaning of the other two similies, and to the matter they are meant to illustrate, will show that we must seek for another interpretation of *bow*: The faulcon is thought to take delight in her 'bells,' and to bear her captivity the better for them; 'curbs' and their jingling appendages, add a spirit to horses; and if we interpret 'bow' to signify *bough* of a tree, the ox becomes a proper similitude too, who, thus adorn'd, moves with greater legerity: and the same effect that these things have upon the several animals, 'desires,' and their gratifications, have upon men; making them bear their burthens the better, and jog on to the end of life's road. [Can perverted ingenuity further go? Steevens said that the 'bow' was the *yoke*, and has been followed, I think, by every English editor except Halliwell, who rightly defines it. The fact is, that the *bow*, and the *yoke*, in which the bow is inserted, being two different things, cannot bear the same name; as well might we say a horse's *bit* is his *bridle*.—ED.]

74. *Falcon her*] The gender here is properly feminine; the male hawk was called a *tiercel*, perhaps from its lesser size. See the notes on 'tassel-gentle' in *Rom. & Jul.* II, ii, 159. WRIGHT: Shakespeare once makes 'falcon' masculine in *R. of L.* 507, but the gender of the pronoun in that passage may be explained by the fact that it refers to Tarquin, who is compared to a falcon.

82. *not in the minde, but*] CALDECOTT: That is, I am of no other opinion or inclination than, *my mind is*, that it were better to be married by him. [The foregoing paraphrase is all the help that is offered to us on this somewhat puzzling construction, which is, I think, intelligible only on the principle of two negations making an affirmative. Touchstone was not in the mind that it were not better, and therefore he was in the mind that it was. For the phrase 'I were better,' see Abbott, §§ 352 and 230, where we find that in this and similar expressions, like 'You were best,' 'Thou wert better,' &c., *I, Thou, and You* originally datives, were changed to nominatives.—ED.]

Iaq. Goe thou with mee, 86  
And let me counfel thee.

Ol. Come sweete Audrey,  
We must be married, or we must liue in baudrey :  
Farewel good Mr *Oliuer* : Not O sweet *Oliuer*, O braue 90

86, 87. One line, Pope et seq. 90, 91. *Not...But*] Included in the  
88. Ol.] F. verse, Cap. Excluded from the verse,  
88, 89. Prose, Pope +. Mal. et seq. (subs.).  
90. *M\**] *M.* ff. *Sir Theob.* ii, Warb. 90-92. *Not...thee*] Six lines of verse,  
Johns. Cap. et seq.

90, &c. Not O sweet *Oliuer*, &c.] CAPELL: These words have no appearance of a ballad as [Warburton] has fancy'd; but rather of a line in some play, that perhaps might run thus, 'O my sweet Oliver, leave me not behind thee'; which this wag of a clown puts into another sort of metre, to make sport with sir Oliver, telling him: 'I'll not say to you, as the play has it, "O sweet Oliver, | O brave Oliver, | Leave me not behind thee"; but I say to you, "wind away,"' &c., continuing his speech in the same metre. In this light the passage is truly humorous; but may be much heightened by a certain droleness in speaking the words, and by dancing about sir Oliver with a harlequin gesture and action. [The world cannot afford to lose the flash of histrionic genius with which Capell illumines this passage.—ED.] JOHNSON: Of this speech, as it now appears, I can make nothing, and think nothing can be made. In the same breath he calls his mistress to be married, and sends away the man that should marry them. Warburton has very happily observed that 'O sweet Oliver' is a quotation from an old song; I believe there are two quotations put in opposition to each other. For 'wind' I read *wend*, the old word for *go*. Perhaps the whole passage may be regulated thus: '*Jaques*. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee. [*They whisper.*] *Clown*. Farewell, good sir Oliver, not O sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver, leave me not behind thee,—but—*Wend* away,—Begone, I say,—I will not to wedding with thee to-day.' Of this conjecture the reader may take as much as shall appear necessary to the sense or conducive to the humour. TYRWHITT: The epithet 'sweet' seems to have been peculiarly appropriated to 'Oliver,' for which, perhaps, he was originally obliged to the old song before us. See Jonson's *Underwoods*: 'All the mad Rolands and sweet Olivers.'—[LXII, p. 417, ed. Gifford.] STEEVENS: 'O brave Oliver, leave me not behind you' is a quotation at the beginning of one of Breton's Letters in his *Poste with a Packet of Mad Letters*, 1600 [vol. ii, p. 34, ed. Grosart]. In the Stationers' Registers, Aug. 6, 1584, was entered by Richard Jones, the ballad of 'O swete Olyuer, Leave me not behind the' Again [on the 20th of August], 'The answeare of O sweete Olyuer.' Again [on Aug. 1st] in 1586, 'O swete Olyver, altered to ye scriptures.—[vol. ii, pp. 434, 435, 451, ed. Arber.] FARMER: I often find a part of this song applied to Cromwell. In a paper called *A Man in the Moon, Discovering a World of Knavery under the Sun*, 'the juncto will go near to give us the baggage, if O brave Oliver come not suddenly to relieve them.' The same allusion is met with in Cleveland. 'Wind away' and *wind off* are still used provincially; and, I believe, nothing but the provincial pronunciation is wanting to join the parts together. I read: 'Leave me not behi' thee—But—wind away—Begone, I say,—I will not to wedding wi' thee.' STEEVENS: 'Wind' is used for *wend* in *Cesar and Pompey*, 1607: 'Winde we then, Antony, with this royal queen.'

*Oliuer* leaue me not behind thee : But winde away, bee  
gone I say, I wil not to wedding with thee. 91

*Ol.* 'Tis no matter ; Ne're a fantastical knaue of them  
all shal flout me out of my calling. *Exeunt* 94

### Scœna Quarta.

*Enter Rosalind & Celia.*

*Ros.* Neuer talke to me, I wil weepe.

*Cel.* Do I prethee, but yet haue the grace to confider,  
that teares do not become a man.

*Ros.* But haue I not cause to weepe ? 5

*Cel.* As good cause as one would desire,  
Therefore weepe.

*Ros.* His very haire  
Is of the diffembling colour. 9

91. *behind thee*] *behi' thee* Steev. *be-  
hind thee, pr'ythee!* Ktly.

*winde*] *wend* Sing. Coll. (MS) ii,  
iii, Clke, Huds.

92. *with thee*] *wi' thee* Steev. *bind  
thee* Coll. (MS) ii, iii.

92. *Exeunt Jaques, Clown, and Au-  
drey.* Cap.

94. *Exeunt.*] *Exit.* Cap.

Scene X. Pope+.

A Cottage in the Forest. Theob.

6-16. Prose, Pope et seq.

9. *the*] *a* Rowe ii, Pope, Han.

COLLIER (*Notes, &c.*, p. 133): All printed editions have missed the rhyme in the last line of the fragment of the ballad, 'O sweet Oliver.' Perhaps it was only the extemporal invention of Touchstone, but it is thus given by the MS corrector of the Folio, 1632: 'But *wend* away; begone I say, I will not to wedding *bind* thee.' DYCE: But there is no reason to suppose that a rhyme in the last line was intended by Shakespeare; for it would seem that Touchstone is citing two distinct portions of the ballad. Nor can we doubt that 'wind away' was the reading of the old ditty; compare *The History of Pyramus and Thisbe*: 'That doone, *away* hee *windes*, as fier of hell or Vulcan's thunder,' &c.—*The Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, 1578, p. 171, reprint. 'Wind' is an early form of *wend*. [In both his first and second editions Collier refers to his Introduction to *Mid. N. D.*, where a stanza of *Robin Goodfellow* is given, in which 'wind' is used for *wend*. This particular copy of the ballad, however, was in a MS of the time, and the stanza does not appear in Percy's *Reliques*, 1765, although the word 'wend' does appear there in line 110.—ED.]

1-16. These lines, with their division into apparent verse, are an indication, I think, of the piecemeal printing of the Folio. They are the last lines on the page, at the foot of the column. The compositor to whom this portion was intrusted was apparently anxious to complete his stint with a full page, and, indeed, was perhaps forced to do so, that there might be no gap between his share and his neighbor's, and so spread out the text by thus dividing the lines.—ED.

- Cel.* Something browner then Iudaffes : 10  
 Marrie his kisses are Iudaffes owne children.  
*Rof.* I'faith his haire is of a good colour.  
*Cel.* An excellent colour :  
 Your Cheffenut was euer the onely colour :  
*Rof.* And his kissing is as ful of sanctitie, 15  
 As the touch of holy bread.

10, 11. *Iudaffes*] *F.* *Judas's* *F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.*

16. *the*] *F.*

16. *bread*] *beard* Theob. Warb. Johns.  
 Cap.

9. dissembling colour] HUNTER (i, 349): That certain colours of the hair were supposed to indicate particular dispositions was an opinion of the time, as may be seen at large in *The Shepherd's Calendar*, not Spenser's beautiful poem so entitled, but the medley of moral and natural philosophy, of verse and prose, which, under that title, was a favourite book of the common people in the reigns of the Tudors. 'A man that hath black hair,' we are told, 'and a red beard, signifies to be lecherous, disloyal, a vaunter, and one ought not to trust him.' HALLIWELL: 'Hair of the colour of gold denotes a *treacherous* person, having a good understanding, but mischievous; red hair, enclining to black, signifies a *deceitful* and malicious person.'—Saunders, *Physiognomie and Chiromancie*, 1671, p. 189.

10. Iudasses] STEEVENS: Judas was constantly represented in ancient painting or tapestry with red hair and beard. TOLLET: The new edition of Leland's *Collectanea*, vol. v, p. 295, asserts that 'painters constantly represented Judas, the traitor, with a red head.' Dr Plot's *Oxfordshire*, p. 153, says the same: 'This conceit is thought to have arisen in England, from our ancient grudge to the red-haired Danes.' NARES: The current opinion that Judas had red hair arose from no better reason than that the colour was thought ugly. Thiers in his *Histoire des Perruques*, p. 22, gives this as one of the reasons for wearing wigs: 'Les rousseaux portèrent des perruques, pour cacher la couleur de leurs cheveux, qui sont en horreur à tout le monde, parce que Judas, à ce qu'on prétend, étoit rousseau.' Dryden, in *Amboyna*, has, 'there's treachery in that Judas-colour'd beard,' and in a fit of anger he described Jacob Tonson, 'with two left legs, and Judas-coloured hair' As Tonson is in the same attack described as 'freckled fair,' there can be no doubt that Judas's hair was always supposed to be red. A red beard was considered as an infallible token of a vile disposition.

15. WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 94) would let Celia interrupt this speech, thus: '*Ros.* And his kissing— *Cel.* Is as full of sanctity as,' &c., and it is not to be denied that it is quite in the spirit of the rest of the dialogue, but—it is improving Shakespeare, or rather, it is improving the plain, unsophisticated text, which should not be.—ED.

16. holy bread] WARBURTON: We should read *beard*, that is, the kiss of an holy saint or hermit, called the *kiss of charity*. This makes the comparison just and decent; the other impious and absurd. COLLIER: 'Holy bread,' as the Rev. Mr Barry observes to me, 'is sacramental bread'; and he adds that 'pax-bread' is rendered by Coles *panis osculandus*. BARRON FIELD (*Sh. Soc. Papers*, vol. iii, p. 133): It is strange that these reverend gentlemen should have been so ill-read in Church History as not to know what 'holy bread' was. Sacramental bread, in those times, would have been called a great deal more than *holy* bread, and would never have

*Cel.* Hee hath bought a paire of cast lips of *Diana*: a  
Nun of winters sifterhood kiffes not more religiouſlie,  
the very yce of chaſtity is in them.

17. *caſt*] *chaſt* Ff. *chaſte* Rowe, Pope, Huds. *caſts* Mal. (misprint?).

been profaned by Shakespeare. Rosalind is guilty of no impiety. 'Holy bread' was merely one of the 'ceremonies' which Henry VIIIth's *Articles of Religion* pronounced good and lawful, having mystical significations in them. 'Such,' he says, 'were the vestments in the worship of God, sprinkling holy water . . . giving holy bread, in sign of our union to Christ,' &c. Another of these Articles declared that in the sacrament at the Altar, under the form of bread and wine, there was truly and substantially the body of Christ. WRIGHT: Tyndale in his *Obedience of a Christian Man* (Doctrinal Treatises, p. 284, Parker Society ed.), says: 'For no man by sprinkling himself with holy water, and with eating holy bread, is more merciful than before,' &c. [Do we ever stop to think how either Rosalind or Celia could have known anything of Orlando's kisses? Rosalind, as Rosalind, had met him but once after the wrestling, and it is unlikely, indeed scarcely thinkable, that Orlando should have kissed Ganymede, and yet Celia's allusion to 'the very ice of chastity' seems to imply that she spoke either from experience or as a witness. In a subsequent scene, where Ganymede and Orlando are talking of kisses, they would surely have kissed then had they ever kissed before. Perhaps Rosalind is thinking here only how pure, of necessity, must be the kisses of such a man as Orlando, and the kisses to which she now refers are of 'those by hopeless fancy feigned on lips that are for others.' But, after all, we are in the forest of Arden, and this is but a part of Shakespeare's glamour, into which it is sacrilege to pry too curiously.—ED.]

17. *cast*] THEOBALD: That is, a pair *left off* by Diana. WRIGHT: Compare *Ser. xxxviii, 11*: 'old cast clouts and rotten rags.' [Again, 'Tis state . . . to have an . . . usher march before you . . . in a tuftafata jerkin Made of your old cast gown.'—*Ram Alley*, IV, i. We have retained the word to this day, having added merely *off*.—ED.] DOUCE (i, 303): It is not easy to conceive how the goddess could *leave off* her lips; or how, being left off, Orlando could purchase them. Celia seems rather to allude to a statue *cast in plaister or metal*, the lips of which might well be said to possess the *ice* of chastity. [Halliwell adopted this note by Douce, and even added to it the suggestion by one who prudently remained 'Anonymous,' that 'it would be more correct to say that it [*sic*] is to a pair of lips cast for a statue, as that kind of workmanship is commonly executed in detached parts.' It was a note of Douce's similar to the above, though not quite so far fet, that elicited from Dyce the assertion that 'except those explanatory of customs, dress, &c. the notes of Douce are nearly worthless.'—*Remarks*, p. 96. And here let me record my respectful, but unflinching, protest against the interpretation of 'cast,' in the sense of *cast off*, as it is given in modern editions. The idea that Celia, whose references to Orlando's kisses have been thus far, to say the least, dainty and refined, should be here represented as saying that he had bought a pair of worn-out, second-hand, *old-clo'* lips, is to me worse than absurd; it is abhorrent. 'Cast' is here either the mere phonetic spelling of *chaste*, which from the Latin *castus* retained, it is not unlikely, the hard sound of *c*, or it is a downright misprint for *chast* or *chaste*, which the editor of the Second Folio quickly corrected. Moreover, an allusion to her chastity is almost inseparable from Diana: this, of itself, would almost justify us in making the change.—ED.]

*Rosa.* But why did hee fweare hee would come this morning, and comes not? 20

*Cel.* Nay certainly there is no truth in him.

*Ros.* Doe you thinke so?

*Cel.* Yes, I thinke he is not a picke purse, nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in loue, I doe thinke him as concaue as a couered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut. 25

*Ros.* Not true in loue?

*Cel.* Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.

*Ros.* You haue heard him fweare downright he was.

*Cel.* Was, is not is : besides, the oath of Louer is no stronger then the word of a Tapster, they are both the confirmer of false reckonings, he attends here in the forefront on the Duke your father. 30 33

20. *why*] *wy* F.

30. *Louer*] *a Lover* Ff, Rowe+, Cap. Steev. Var. '21 et seq.

32. *confirmer*] *confirmers* Pope+, Cap. Mal. Steev. Coll. Sta. Clke, Dyce iii, Huds.

18. *winters*] THEOBALD: It seems to me more probable that the Poet wrote: 'a nun of *Winifred's* sisterhood.' Not, indeed, that there was any real religious Order of that Denomination, but the legend of St Winifred [as given in Camden's *Britannia*] tells how she suffered death for her chastity. [Warburton, after a vigorous sneer at Theobald, in the course of which he denied that there was any sisterhood of St Winifred, which Theobald had never affirmed, proceeded to apportion the year, to his own satisfaction and without the smallest classical authority, among the heathen goddesses, winding up with the assertion that 'the *sisterhood of winter* were the votaries of Diana.' In his long note there is only one sentence worth heeding or remembering: 'Shakespeare meant an *unfruitful sisterhood* which had devoted itself to chastity.' To this add a remark by DOUCE, which even Dyce adopts, that 'Shakespeare poetically feigns a new order of nuns most appropriate to his subject,' and the passage has received all requisite attention, except, perhaps, that STEEVENS notes 'one circumstance in which [Warburton] is mistaken. *The Golden Legend*, p. ccci, &c., gives a full account of St Winifred and her sisterhood.—Wynkyn de Worde, 1527.'—ED.]

22. COWDEN-CLARKE: Nothing can exceed the sweetness of the touches whereby Shakespeare has painted the character of Celia. In three several scenes she appears comforting her sprightly cousin in the April tears she sheds, and pretty poutings she gives way to, ever petting, humouring, loving, and ministering to Rosalind. Here her irony of banter, her praising under guise of disparaging, her affecting to blame the man her cousin loves, that her cousin may have an opportunity of defending and eulogising him, are all in the highest taste and most perfect knowledge of womanly nature.

26. *couered*] WARBURTON: A goblet is never kept 'covered' but when empty. M. MASON: It is the idea of hollowness, not that of emptiness, that Shakespeare wishes to convey; and a goblet is more completely hollow when covered than when it is not.

*Rof.* I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him : he askt me of what parentage I was ; I told him of as good as he, so he laugh'd and let mee goe. But what talke wee of Fathers, when there is such a man as *Orlando* ? 35

*Cel.* O that's a braue man, hee writes braue verfes, speakes braue words, fweares braue oathes, and breakes them brauely, quite trauers athwart the heart of his lo- 40

34. HARTLEY COLERIDGE (ii, 140) : Rosalind is not a very dutiful daughter, but her neglecting so long to make herself known to her father, though not quite proper, is natural enough. She cannot but be aware that in her disguise she is acting a perilous and not very delicate part, which yet is so delightful that she cannot prevail on herself to forego it, as her father would certainly have commanded her to do. Nothing is more common than for children to evade the sin of flat disobedience by deception and concealment. Jennie Deans, a stricter moralist than Rosalind, set out on her pious pilgrimage without consulting her father, because she could expect no blessing if she had incurred his express prohibition. This, to be sure, was a practical sophism ; but no Jesuit's head is so full of sophistry as a woman's heart under the influence of strong affection. Yet Rosalind might, at any rate, have shown more interest in her father's fortunes.

34, 35. question] STEEVENS : That is, conversation. See III, ii, 360, or V, iv, 165, or Schmidt.

37. what] For other examples of 'what' used for *why*, see Abbott, § 253.

37, 38. man as Orlando] LADY MARTIN (p. 423) : What a world of passionate emotion is concentrated in that last sentence, and how important it is to bear this in mind in the subsequent scenes with Orlando !

41. trauers] WARBURTON : As breaking a lance against his adversary's breast, in a direct line, was honorable, so the breaking it *across* his breast was, as a mark either of want of courage or address, dishonorable ; hence it is that Sidney, describing the mock combat of Clinias and Dametas, says : 'The wind tooke such hold of his staffe, that it crost quite ouer his breast [and in that sort gaue a flat bastonado to Dametas.]'—*Arcadia*, III, p. 284, ed. 1598]. To *break across* was the usual phrase, as appears from some verses of the same author, speaking of an unskilful tilter : 'For when he most did hit, he ever yet did miss. One said he brake across, full well it so might be.' [It is to be feared that Warburton did not read his *Arcadia* with needful attention, or he would have seen that his quotation affords a most meagre illustration of the present passage, if indeed it afford any at all. Clinias's staff crossed over, not his adversary's breast, but his own, and, moreover, we are expressly told a few lines further on that it was not broken. It would not have been worth while to notice this, were it not that several editors have followed Warburton and adopted his note without verification.—Ed.] STEEVENS : So in *Northward Ho*, 1607 : 'melancholie like a tilter, that had broke his staves foul before his mistress.'—[III, i, p. 189, ed. Dyce]. NARES calls attention to the skilful manner in which the author of *Vanhoë* has introduced this circumstance into his tournament. ['The antagonist of Grantmesnil, instead of bearing his lance-point fair against the crest or shield of his enemy, swerved so much from the direct line as to break the weapon athwart the person of his opponent, a circumstance which was accounted more disgraceful than that of being actually



uer, as a puiſny Tilter, y<sup>e</sup> ſpurs his horſe but on one ſide, 42  
 breakes his ſtaffe like a noble gooffe; but all's braue that  
 youth mounts, and folly guides : who comes heere ?

*Enter Corin.*

45

*Corin.* Miſtreſſe and Maſter, you haue oft enquired

42. *puiſny*] *puny* Cap.

*y<sup>e</sup>*] *that* Ff.

*on*] Om. Pope, Theob. Warb.

Johns.

43. *noble*] *nose-quilled* Han. *notable*

Sing. Ktly.

44. *heere*] *heete* F<sub>2</sub>.

unhorsed; because the latter might happen from accident, whereas the former evinced awkwardness and want of management of the weapon and the horse.'—*Ivanhoe*, chap. viii.]

41, 42. *louer*] MALONE: That is, of his mistress. 'Lover' was applied to both men and women. Compare *A Lover's Complaint*, where the 'lover' is a despairing maiden. So *Meas. for Meas.*: 'Your brother and his lover have embraced,' I, iv, 40.

42. *puiſny*] CAM. ED.: Here used not in the modern sense of *diminutive*, but in the now obsolete sense of *inferior, unskilled*. WRIGHT: Cotgrave has 'Puisné. Punie, younger, borne after.'

42, 44. *spurs . . . guides*] Again, there is a variation in copies of the Second Folio (see line 32 of the preceding scene). The CAM. ED. records as the spelling of these two words in that Folio: *spurnes* and *guider*. In my copy they are *spurres* and *guides*. Again, a similar variation occurs in 'drops' of line 8 in the next scene, which in the Cambridge Editors' copy of F<sub>2</sub> is *propps*; in mine it is not misspelled. Therefore, the proof is conclusive that the copy of the CAM. ED. is an earlier impression than mine, and as all four of these errors, *faule*, *spurnes*, *guider*, and *propps*, occur on two pages facing each other, it is likely that they were all corrected at the same time, and their number was a sufficient cause to stop the work of striking off and to unlock the forms. *Hæc fabula docet* how remote from Shakespeare's hand the text of the Folios is, and how careful we should be not to place too much reliance on collation.—ED.

43. *noble*] For this word Hanmer actually substituted in the text *nose-quilled*; 'but,' says FARMER, with naïveté, 'no one seems to have regarded the alteration.' Whereupon he proceeds to 'regard' it seriously, and adds: 'Certainly *nose-quilled* is an epithet likely to be corrupted; it gives the image wanted, and may in a great measure be supported by a quotation from Turberville's *Falconrie*: "Take with you a *ducke*, and slip one of her *wing-feathers*, and having thrust it through her *nares*, throw her out unto your hawke."' STEEVENS too backs up Farmer with a citation from *Philaster*: 'He shall . . . be seel'd up With a feather through his nose, that,' &c.—[V, iv, p. 298, ed. Dyce. However much such a tampering with the text of Shakespeare, by exsufficate and blown surmises, invites flippancy and excuses disrespect, the temptation must be resisted to couple for the nonce in the same sentence the name of Sir Thomas Hanmer and a 'noble goose.'—ED.] CALDECOTT: By the phrase 'noble goose' is perhaps meant a magnanimous simpleton of an adventurer. SINGER: I do not hesitate to read 'notable goose' instead of 'noble.' The epithet is often used by the poet. KEIGHTLEY: Singer, very unnecessarily and most tamely, reads *notable*. Printing from his edition, I have heedlessly followed him in mine.

After the Shepheard that complain'd of loue, 47  
 Who you saw sitting by me on the Turph,  
 Praising the proud disdainfull Shepherdesse  
 That was his Mistresse. 50

*Cel.* Well : and what of him ?

*Cor.* If you will see a pageant truly plaid  
 Betweene the pale complexion of true Loue,  
 And the red glowe of scorne and prowd disdain,  
 Goe hence a little, and I shall conduct you 55  
 If you will marke it.

*Rof.* O come, let vs remoue,  
 The sight of Louers feedeth those in loue :  
 Bring vs to this sight, and you shall say  
 Ile proue a busie actor in their play. *Exeunt.* 60

### Scena Quinta.

*Enter Silvius and Phebe.*

*Sil.* Sweet *Phebe* doe not scorne me, do not *Phebe*  
 Say that you loue me not, but say not so  
 In bitternesse ; the common executioner

48. *Who*] *Whom* Ff, Rowe+, Cap.  
 Huds.

55. *and*] as Allen conj.

59. *Bring us to*] *Bring us but to*  
 Pope+. *Come, bring us to* Cap. *Bring*  
*us unto* Mal. Steev. Cald. Ktly. *Bring*

*us to see* Jervis, Dyce iii, Coll. iii, Huds.  
 Rlfe.

60. *Ile*] I Dyce conj.

Scene XI. Pope+.

[Changes to another part of the  
 Forest. Theob.

2. *not Phebe*] *not, Phebe*, F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

47. *that*] ABBOTT, § 260 : Since *that* introduces an essential characteristic without which the description is not complete, it follows, that, even where this distinction is not marked, *that* comes generally nearer to the antecedent than *who* or *which*. [As to 'who' for *whom* in the next line, see Shakespeare, *passim*, or Abbott, § 274. See also the same sequence, 'that' followed by 'who,' in lines 14, 15 of the next Scene.]

52. *pageant*] WHITER (p. 56) : The 'pageant' of *love* seems to have been impressed on the mind of our poet. So in *Mid. N. D.* III, ii, 112, Puck speaks of 'the youth, mistook by me, Pleading for a *lover's* fee. Shall we their fond *pageant* see ?'

59. *vs to*] JERVIS (p. 12) : Read : 'Bring us to *see*,' &c. Compare 'To see this sight, it irks my very soul.'—3 *Hen. VI.* II, ii.

4. Even this line Abbt ( § 494 ) will not countenance as an Alexandrine ; he says

Whose heart th'accustom'd fight of death makes hard 5  
 Falls not the axe vpon the humbled neck,  
 But first begs pardon : will you sterner be  
 Then he that dies and liues by bloody drops? 8

8. *dies and liues by] deals and liues* by, Cap. *liues and dies by* Coll. conj.  
*by Theob. liues and thrives by* Han. Ktly. *sheds and liues by* Ktly conj  
*deals, and liues by, Warb. eyes, and liues* *daily liues by* Heath.

that in the last foot one of the two extra syllables is slurred : 'In bft | terness. | The côm | mon éx | ecutioner.' To my ear the remedy is worse than the disease.—ED.

6. Falls] For many instances of the conversion of intransitive into transitive verbs see Abbott, § 291; also the same, § 120, for the use of 'But' in the next line, in the sense of *except* or *without*. DOUCE (i, 303): There is no doubt that the expression 'to fall the axe' may with propriety refer to the usual mode of decapitation; but if it could be shown that in the reign of Elizabeth this punishment was inflicted in England by an instrument resembling the French guillotine, the expression would perhaps seem even more appropriate. Among the cuts to the first edition of Holinshed's *Chronicle* such a machine is twice introduced. [Douce hereupon shows that the so-called 'Halifax Gibbet' and 'the Maiden' in Scotland were quite similar instruments, and from a contemporary MS account in his possession of the execution of Morton for the murder of Darnley, where it is said he 'layde his head *under the axe*,' there can be no doubt of the fact that such a mode of beheading was practised. Haydn (*Dict. of Dates*) says that the 'Halifax Gibbet' was used as late as 1650.]

8. *dies and liues]* WARBURTON: The executioner *liues*, indeed, by bloody drops, if you will; but how does he *die* by bloody drops? The poet must certainly have wrote '*deals* and *liues*,' &c. JOHNSON: I should rather read: 'he that dyes *his lips* by bloody drops.' Will you speak with more sternness than the executioner, whose *lips* are used to be *sprinkled* with blood? STEEVENS: I am afraid our bard is at his quibbles again. To *die* means as well to *dip a thing in a colour foreign to its own*, as to *expire*. In this sense, contemptible as it is, the executioner may be said to *die* as well as *live* by *bloody drops*. Shakespeare is fond of opposing these terms to each other. TOLLET: That is, he who, to the very end of his life, continues a common executioner; as in V, ii: '*live and die* a shepherd.' MUSGRAVE: To *die and live* by a thing is to be constant to it, to persevere in it to the end. *Lives*, therefore, does not signify *is maintained*, but the two verbs taken together mean who is conversant all his life with bloody drops. CAPELL [see Text. Notes]: That is, is accustomed to look upon blood, and gets his livelihood by it. That this is the sense of the line, and *eyes* the true correction of the printer's word '*dies*,' will want no proving to him who but considers it's nearness, and gives another perusal to the third line before it. CALDECOTT: Who by bloodshed makes to die or causes death; and by such death-doing makes his living or subsists—who by the means he uses to cut off life, carves out to himself the means of living. Compare the epitaph on Burton: 'Cui Vitam pariter et Mortem Dedit Melancholia.' COLLIER (*Notes*, &c., p. 134): The MS corrector for *dies* substitutes *kills*. Can *dines* have been the true word? ARROWSMITH (*Notes* & Qu. 1st Ser. vol. vii, p. 542): This *hysteron proteron* is by no means uncommon: its meaning is, of course, the same as live and die, *i. e.* subsist from the cradle to the grave. All manner of whimsical and farfetched constructions have been put by the commentators upon this very homely sentence. As long as the question was whether

*Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.*

*Phe.* I would not be thy executioner, 10  
 I flye thee, for I would not iniure thee :  
 Thou tellst me there is murder in mine eye,  
 'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,  
 That eyes that are the frailest, and softest things,  
 Who shut their coward gates on atomies, 15  
 Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers.  
 Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart,  
 And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:  
 Now counterfeit to ffound, why now fall downe, 19

9. Enter...] Enter Celia and Rosalind, at a distance, Corin leading them.  
 Cap. Enter...Corin, behind. Coll.

12. murder] murthier Ff, Rowe, Pope, Theob. Han. Warb. Wh. i.

12. eye] eyes Rowe +.

13. pretty sure,] Ff, Rowe, Pope. pretty, sure, Theob. et seq.

19. ffound] swoon Pope.

their wits should have license to go a-woolgathering or no, one could feel no great concern to interfere; but it appears high time to come to Shakespeare's rescue when Collier's 'clever' old commentator, with some little variation in the letters, and not much less in the sense, reads *kills* for 'dies.' Compare 'With sorrow they both die and live That unto riches her hertes geve.'—*The Romaunt of the Rose*, v. 5789. 'He is a foole, and so shall he dye and liue, That thinketh him wise, and yet can he nothing.'—Barclay's *Ship of Fooles*, 1570, fol. 67. 'Behold how ready we are, how willingly the women of Sparta will die and live with their husbands.'—*The Pilgrimage of Kings and Princes*, p. 29. [Until this conclusive note appeared, Dyce (*Few Notes*, p. 68) was inclined to agree with Steevens's 'quibble.' Halliwell repeats Arrow-smith's note, and to the examples there given adds one which, as he says, is somewhat different: 'I live and die, I die and live, in languor I consume.'—Achelley's *Lamentable and Tragical Historie*, &c., 1576. Ingleby (*The Still Lion*, p. 59) adopts Dr Sebastian Evans's paraphrase of the present passage, as meaning 'a man's profession or calling, by which he lives, and failing which he dies,' where the felicitousness of the phrase blinds us to the fact that it does not explain the curious inversion of *dying and living*.—ED.]

11. for] That is, because.

13. pretty sure] Note the almost comic turn which the omission of the comma gives this phrase. Of course, as Douce points out, 'sure' is here *surely*.—ED.

14. That] See line 47 of the preceding scene; and for 'who,' in the next line, see Abbott, § 264, where examples may be found of 'who personifying irrational antecedents.'

18. And if] This is *an if*, according to Abbott, § 103.

19. swoon] The pronunciation of this word also was in a transition state when the Folio was printing. In IV, iii, 166 it is spelled 'swoon, and in V, ii, 29 it appears in its homely garb 'sound,' which, I think, must have been its common pronunciation for many a long day. The Nurse in *Rom. & Jul.* III, ii, 56 says: 'All in gore blood: I *sounded* at the sight;' where 'sounded' may possibly have been pronounced *sounded*;

Or if thou canst not, oh for shame, for shame, 20  
 Lye not, to say mine eyes are murderers:  
 Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee,  
 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains  
 Some scarre of it: Leane vpon a ruff  
 The Cicatrice and capable impressure 25

22. *eye hath*] *eyes hath* Rowe ii, Steev.  
 '85. *eyes have* Pope +.

Ktly, Dyce iii, Rife, Wh. ii. *Lean thee*  
 Jervis.

24. *Leane*] *Leane but* Ff, Rowe +,  
 Cap. Steev. Mal. Coll. Sing. Cam. Clke,

25. *capable*] *palpable* Sing. Coll. (MS)  
 ii, Ktly.

at least, no *w* was pronounced, whatever may have been the sound of the *ou*. Certain it is that 'sound' rhymed with *found* in Scottish poetry, where again the latter word may have been pronounced *foond*. It is simply noteworthy that the sound of the *w* is sometimes present and sometimes lacking, and that, when lacking, it is by no means a mark of vulgarity, as we might, perhaps, infer from its use by Juliet's Nurse; 'sound' from Rosalind's lips could not but be refined. Cf. an old ballad of *The Wofull Death of Queene Jane, wife to King Henry the Eighth, and how King Edward was cut out of his mother*: 'She wept and she waild till she fell in a swoond. They opend her two sides, and the baby was found.'—Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, Part vi, p. 373. We do not now pronounce the *w* in *answer*, nor commonly in *sword*, although my father says that in his childhood, more than eighty years ago, in New England, he was always taught to pronounce the *w* in the latter word, and I have heard Edward Everett pronounce it. Many, very many instances could be given of *sound* in the old dramatists. Malone went so far as to say that it was *always* so written, or else *swoound*; the example 'swoon' in the present play shows that his remark was too general, and that the pronunciation was, as I have said, in a 'transition state.—ED.

19. *why now*] I think a comma should be placed after 'now,' not after 'why,' where it is generally put.

21. *Lye not, to say*] ALLEN (MS): That is, lie not to such an extent as to say.

24. *Leane*] As Wright says, *but* is added in the Second Folio 'perhaps unnecessarily, as broken lines are defective in metre'; at the same time, it keeps up the construction, 'scratch thee but with a pin.'—ED.

25. *Cicatrice*] JOHNSON: Here not very properly used; it is the scar of a wound. [Here it is simply, as Dyce defines it, the mark.] STAUNTON: The only difficulty in the line is this word, which certainly appears here to be used in an exceptional sense.

25. *capable impressure*] JOHNSON: That is, hollow mark. MALONE: 'Capable,' I believe, here means *perceptible*. Our author often uses the word for *intelligent*. So in *Ham.* III, iv, 126: 'His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones, Would make them capable.' SINGER: It is evident we should read *palpable*. For no one can surely be satisfied with the strained explanations offered by Johnson and Malone. COLLIER: *Palpable* is the correction of the (MS). BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE: 'Capable impressure' means an indentation in the palm of the hand sufficiently deep to contain something within it. WHITE: 'Capable' is used here in a peculiarly and unmistakeably Shakespearian manner for *receivable*. Yet it has been proposed to read *palpable*. The change is one of a kind that commends itself to the approval of

Thy palme some moment keeps : but now mine eyes 26  
Which I haue darted at thee, hurt thee not,  
Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes  
That can doe hurt.

*Sil.* O deere *Phebe*, 30  
If euer (as that euer may be neere)  
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancie,  
Then shall you know the wounds inuisible  
That Loues keene arrows make.

*Phe.* But till that time 35  
Come not thou neere me : and when that time comes,  
Afflict me with thy mockes, pitty me not,  
As till that time I shall not pitty thee.

*Rof.* And why I pray you? who might be your mother 39

28. *Nor*] *Now* Quincy (MS). *And*  
Ktly conj.

29. *doe hurt*] *do any hurt* Han. *do*  
*hurt to any* Cap. *do hurt to any one*  
Ktly.

30. *O*] *O my* Han.

31. *neere*] *near* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

32. *meet*] *met* Ff, Rowe i.

33. *wounds*] F<sub>1</sub>. *wound's* Pope, Han.

39. *why...you?*] *why?...you*, Coll.  
ii.

*you?*] *you?* [Advancing] Cap.

those who have not fully apprehended the peculiarities of Shakespeare's diction, peculiarities without affectation, and who seize on an emendation of a supposed corruption to guide them through an obscurity which exists but in their own perception. A complete counterpart to the use of 'capable impressure' here is found in the phrase 'capacious and intenable sieve.'—*All's Well*, I, iii, 208. STAUNTON: 'Capable' means *sensible*. [See Abbott, §§ 3, 445, for instances of other adjectives in *-ble*, used both actively and passively.]

26. *some moment*] ROLFE: Compare *Rom. & Jul.* V, iii, 257: 'some minute ere the time,' &c. 'Some' is still used with singular nouns to express kind or quantity; as in 'some fresh cheek' in line 32 just below, 'some food.'—*Temp.* I, ii, 160, &c. We can even say 'some half an hour,'—*Love's Lab. L.* V, ii, 90; 'some month or two.'—*Mer. of Ven.* III, ii, 9, &c. It is doubtful, indeed, whether there is any Shakespearean use of the word which might not be allowed now. In *Temp.* I, ii, 7 ('Who had no doubt some noble creature in her'), Dyce, Staunton, and others read 'creatures'; but even here the singular would not be clearly an exceptional instance.

28. *Nor . . . no*] For double negatives see Shakespeare, *passim*, or Abbott, §§ 406, 408.

30. *deere*] MOBERLY: A dissyllable, and the missing syllables are probably filled up by a laugh of derision.

32. *fancie*] JOHNSON: Here used for *love* [and always so used in Shakespeare, might be added].

39. *mother*] JOHNSON: It is common for the poets to express cruelty by saying of those who commit it that they were born of rocks or suckled by tigresses. COWDEN-CLARKE: It seems evident to us that there was in Shakespeare's time some point in making allusion to a beauty's *mother*. Here there is a scoff implied in this ques-

That you insult, exult, and all at once  
 Ouer the wretched? what though you hau no beauty

40

40. *insult...once*] *insult, and, all at once, exult* Ktly.

*and...once*] *and rail, at once* Theob. Warb. Sing. *and domineer* Han. à l'outrecuidance Forbes (*N. & Qu.* vi, 423) *and tyrannise* Gould.

41. *what though*] *What though?* Sing.

*What! though* Ktly.

41. *hau no*] F. *have* Theob. Warb. Johns. Steev. *have some* Han. Dyce iii. *have mo* Mal. Var. '21. *have more* Steev. '93.

41, 42. *hau no beauty As*] *have more beauty* Yet Quincy (MS).

tion, and in *Cym.* III, iv, there is a passage which has puzzled commentators, but which we think is readily comprehensible if our theory be correct. 'Some jay of Italy, whose mother was her painting,' appears to us to contain the like contemptuous reference to a would-be beauty's origin, as in the sentence of the text.

40. *all at once*] *WARBURTON*: If the speaker intended to accuse the person spoken to only for insulting and exulting, then, instead of '*all at once*,' it ought to have been '*both at once*.' But, by examining the crime of the person accused, we shall discover that the [phrase should be]: '*rail at once*.' *HEATH* (p. 150): Phebe had in truth both insulted and exulted, but had not said one single word which could deserve the imputation of *railing*. *STEEVENS*: I see no need of emendation. The speaker may mean: 'that you insult, exult, and that, too, *all in a breath*.' Such is, perhaps, the meaning of '*all at once*.' *SINGER*: It has been asked, 'What "*all at once*" can possibly mean here?' It would not be easy to give a satisfactory answer. It is certainly a misprint, and we confidently read *rail*, with Warburton. *GRANT WHITE* speaks of Warburton's conjecture as 'somewhat plausible.' [On the following passage in *Hen. V.* I, i, 36: 'Never was such a sudden scholar made; Never came reformation in a flood; With such a heady currance, scouring faults; Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness So soon did lose his seat, *and all at once*, As in this king,' *STAUNTON* has this note:] This '*and all at once*' was a trite phrase in Shakespeare's day, though not one of his editors has noticed it. [The present passage in *As You Like It* is then referred to.] It is frequently met with in the old writers. Thus, in *The Fisherman's Tale*, 1594, by F. Sabie: 'She wept, she cride, she sob'd, and all at once.' And in Middleton's *Changeling*, IV, iii: 'Does love turn fool, run mad, and all at once?' *KEIGHTLEY*: Read, 'That you insult and exult all at once.' This transposition removes all necessity for correction. Strange that the critics should not have thought of it! In my edition the transposition is wrong. *SCHMIDT* (*s. v. once*, i): And all the rest, and everything else. *WRIGHT*, after citing Staunton's illustrations, says: The first of these [from *Hen. V.*] is not to the point, and a reference to the others would not have been necessary had it not been proposed to substitute for what gives a very plain meaning, either *rail* or *domineer*. [If a paraphrase be really needed, Steevens's seems to be near enough.—ED.]

41. *hau no*] *THEOBALD*: It is very accurately observed to me, by an ingenious unknown correspondent, who signs himself L. H., that the *negative* ought to be left out. [The letter of L. H. to Theobald is printed in Nichols's *Illustr.* vol. ii, p. 632.] *CAPELL*: The gentlemen who have thrown out the *negative*, and the other who has chang'd it to *some*, make the Poet a very bad reasoner in the line that comes next to this sentence; and guilty of self-contradiction in several others, if '*no*' be either alter'd or parted with: besides the injury done to him in robbing him of a lively expression, and a pleasantry truly comick; for as the sentence now stands, the conse-

[what though you hau no beauty]

quence that should have been from her *beauty* he draws from her 'no beauty,' and extorts a smile by defeating your expectation. This 'no beauty' of Phebe's is the burthen of all Rosalind's speeches, from hence to her exit. MALONE: That 'no' is a misprint appears clearly from the passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, which Shakespeare has here imitated: 'Because thou art beautiful, be not so coy; as there is nothing more faire, so there is nothing more fading.' 'No' was, I believe, a misprint for *mo*. So in III, ii, 257: 'mar no moe of my verses.' 'What though I should allow you had *more* beauty than he (says Rosalind), *though* by my faith,' &c. (for such is the force of *As* in the next line), 'must you therefore treat him with disdain?' M. MASON: If *more* is to stand, then we must read '*had* more beauty,' instead of 'have.' TOLLET: I have no doubt that the original reading 'no' is right. It is conformable to the whole tenor of Rosalind's speech, particularly the line: 'Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.' That *mo* or *more* was not the word used is proved by the passage: 'You are a thousand times a *properer* man Than *she* a woman.' WHITER: Tollet's instance is foreign to the purpose. Take an example in point: '*tho*' there was *no* great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very *untunable*.'—V, iii. COLLIER: The meaning seems quite clear. Rosalind intends throughout her speech to check the vanity of Phebe, and begins by telling her she has no beauty, and therefore no excuse for being 'proud and pitiless.' The difficulty seems to be to understand the passage when, varying from the old copies, *mo* is substituted for 'no.' *Mo* or *more* indicates comparison, but with whom was Phebe here to be compared in point of beauty? Not with Sylvius, because Rosalind says he was 'a properer man.' SINGER: The negative particle was not intended to be taken literally. *What though?* is an elliptical interrogation, and is again used in *Mid. N. D.*, 'What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?' GRANT WHITE: Rosalind's purpose is solely to take the conceit out of Phebe. WALKER (*Crit.* i, 308): 'No' is evidently wrong. *Some*, I think, little as (even when shortened to *some*) it resembles 'no.' [Foot-note by LETTSOM]: In this class of errors there is often little or no resemblance between the ejected and the substituted word. I believe *som* to be right; but we should also read *had* for 'hau,' as the Folio prints the word, confounding *d* with the long *u* or *v*. See Dyce's *Remarks*, p. 21 [where unquestionable instances are given of such confusion]. DYCE (ed. iii): The fact is, 'no' was inserted by a mistake of the transcriber or compositor, whose eye caught it from the next line. WRIGHT: The negative is certainly required, because Rosalind's object is to strike a blow at Phebe's vanity. [Unquestionably, Rosalind's object is 'to strike a blow at Phebe's vanity' and 'to take the conceit out of her.' The question, it seems to me, is: will this end be gained as effectively by denying that the girl has any beauty at all as by granting that she has no more than the ordinary of nature's sale-work. To tell Phebe roundly that she had no beauty whatsoever would be overshooting the mark. The devotion of Sylvius disproves that. Phebe knew she was pretty, and though inky brows and black silk hair were not deemed as bewitching, in former times, as those of gold, yet cheeks of cream have never been despised since blushes first mantled them. To have acknowledged that she had *some* beauty, no more than without candle may go dark to bed, is damning with very faint praise, the bitterest of all condemnation; it is a disprizing, the pangs whereof Hamlet teaches us. Furthermore, to be strictly logical, can a maiden with *no* beauty, *therefore*, or on that account, be proud? But if she has only a little beauty it may well be asked whether she is therefore to be proud and pitiless. Accordingly the text which I should follow would be Hanmer's.—ED.]



As by my faith, I see no more in you 42  
 Then without Candle may goe darke to bed :  
 Must you be therefore proud and pittileffe ?  
 Why what meanes this ? why do you looke on me ? 45  
 I see no more in you then in the ordinary  
 Of Natures sale-worke ? 'ods my little life,  
 I thinke she meanes to tangle my eies too :  
 No faith proud Miftresse, hope not after it,  
 'Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke filke haire, 50  
 Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheekes of creame  
 That can entame my spirits to your worship :  
 You foolish Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her  
 Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine,  
 You are a thousand times a properer man 55  
 Then she a woman. 'Tis such fooles as you

43. Cf. *La nuit, tous les chats sont gris*.—ED.

48. *my eies*] *mine eyes* Ff, Rowe+,  
 Cap.

50. *your inkie*] *you inkie* F<sub>3</sub>.

50. *blacke ... haire*] *black-silk hair*  
 Cap. Steev. Mal. Coll. Sing. Dyce, Sta.

*black silk-hair* Ktly.

52. *entame*] *entraîne* Warb. conj.

56. *woman.*] *woman* : Cap.

43. *darke*] MOBERLY : That is, without exciting any particular desire for light to see it by.

46. This line, as line 4 above, Abbott classes among 'Apparent Alexandrines' by a mode of scansion to which I cannot become reconciled : 'I sée | no móre | in yóu | than in | the *ordinary*.' I had rather have the slow dragging of a dozen wounded boa-constrictors than the 'slurring' of syllables which is here recommended.—ED

47. *sale-worke*] WARBURTON : The allusion is to the practice of mechanics, whose *work* bespoke is more elaborate than that which is made up for chance-customers, or to sell in quantities to retailers, which is called 'sale-work.' WRIGHT : The modern phrase is 'ready-made goods.'

51. *bugle*] MURRAY (*New Eng. Dict.*) : A tube-shaped glass bead, usually black, and to ornament wearing apparel. [Examples follow from Spenser, 1579, to the present day. Its colour here, we learn from Phebe; in line 135 she says : 'He said mine eyes were black.'—ED.]

52. *entame*] ABBOTT, § 440 : That is, bring *into* a state of tameness.

53. Again Abbott, § 458, thus scans : 'You fool | ish shép | herd, whére | fore dó | you fóllo<sup>w</sup> her.'

54. *foggy South, puffing*] CALDECOTT : Compare 'Puffs away from thence, Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.'—*Rom. & Jul.* I, iv.

56. 'Tis] Capell was the first to desert the good punctuation of the Folio here, and has been followed by nearly every editor, except White in his first edition, ever & wn to Verity in his edition for Irving. A full stop in the middle of a line is so unusual in F<sub>2</sub>, that it deserves more attention than the punctuation in that edition generally merits. Frequently it indicates a change of address, as in II, vii, 204; III,

That makes the world full of ill-fauour'd children : 57  
 'Tis not her glasse, but you that flatters her,  
 And out of you she sees her selfe more proper  
 Then any of her lineaments can shew her : 60  
 But Miftris, know your selfe, downe on your knees  
 And thanke heauen, fasting, for a good mans loue;  
 For I must tell you friendly in your eare,  
 Sell when you can, you are not for all markets :  
 Cry the man mercy, loue him, take his offer, 65  
 Foule is most foule, being foule to be a scoffer.  
 So take her to thee Shepheard, fareyouwell.

*Phe.* Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere together,  
 I had rather here you chide, then this man wooe.

*Ros.* Hees false in loue with your foulness, & shee'll 70

57. *makes*] Ff, Rowe, Cap. Cam. Ktly,  
 Rife, Wh. ii. *make* Pope et cet.

Pope et cet.

58. *flatters*] *flatter* Rowe ii+.

70. [Aside.] Johns.

64. *when*] *what* Rowe i.

*your*] *her* Han. Johns. Cap. Steev.

67. *fareyouwell*] *fare you well* Ff.

Mal. Dyce iii, Coll. iii, Huds.

70-73. Dividing lines, *shee'll...so,...*  
*looks,...words...me?* Ktly. As Prose,

& *shee'll*] To Silvius. *And shee'll*

Sing.

*shee'll*] *you'll* Ktly.

i, 16, also in line 71 of this present scene; and such a change, I think, is indicated here. It is to Phebe, not to Silvius, that Rosalind says, 'Tis such fools as you,' &c. The words are another stab at Phebe's personal vanity. It is she, with her folly, that is to be the mother of ill-favoured children. Rosalind is espousing Silvius's part, and although she has just called him 'foolish,' that is not the same as calling him a 'fool.' After having compared him with Phebe on the score of physical beauty, and pronounced him a thousand times a properer man, it is not exactly in keeping to say that he is to be the father of ugly children. Of course, the text shows clearly enough that lines 58-60 are addressed to Silvius, but it is the punctuation here in line 56 which, I think, was intended to be our guide.—ED.

57. That makes] WRIGHT: The verb is singular because the nominative is the idea contained in what precedes, as if it had been, 'tis the fact of there being such fools as you that makes,' &c. [See Abbott, § 247.]

66. Warburton: The only sense of this is: An ill-favoured person is most ill-favoured when, if he be ill-favoured, he is a scoffer. Which is a deal too absurd to come from Shakespeare; who, without question, wrote: 'being found to be a scoffer'; i. e. where an ill-favoured person ridicules the defects of others, it makes his own appear excessive. HEATH: Mr Warburton first of all gives us a very false and absurd interpretation of this passage, and then on the foundation of that very absurdity, which is wholly his own, and not to be found in the text, he rejects the authentic reading, to make room for his own very flat emendation. JOHNSON: The sense is, The ugly seem most ugly, when, though ugly, they are scoffers. ABBOTT, § 356: This seems to mean: foulness is most foul when its foulness consists in being scornful. [For this use of the infinitive see I, i, 109; II, vii, 182.]

Fall in loue with my anger. If it be so, as fast 71  
 As she answeres thee with frowning lookes, ile saue  
 Her with bitter words : why looke you so vpon me?

*Phe.* For no ill will I beare you.

*Rof.* I pray you do not fall in loue with mee, 75  
 For I am falsier then vowes made in wine :  
 Besides, I like you not : if you will know my house,  
 'Tis at the tuft of Oliues, here hard by :  
 Will you goe Sister ? Shepheard ply her hard :  
 Come Sister : Shepheardeffe, looke on him better 80  
 And be not proud, though all the world could see,  
 None could be so abus'd in fight as hee.

Come, to our flocke, *Exit.*

*Phe.* Dead Shepheard, now I find thy saw of might,  
 Who euer lov'd, that lou'd not at first fight ? 85

80. *Sister.*] *Sister*, F<sub>3</sub>. *Sister* F<sub>4</sub>.

81. *see*] *see ye* Han.

83. *Come,*] *Come* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe i.

84. *Dead*] *Deed* Ff, Rowe, Warb  
 'Deed, Han.

70. *your*] If Hanmer's change to *her* be adopted, Johnson's marking of this speech as an *Aside* seems proper enough. And yet it seems necessary that Silvius should hear it in order that he may understand why Rosalind should saue Phebe with bitter words. Again, note the break in the line, which may give emphasis, as in line 56, to the change of address; yet it will not do to build too much on this, or on any punctuation in the Folio. Surely, if anywhere, a full stop as an indication of the change of address is needed in line 73.—ED.

72. *sauce*] ROLFE: Cf. our vulgarity of 'sassing' a person. From meaning to give zest or piquancy to language, the word came to be used ironically in the sense of making it hot and sharp; or, in other words, from meaning to *spice*, it came to mean to *pepper*.

77. Again, according to Abbott, § 499, this is only an 'apparent Alexandrine.' But this time it is not the final syllables which are slurred over, but the single foot 'Besides' which precedes the line and creates the false show.

82. *abus'd*] JOHNSON: Though all mankind could look on you, none could be so deceived as to think you beautiful but he.

84. *Dead Shepheard*] DYCE (Marlowe's *Works*, i, xlviii): These words sound not unlike an expression of pity for Marlowe's sad and untimely end.

85. Capell was the first to discover that this 'saw' is from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, the paraphrase of a poem by the Pseudo-Musæus, first printed in 1598, although the edition which Capell used was that of 1637. The line is in the First Sestiad (p. 12, ed. Dyce): 'Where both deliberate, the love is slight: Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?' It is also given in *England's Parnassus*, 1600, p. 308, Collier's Reprint, and on p. 423 of Capell's *School*.—ED. MALONE: This poem of Marlowe's was so popular (as appears from many contemporary writers) that

*Sil.* Sweet *Phebe*.

86

*Phe.* Hah: what faist thou *Siluius*?

*Sil.* Sweet *Phebe* pittie me.

*Phe.* Why I am sorry for thee gentle *Siluius*.

*Sil.* Where euer sorrow is, reliefe would be :

90

If you doe sorrow at my grieve in loue,  
By giuing loue your sorrow, and my grieve  
Were both extermin'd

*Phe.* Thou hast my loue, is not that neighbourly?

*Sil.* I would haue you.

95

*Phe.* Why that were couetousnesse :

*Siluius*; the time was, that I hated thee ;

And yet it is not, that I beare thee loue,

But since that thou canst talke of loue so well,

Thy company, which erst was irkefome to me

100

I will endure ; and Ile employ thee too :

But doe not looke for further recompence

Then thine owne gladnesse, that thou art employd

*Sil.* So holy, and so perfect is my loue,

And I in such a pouerty of grace,

105

That I shall thinke it a most plenteous crop

To gleane the broken eares after the man

That the maine haruest reapes:loose now and then

108

86. *Phebe*.] *Phebe*.— Cap. et seq.

Rowe, Pope, Han.

87. *Siluius*] *Silvia* Johns. (misprint?).

105. *grace*] *grace attends it* Rowe,

92. *loue your sorrow,*] *love, your sor-*  
*row* Rowe et seq.

Pope, Han.

106. *plenteous*] *plentious* Ff.

105. *And I in*] *And in F<sub>2</sub>. And F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>*

108. *loose*] *lose* F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe.

a quotation from it must have been known at once, at least by the more enlightened part of the audience. Shakespeare again alluded to it in *The Two Gent.* [This 'allusion' is merely a reference to the story of Hero and Leander. The only twist whereby Malone can there make it refer to Marlowe's Poem, which is of a later date than *The Two Gent.*, is to suppose that Shakespeare read the poem in MS before its publication.—ED.]

93. *extermin'd*] Exterminated. WRIGHT: Compare *extirp* and *extirpated*. ROLFE. Used by Shakespeare only here. Its equivalent, *exterminate*, he does not use at all.

94. *neighbourly*] HALLIWELL: These words seem scarcely natural to the speaker, unless it be presumed there is here an allusion to the injunction to 'love thy neighbour as thyself.'

98. *yet it is not*] REV. JOHN HUNTER: The time is not yet.

99. *since that*] See I, iii, 44, or Abbott, § 287.

- A scattred smile, and that Ile liue vpon. (while?  
*Phe.* Knowst thou the youth that spoke to mee yere- 110  
*Sil.* Not very well, but I haue met him oft,  
 And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds  
 That the old *Carlot* once was Master of.  
*Phe.* Thinke not I loue him, though I ask for him,  
 'Tis but a peeuish boy, yet he talkes well, 115  
 But what care I for words? yet words do well  
 When he that speakes them pleases those that heare:  
 It is a pretty youth, not very prettie,  
 But sure hee's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;  
 Hee'll make a proper man: the best thing in him 120  
 Is his complexion: and faster then his tongue  
 Did make offence, his eye did heale it vp:  
 He is not very tall, yet for his yeeres hee's tall:  
 His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well: 124

109. *scattred*] *scattered* Ff, Rowe.  
*scatter'd* Pope et seq.

110. *yerewhile*] F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

113. *Carlot*] Roman, first by Steev.

123. *very*] Om. Han. Cap. Steev. '93,  
 Dyce iii.

124. *so so*] so Johns.

110. *yerewhile*] WRIGHT calls attention to this spelling in the first three Folios, and adds: 'So in the Authorised Version of 1611 'ere' is spelt 'yer' in *Numbers* xi, 33; xiv, 11.'

113. *Carlot*] DOUCE: That is, *peasant*, from *carle* or *churl*; probably a word of Shakespeare's coinage. DYCE: It is evidently the diminutive of *carl*—churl (compare 'My master is of *churlish* disposition,'—II, iv, 84, where the same person is alluded to). And see Richardson's *Dict.* in v. *Carle*. COLLIER (ed. ii): Richardson, under *Carl*, quotes Shakespeare's 'Carlot,' and says Drayton has *Carlet* in his *Barons' Wars*, B. v. He has *Carlel* in B. iv, but by *Carlel* he means Herckley, Constable of *Carlisle*. Shakespeare alone uses 'Carlot.' KEIGHTLEY: It is printed as a proper name, and it may be the Spanish *Carloto*. No such substantive as 'carlot' is known.

114. CALDECOTT: Trinculo does not more naturally betray himself when he says: By this good light, a very shallow monster: *I afeard of him?* a very shallow monster.'—*Temp.* II, ii. FLETCHER (p. 203): Of Phebe, in name and character no less an ideal shepherdess than Rosalind is an ideal princess, it may be said that we might have been grateful for her creation, even had she been introduced for no other purpose than to give us the enamoured lines which convey so exquisite a portrait of this terrestrial Ganymede.

115. *peeuish*] Cotgrave has: *Hargneux*. Peeuish, wrangling, diuerous, ouerthwart, crosse, waiward, froward; ill to please, euer complayning, neuer quiet.

123. *very*] WALKER (*Crit.* i, 269) agrees with Hammer in erasing this 'very'; which is, I think, justifiable, seeing how frequently this word is interpolated. To avoid the baleful name Alexandrine, Abbott, § 501, calls the line a trimeter couplet, and thus divides it: 'He is | not vé | ry táll: || yet fór | his yeárs | he's táll.'—ED.

There was a pretty rednesse in his lip, 125  
 A little riper, and more lustie red  
 Then that mixt in his cheekes: 'twas iust the difference  
 Betwixt the constant red, and mingled Damaske.  
 There be some women *Siluius*, had they markt him  
 In parcells as I did, would haue gone neere 130  
 To fall in loue with him : but for my part  
 I loue him not, nor hate him not : and yet  
 Haue more cause to hate him then to loue him,  
 For what had he to doe to chide at me?  
 He said mine eyes were black, and my haire blacke, 135  
 And now I am remembred, scorn'd at me :  
 I maruell why I answer'd not againe,  
 But that's all one : omittance is no quittance :  
 Ile write to him a very tanting Letter,  
 And thou shalt beare it, wilt thou *Siluius*? 140  
*Sil.* *Phebe*, with all my heart.  
*Phe.* Ile write it strait:  
 The matter's in my head, and in my heart,  
 I will be bitter with him, and passing short ;  
 Goe with me *Siluius*. *Exeunt.* 145

133. *Haue*] Dyce i, Sta. Clke. *I*  
*have* Ff, Rowe et cet. *Have much* Sta.  
 conj.

139. *tanting*] *taunting* F.  
*Letter*] *Lettlr* F.

144. *and*] Om. Cap.

127. Abbott, § 494, tells us to slur the extra syllables in 'difference.'

128. *Damaske*] STEEVENS: 'Constant red' is *uniform* red. '*Mingled damask*' is the silk of that name, in which, by a various direction of the threads, many lighter shades of the same colour are exhibited, KNIGHT: We doubt this. The *damask rose* was of a more varied hue than the *constant red* of other species of rose. WRIGHT: Red and white, like the colour of the damask roses. Compare *Sonn.* cxxx, 5: 'I have seen roses damask'd, red and white, But no such roses see I in her cheeks.' ['*Mingled damask*' is of course a colour, and a colour well known, but what the colour was, it is doubtful if we can by any means tell at present. It is even possible that 'damask' may refer to some kind of material, and not to roses. Cotgrave tells us distinctly that damask roses are white. At the present day and in this country there is no variation, such as Knight speaks of, in the hue of the old-fashioned damask rose, other than in the paler hue which accompanies its fading; otherwise its tint of light pink is quite as 'constant' as that of any of its redder sisters. Until we can gain more information we must rest content with imagining Gany-mede's cheek to be of the fairest earthly tint and finest earthly texture. But where is the umber?—ED.]

138. *omittance is no quittance*] WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 64): A proverb of course. Milton, *P. L.* x, 53, man 'soon shall find Forbearance is no quittance ere day end.'

*Actus Quartus . Scena Prima.**Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Jaques.*

*Iaq.* I prethee, pretty youth, let me better acquainted with thee.

*Rof* They say you are a melancholly fellow.

*Iaq.* I am so : I doe loue it better then laughing.

*Rof.* Those that are in extremity of either, are abhominable fellowes, and betray themselues to euery moderne censure, worfe then drunkards.

8

The Forest. Rowe.

2. *me*] *me be* Ff et seq.

6, 7. *abhominable*] *abominable* F<sub>4</sub>.

5. I do loue it] *MOBERLY*: 'You are always complaining of melancholy,' says Johnson to Boswell (iv, 301), 'and I conclude from those complaints that you are fond of it. Do not pretend to deny it; *manifestum habemus furem*. Make it an invariable and obligatory law on yourself never to mention your own mental diseases. If you are never to speak of them you will think of them but little; and if you think little of them they will molest you rarely.'

7, 8. *moderne . . . drunkards*] The drift of Rosalind's whole speech appears to be that both classes of men, those who are profound in their melancholy and those who are boisterous in their mirth, expose themselves even more openly than drunkards to every commonplace, hackneyed criticism. She had taken down Phebe's conceit by asserting that her beauty was no more than a fair average of Nature's ready-made goods; she is now about to do the same to Jaques by saying that he was no more interesting in his sentimental melancholy than a common drunkard. But *MOBERLY* interprets it somewhat differently; and as his interpretation of the whole comedy, with which I cannot altogether agree, is charming and attractive, every word he utters in support of it deserves to be well weighed. To *Moberly*, this encounter between Jaques and Rosalind is one of the passages where the great moral lesson of cheerfulness is conveyed, a lesson which Shakespeare happened to need in his own life at that time, and the need whereof he saw in the anxious thought of eminent men around him: 'Thus,' says *Moberly*, 'Sir H. Sidney writes to his son Sir Philip, "Let your first action be the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer; . . . then give yourself to be merry; for you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourself most able in wit and body to do anything when you are most merry."' This present speech of Rosalind is one of the happy hits, and is thus paraphrased by *Moberly* (*Introd.* p. 9): 'And what is this melancholy of which Jaques boasts? [asks Rosalind sarcastically]. Something as bad or worse than the most giddy merriment: something that incapacitates him from action as completely and more permanently than drunkenness.' Again, his note *ad loc.* is: '*Worse than drunkards*. For both alike are as incapable of action as drunkards, and their state is more permanent.'

*Iaq.* Why, 'tis good to be fad and say nothing.

*Rof.* Why then 'tis good to be a poſte.

10

*Iaq.* I haue neither the Schollers melancholy, which is emulation: nor the Muſitians, which is fantaſtick; nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Souldiers, which is ambitious: nor the Lawiers, which is politick: nor the Ladies, which is nice: nor the Louers, which is all theſe: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, compounded of many ſimples, extracted from many obieſts, and indeed the fundrie contemplation of my trauells, in

15

18

14. *politick*] *political* Rowe i.

*tions* of F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe i

18. *fundrie*] *ſundry* F<sub>4</sub>,  
*contemplation of my*] *contempla-*

18, 19. *in which*] *which* Var '21 *on*  
*which* Seymour.

Here Moberly ſeems to take 'worſe' as qualifying the ſubject; I think it qualifies the verb 'betray.'—ED.

11—20. MAGINN: This is printed as proſe, but aſſuredly it is blank verſe. The alteration of a ſyllable or two, which in the corrupt ſtate of the text of theſe plays is the ſlighteſt of all poſſible critical licenses, would make it run perfectly ſmooth. At all events, 'emulation' ſhould be *emulative*, to make it agree with the other clauſes of the ſentence. The courtier's melancholy is not *pride*, nor the ſoldier's *ambition*, &c. The adjective is uſed throughout: 'fantactical,' 'proud,' 'ambitious,' 'politic,' 'nice.' [Maginn thus divides the lines: 'Neither the ſcholar's melancholy, which || Is emulation; nor the muſician's, which is || Fantactical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; || Nor the ſoldier's, || Which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which || Is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; || Nor the lover's, which is all theſe; but it is || A melancholy of mine own, compounded || Of many ſimples, extracted from many objects || And indeed || The ſundry contemplation of my travels, || In which my often rumination wraps me || In a moſt humorous ſadneſs.' [Rather ragged verſe, it muſt be owned. I ſhould prefer to call it metric proſe, or meaſurably like the ſemi-metric proſe of Walt Whitman at the preſent day. There would be a lack of harmony in giving Jaques a ſingle ſpeech in regular blank verſe in a ſcene where every other ſpeech is in proſe.—ED.]

14. MOBERLY: The ſcholar's melancholy ſprings from envy of other men's ſuperior mental powers, which his diligence may be unable to cope with; the courtier's is from pride, which puts him out of ſympathy with his kind; the lady's is from ſtudioſity; the ſoldier's from diſappointed ambition; the lawyer's from professionally aſſumed or half-real ſympathy with his client. [To underſtand the muſician's melancholy, I think we muſt take 'fantactical' as referring to love-ſick muſic; and may we not take both 'politic' and 'lawyer' in a ſomewhat wider ſenſe than that juſt given? May not 'lawyers' be lawgivers, and 'politic' denote that which is connected with the ſcience of government?—ED.]

15. nice] STEEVENS: Silly, trifling. CALDECOTT: Affected, over-curious in trifles. NARES: Fooliſh, trifling. HALLIWELL: Delicate, affected, effeminate. DYCE: Scrupulous, precise, squeamiſh. HUDSON: Faſtidious, dainty, or squeamiſh. VERITY: Squeamiſh, ſuper-ſubtle, finicking. [An object-lesson, to teach the ſtudent to make his own definitions,—eſpecially where none is required.—ED.]



which by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

20

*Rof.* A Traueller: by my faith you haue great reason to be sad: I feare you haue sold your owne Lands, to see other mens; then to haue seene much, and to haue nothing, is to haue rich eyes and poore hands.

*Iaq.* Yes, I haue gain'd my experience.

25

*Enter Orlando.*

*Rof.* And your experience makes you sad: I had rather haue a foole to make me merrie, then experience to make me sad, and to trauaile for it too.

*Orl.* Good day, and happinesse, deere *Rosalind*.

30

*Iaq.* Nay then God buy you, and you talke in blanke verse.

32

19. *by*] Var. '21, Coll. Sing. Sta. Ktly, Dyce iii. *my* Ff, Rowe et cet. *rumination*,] *rumination* Rowe et seq.

*in*] *is* Steev. '93.

25. *my*] Om. Rowe, Pope, Han. *me* Theob. ii, Warb. Johns.

29. *trauaile*] *travel* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

31. *Iaq.*] *Orl.* F<sub>2</sub>. *busy*] Ff, Cam. *by* Rowe+. *by* 'wi' Wh. Dyce. *be* 'wi' Cap. et cet. *and*] Ff, Rowe, Cald. *an* Pope et cet.

32. *verse*] *verse*. Exit. Ff, Rowe et seq.

Scene II. Pope, Han. Warb.

18-20. in . . . sadness] MALONE, reading 'by often,' omitted the first 'in,' in line 18; STEEVENS, reading 'my often,' changed the second 'in,' in line 19, to *is*, adding: 'Jaques first informs Rosalind what his melancholy was *not*;' and naturally concluded by telling her what the quality of it *is*.' CALDECOTT, reading 'my often,' thus paraphrases: It is the diversified consideration or view of my travels, in which process my frequent reflection, and continued interest that I take, wraps me in a whimsical sadness. KNIGHT, reading *my*: His melancholy is the contemplation of his travels, the rumination upon which wraps him in a most humorous sadness. WHITE: 'By' is clearly a corruption, as it leaves 'wraps' without a nominative expressed or understood. The point of the speech is that the satirical Jaques finds in the contemplation of his travels his cause for melancholy. He means to sneer, *more so*, at the whole world; and this he is made to do by the substitution of *my* for 'by,' and of a semicolon for a comma after 'travels.' The pleonastic use of 'in' is quite in conformity to the custom of the time.

19. humorous] CALDECOTT: In his *Apology for Smectymnus*, Milton says of his own ear for numbers, that it was 'rather nice and humorous in what was tolerable than patient to read every drawing versifier.'—Warton's *Milton*, p. 207 [See 'humorous.'—I, ii, 265.]

31. *and*] That is, *an*. See Abbott, § 101, if necessary. WRIGHT: In this form it occurs where it is little suspected in the Authorised Version of *Genesis*, xlv, 30: 'Now therefore when I come to thy servant my father, and the lad be not with us.'

31, 32. blanke verse] What are we to understand by this? It is Orlando who

*Ros.* Farewell Mounfieur Trauellor : looke you  
 liſpe, and weare ſtrange ſuites; diſable all the benefits

has just uttered the only line of blank verse. Jaques, therefore, hears Orlando, even if Rosalind does not, or pretends that she does not; see Grant White's interpretation, in the next note.—ED.

32. Nearly every modern edition follows the Ff in putting *Exit* at the end of this line. Dyce placed it after 'gondola' in line 38, and is followed by Cowden-Clarke, Hudson, and the Irving. DYCE (*Remarks*, p. 63) quotes Rosalind's speech from line 33 down to her address to Orlando in line 38, and asks: 'Does Rosalind say all this to Jaques *after he has left the stage?*' He then goes on to say, in regard to the *Exit* of the Ff, that '*Exits* as well as *Entrances* were very frequently marked much earlier than they were really intended to take place; and nothing can be more evident than that here the *exit* of Jaques ought to follow "gondola." WHITE (ed. i): The question has been raised, whether Jaques should go out when he takes leave, or just before Rosalind addresses Orlando. It seems plain that in the latter case a charming and characteristic incident would be lost. Rosalind is a little vexed with Orlando for not keeping tryst. She sees him when he comes in, but purposely does not look at him, no woman needs be told why. He speaks, but she, with her little heart thumping at her breast all the while, refuses to notice her lover, and pretends to be absorbed in Jaques; and as he retires, driven off by the coming scene of sentiment, the approach of which he detects, she still ignores the presence of the poor delinquent, and continues to talk to Jaques till a curve in the path takes him out of sight; then turning, she seems to see Orlando for the first time, and breaks upon him with, 'Why, how now?' &c. Well might the old printer in *Promos and Cassandra* say that there are some speeches 'which in reading wil seeme hard, and in action appeare plaine.' DYCE quotes this note of White's, and adds: 'All this is, no doubt, very ingenious; but I cannot help thinking that it shows little knowledge of stage-business. The modern acting-copies of *As You Like It* do not allow Jaques to take any part in the present scene.' WHITE, however, did not lay to heart this criticism and improve his 'knowledge of stage-business.' In his second edition he says: 'Rosalind's speech, until she chooses to notice the tardy Orlando, is addressed to the retiring Jaques.' [I cannot avoid thinking that Dyce is entirely right. There is something humiliating in the idea of Rosalind talking to Jaques's back, and if he walked away at even a leisurely pace Rosalind's final words must have been pitthed, if he is to hear them, almost in the scream of a virago. We must note the effect on Jaques of these final thrusts, we must count the wounds, or else Rosalind's victory is small. If Jaques's back is turned, his ears are deaf, and the victory is his rather than Rosalind's. At the same time that I give in my adhesion to Dyce, I must confess that he does not explain Orlando's address to Rosalind, nor her disregard of it. It may be that he would accept that much of Grant White's interpretation which attributes her silence to a punishment for his tardiness, but then one of Dyce's strong points is that the *entrances* are marked (for stage purposes) many lines in advance. Here the *entrance* is marked, and Orlando speaks, many lines before he is addressed by Rosalind.—ED.]

34. liſpe] See Mercutio's invective against Tybalt.—*Rom. & Jul.* II, iv, 26. WRIGHT: See Overbury's *Characters* (*Works*, p. 58, ed. Fairholt), where 'An Affectate Traueller' is described: 'He censures all things by countenances, and shrugs, and speakes his owne language with shame and liſping.' [Sig. F, ed. 1627. Over-

of loue, it may be said of him that *Cupid* hath clapt 47  
him oth' shoullder, but Ile warrant him heart hole.

*Orl.* Pardon me deere *Rosalind*.

*Rof.* Nay, and you be so tardie, come no more in my 50  
fight, I had as lief be woo'd of a Snaile.

*Orl.* Of a Snaile?

*Rof.* I, of a Snaile: for though he comes slowly, hee 55  
carries his house on his head; a better ioynture I thinke  
then you make a woman: besides, he brings his deftinie  
with him.

*Orl.* What's that?

*Rof.* Why hornes: ſuch as you are faine to be be-  
holding to your wiues for: but he comes armed in his  
fortune, and preuents the slander of his wife. 60

48. heart hole] heart whole F<sub>4</sub>. heart-  
whole Rowe.

55. you make] you can make Han.  
Johns. Steev. Mal. Wh. i. Dyce iii. Coll.  
iii.

58. be] Om. Rowe i.

58, 59. beholding] Ff, Rowe, Cap.  
Cam. Coll. iii, Wh. ii. beholden Pope  
et cet.

59. comes] come F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

47. clapt] It is not easy to decide whether this means a clap by way of friendly encouragement, as it is used in *Much Ado*, I, i, 261: 'He that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam'; and again, *Love's Lab. L.* V, ii, 107: 'With that, all laugh'd and clapp'd him on the shoulder, Making the bold wag by their praises bolder'; and again in *Tro. & Cress.* III, iii, 138: 'even already They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder, As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast'; or a clap by way of arrest from a court officer, as in *Cym.* V, iii, 78: 'fight I will no more, But yield me to the veriest hind that shall Once touch my shoulder.' Wright prefers the latter interpretation, as does also Schmidt, whom Rolfe follows, and there is colour for the preference in the use of the word 'warrant' immediately following. But, on the whole, the former interpretation seems preferable.—ED.

51. of] If necessary, see Abbott, § 170.

55. you make] Hanmer's change, 'than you can make,' is upheld by WHITE (ed. i) on the score that 'Rosalind is speaking not of Orlando's acts, but of his abilities.' To me, however, the change is not only needless, but erroneous. 'You' does not refer to Orlando personally, any more than 'your wives,' in line 59, accuses him of polygamy. It is the French 'on.' I suppose the meaning of the sentence is that a snail is better off than a woman because he enjoys all the time the possession of his house, whereas a woman cannot possibly possess her jointure until she becomes a widow, and if she dies before her husband will never have it at all.—ED.

59. beholden] The almost universal form, among the dramatists, of the present *beholden*.

60. fortune] ALLEN (MS): That is, come armed in that which it is his fortune to come to.

60. prevents] Anticipates, in its Latin derivative sense. For examples, see Schmidt.

Orl. Vertue is no horne-maker : and my *Rosalind* is 61  
vertuous.

Rof. And I am your *Rosalind*.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so : but he hath a *Rosa-* 65  
*lind* of a better leere then you.

Rof. Come, wooe me, wooe mee : for now I am in a  
holy-day humor, and like enough to consent : What  
would you say to me now, and I were your verie, verie  
*Rosalind*?

Orl. I would kisse before I spoke. 70

Rof. Nay, you were better speake first, and when you  
were grauel'd, for lacke of matter, you might take oc-  
casion to kisse: verie good Orators when they are out,  
they will spit, and for louers, lacking (God warne vs)  
matter, the cleanliest shift is to kisse. 75

66. *me, wooe*] *me, wooe*, F<sub>3</sub>.

71. Rof.] Orl. F<sub>2</sub>.

68. *and*] Ff, Rowe, Cald. an Pope  
et cet.

74. *warne*] *warr'nt* Anon. (ap. Cam.  
Ed.).

65. *leere*] TOLLET: That is, of a better feature, complexion, or colour than you. SKEAT: The Mid. Eng. *lere* means the cheek, also the face, complexion, mien, look. 'A lovely lady of *lere*' = a lady of lovely mien.—*P. Plowman*, B. i, 3. It was originally almost always used in a good sense, and with adjectives expressive of beauty, but in Skelton we find it otherwise in two passages: 'Her lothely *lere* Is nothyng clere, But vgly of chere' = her loathsome look is not at all clear, but ugly of aspect.—*Elynour Rummyng*, l. 12; 'Your lothesum *lere* to loke on.'—2d *Poem against Garmesche*, l. 5. Shakespeare has it in two senses: (1) the complexion, aspect [the present passage], *Tit. And.* IV, ii, 119; (2) a winning look, *Merry Wives*, I, iii, 50. At a later period it is generally used in a sinister sense. From Ang. Sax. *hleör*, the cheek; hence the face, look. The original sense may have been 'slope,' from the Teut. base *HLI*, to lean. [Does not this refer to the umber with which Ganymede's face was smirched?—ED.]

72. *grauel'd*] Cotgrave has: '*Assablé*: Grauelled; filled with sand; also, stucke in, or run on, the sand.' WRIGHT: Compare Bacon, *Advancement of Learning* (ed. Wright), i, 7, § 8, p. 57: 'But when Marcus Philosophus came in, Silenus was gravelled and out of countenance.' [See also Richardson's *Dict.* for several other examples of the verb.]

73. *kisse*] STEEVENS: Thus also in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*: 'and when he [Stratocles] hath pumped his wits dry, can say no more, kissing and colling are never out of season.'—[p. 506, ed. 1651].

74. *warne*] STEEVENS: If this exclamation (which occurs again in the Qq. of *Mid. N. D.*) is not a corruption of 'God ward us,' i. e. defend us, it must mean 'summon us to himself.' So in *Rich. III.*: I, iii, 39: 'And sent to warn them to his royal presence.' SCHMIDT interprets it: 'God guard us,' 'God forbid,' which has a meaning, like *Dii avertite omen*, but in 'God summon us' here, there seems to be none.—ED.

*Orl.* How if the kisse be denide?

76

*Ros.* Then she puts you to entreatie, and there begins new matter.

*Orl.* Who could be out, being before his beloued Miftris?

80

*Ros.* Marrie that should you if I were your Miftris, or I should thinke my honestie ranker then my wit.

*Orl.* What, of my fuite?

*Ros.* Not out of your apparrell, and yet out of your fuite:

85

Am not I your *Rosalind*?

*Orl.* I take some ioy to fay you are, because I would be talking of her.

*Ros.* Well, in her perfon, I say I will not haue you.

*Orl.* Then in mine owne perfon, I die.

90

*Ros.* No faith, die by Attorney: the poore world is almost six thoufand yeeres old, and in all this time there was not anie man died in his owne perfon (*videlicet*) in a loue cause: *Troilus* had his braines dash'd out with a Grecian club, yet he did what hee could to die before, and he is one of the patternes of loue. *Leander*, he would haue liu'd manie a faire yeere though *Hero* had turn'd

95

97

81-85. In sens. ob.

82. *thinke...ranker*] *thank...rather*  
Coll. (MS) ii, iii.

83. *of*] *out of* Coll. (MS).

84, 86. Prose, Pope et seq.

90. *die*] *doe* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *dye* F<sub>4</sub>.

94. *Troilous*] F<sub>1</sub>.  
*braines*] *braine* Ff.

82. *thinke . . . ranker*] COLLIER (referring to the MS corrector's change to *thank . . . rather*): This is said in answer to the question of Orlando how he could possibly be out? and Rosalind replies that if he were not out, but continued his suit, he would be more indebted to her honesty, which allowed him to proceed, than to her wit in disconcerting him. The two misprints were easily made, and the restoration is exactly to the point. WHITE (ed. i): Strange to say, Collier's reading has found some favour. For in the alternative supposed by Rosalind, she would have no honesty to thank! and therefore it is that she says that in that case she should think her honesty ranker than her wit. DYCE (ed. ii): Mr Collier understands the passage no more than his corrector.

95. *club*] WRIGHT: Troilus, in the story of his death as told by Dictys Cretensis, Dares Phrygius, Tzetzes, and Guido Colonna, was slain by Achilles ('*impar congressus Achilli*.'—Verg. *Æn.* I, 474), either with sword or spear, and the Grecian club is as much an invention of Rosalind's as Leander's cramp.

96. *Leander, he*] Those who wish to find other examples of this insertion of the pronoun may find them in Abbott, § 243.

Nun; if it had not bin for a hot Midfomer-night, for 98  
 (good youth)he went but forth to wafh him in the Hel-  
 lefpont, and being taken with the crampe, was droun'd, 100  
 and the foolifh Chronoclers of that age, found it was  
*Hero* of Ceftos. But thefe are all lies, men haue died  
 from time to time, and wormes haue eaten them, but not  
 for loue. 104

98. *had*] *bad* F<sub>2</sub>.

99. *him*] Om. Ff, Rowe+.

101. *Chronoclers*] *chroniclers* Ff. *coro-*

*ners* Han. Sing. Coll. (MS) ii, iii, Ktly,  
 Glo. Wh. ii.

101. *it was*] *it* Han.

102. *Ceflos*] *Seflos* Ff.

101. *Chronoclers*] CAPELL: If to make his author more witty than there is reason to think he design'd to be, was an editor's business, he of Oxford [*i. e.* Hanmer, see Text. Notes] may seem to have demean'd himself rightly, . . . but the judicious will hardly allow this. . . . 'Chroniclers' could never be a mistake, nor 'was' a meer insertion of printers; *coroners*, and the phrase recommended, being too well known to them to suspect an alteration of either for what was certainly not so familiar. It follows then, if the above observation be just, that they were true to their copy in this place; and the Poet will stand acquitted for writing so, if it be consider'd that too much wit, or wit too much pointed, is not a beauty in comedy; especially in such comedy as this, which is simple and of the pastoral kind. M. MASON: I am surprised that Hanmer's just and ingenious amendment should not be adopted as soon as suggested. . . . 'Found' is the legal term on such occasions. EDWARDS refers to *Ham.* V, i, 5: 'The crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.' CALDECOTT: In the language of a coroner's jury, the chroniclers of that age, who record and transmit facts to posterity, *found* (*i. e.* stated) it to be *Hero*. KNIGHT: We are unwilling to alter the text, but there can be little doubt that Hanmer's change, perhaps *crowners*, gives the true word. The technical use of 'found' decides this. We must accept 'chroniclers' in the sense of *coroners*. WHITE (ed. i) 'denounces Hanmer's change on the same ground as Capell, and as earnestly: 'If we can at will reduce a perfectly appropriate and uncorrupted word of ten letters to one of eight, and strike out such marked letters as *h*, *l*, and *e*, we may re-write Shakespeare at our pleasure.' [And yet after these brave words Grant White in his second edition follows Hanmer. The reason is, I think, that he printed from the Globe Edition, where the Cambridge Editors in a temporary aberration of mind deserted the sound text of the Cambridge Edition. The printed text before our eyes always exercises a strong influence, and from this influence, in the present case, that excellent editor Grant White did not free himself.—ED.] HALLIWELL: "Found" here merely means *found out, discovered, stated*. . . . The alteration made by Hanmer will not even make good sense, for though the coroner's jury might find a verdict of 'drowning,' they could not have 'found it was *Hero* of Sestos.' The passage in *Hamlet* is written in intentional error, and cannot fairly be appealed to in the present discussion. Dyce (ed. iii) quotes LETTSOM: 'The word "found" makes for *coroners*; but the plural number and the phrase "of that age" tell the other way.' WRIGHT: I have left the old reading, for there would be only one coroner, and the 'chroniclers' might be considered to be the jurymen.

*Orl.* I would not haue my right *Rosalind* of this mind,  
for I protest her frowne might kill me. 105

*Rof.* By this hand, it will not kill a flie: but come,  
now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more comming-on dif-  
position: and aske me what you will, I will grant it.

*Orl.* Then loue me *Rosalind*. 110

*Rof.* Yes faith will I, fridaies and faterdaies, and all.

*Orl.* And wilt thou haue me?

*Rof.* I, and twentie such.

*Orl.* What faiest thou?

*Rof.* Are you not good? 115

*Orl.* I hope so.

*Rosalind.* Why then, can one desire too much of a  
good thing: Come sifter, you shall be the Priest, and  
marrie vs: giue me your hand *Orlando*: What doe you  
say sifter? 120

*Orl.* Pray thee marrie vs.

*Cel.* I cannot say the words.

*Rof.* You must begin, will you *Orlando*.

*Cel.* Goe too: wil you *Orlando*, haue to wife this *Ro-  
salind*? 125

*Orl.* I will.

*Rof.* I, but when?

*Orl.* Why now, as fast as she can marrie vs.

*Rof.* Then you must say, I take thee *Rosalind* for  
wife. 130

*Orl.* I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

109. *aske me*] *ask* Rowe.

127. *I*] Om. F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe i.

129. *Rof.*] *Cel.* Anon. (*ap.* Cam.  
Ed.).

107. kill a flie] LADY MARTIN (p. 427): This rejoinder should, I think, be given with a marked change of intonation, sufficient to indicate that, notwithstanding all the wild raillery of her former speech, there is in herself a vein of tenderness that would make it impossible for her to inflict pain deliberately. We should be made to feel the woman just for the moment,—before she passes on to her next words, which, playful as they are, lead her on unawares to what I believe was regarded by her as a very real climax to this sportive wooing.

126-131. I will... for wife] LADY MARTIN (p. 428): It is not merely in pastime, I feel assured, that *Rosalind* has been made by Shakespeare to put these words into *Orlando*'s mouth. This is for her a marriage, though no priestly formality goes with it; and it seems to me that the actress must show this by a certain tender earnestness of look and voice, as she replies, 'I do take thee, *Orlando*, for my husband.' I could

*Rof.* I might aske you for your Commiffion, 132  
But I doe take thee *Orlando* for my husband : there's a  
girle goes before the Priest, and certainly a Womans  
thought runs before her actions. 135

*Orl.* So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

*Rof.* Now tell me how long you would haue her, af-  
ter you haue possesst her?

*Orl.* For euer, and a day.

*Rof.* Say a day, without the euer: no, no *Orlando*, men 140  
are Aprill when they woe, December when they wed :  
Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky chan-  
ges when they are wiues: I will bee more ielous of  
thee, then a Barbary cocke-pidgeon ouer his hen, more 144

132-135. Prose, Pope et seq.

133. *But I*] Ff, Rowe+. *but, I* Cap.

Wh. ii. *but*—*I* Mal. et cet.

*there's*] *There* Farmer, Steev. '95,

Var. '21. *Thus* Lloyd (*ap.* Cam.  
Ed.).

137. *haue*] *love* Han.

141. *they wed*] *they're wed* Daniel.

never speak these words without a trembling of the voice, and the involuntary rushing of happy tears to the eyes, which made it necessary for me to turn my head away from Orlando. But, for fear of discovery, this momentary emotion had to be overcome and turned off by carrying his thoughts into a different channel. Still, Rosalind's gravity of look and intonation will not have quite passed away—for has she not taken the most solemn step a woman can take?—as she continues: 'Now tell me how long,' &c.

133, 134. *there's . . . goes*] COLLIER: Alluding to her anticipating what Celia ought to have said: There's a girl who goes faster than the priest. WRIGHT: Farmer's change is unnecessary, for the relative is only omitted. [For omission of the relative, see Abbott, § 244.]

140, &c. FLETCHER (p. 220): Rosalind's heart is now at leisure to gratify itself with another of those conscious contrasts between the imputed capriciousness of her sex and the steady affectionateness of her own character. We have heard already her description of feminine weakness and perverseness as exhibited in the season of courtship; she now gives us a still more lively one of the same failings as they show themselves after marriage.

144. *Barbary cocke-pidgeon*] FULTON (*Book of Pigeons*, p. 7): Shakespeare was evidently a close observer, if not an actual student, of pigeons. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that he was at heart, if not in practice, a fancier, his intimate knowledge of them comes out in so many different ways. Thus he alludes to the mode in which they feed their young [in I. ii, 90, *supra*; and again in the present line we may find a proof], collateral, if not strictly historical, of the great antiquity of the Barb. Such allusions as these, it is true, only prove a general acquaintance with the birds; but when the great poet makes Hamlet say: 'But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall To make oppression bitter,' he shows a knowledge, however acquired, of the singular physiological fact that the pigeon, like the horse, has no gall-bladder. Again, one of his inimitable comparisons is, 'As patient as a female dove, When that her



clamorous then a Parrat againſt raine, more new-fang- 145  
led then an ape, more giddy in my defires, then a mon-  
key : I will weepe for nothing, like *Diana* in the Foun- 147

*golden couplets* are disclosed.' Now pigeons, unlike poultry, will readily leave their eggs before hatching, if disturbed; but very rarely when once the beautiful little 'golden' young claim their care; then, as the same close observer elsewhere says, even 'doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.' (P. 225) There can be very little doubt that this pigeon [the Barb] did, as the name implies, come to us originally from the north of Africa, and was first known as the Barbary pigeon. [I have searched for any intimation that the Barb is of a pre-eminently jealous disposition, but have found none. Nor is any needed. 'Barbary' of itself implies Oriental watchfulness and jealousy. Is there left in the world any human trade, profession, or pursuit wherein Shakespeare is not claimed as a fellow-craftsman? Did any of us ever think that we should live to see him hailed as a 'pigeon-fancier'?—ED.]

145, 146. new-fangled] SKEAT: Fond of what is new, novel. The old sense is 'fond of what is new'; see *Love's Lab. L. I*, i, 106 [and the present passage], and in Palsgrave. The final -d is a late addition to the word, due to a loss of a sense of the old force of -le (see below); the Mid. Eng. form is *newefangel* (4 syllables), fond of novelty, Chaucer, *C. T.* 10932. So also Gower, *C. A.* ii, 273: 'But euery newe loue quemeth To him, that *newefangel* is'—but every new love pleases him who is fond of what is new. Compounded of *newe*, new; and *fangel*, ready to seize, snatching at, not found in Ang. Sax., but formed with perfect regularity from the base *fang-*, to take (occurring in Ang. Sax. *fang-en*, pp. of *fōn*, contracted form of *fangan*, to take), with the suffix -el (= Ang. Sax. -ol), used to form adjectives descriptive of an agent. This suffix is preserved in modern Eng. *witt-ol* = one who knows, sarcastically used to mean an idiot; cf. A. S. *sprec-ol*, fond of talking, talkative; *wac-ol*, vigilant. So also *fangel* = fond of taking, readily adopting, and *new-fangle* = fond of taking up what is new; whence *new-fangle-d*, by later addition of *d*. The suffix -ol, by the usual interchange of *l* and *r*, is nothing but another form of the familiar suffix -er, expressive of the agent. Thus *newfangle* = *new-fang-er*.

147. *Diana*] MALONE conjectured that Shakespeare must have had in mind some well-known conduit, and WHALLEY discovered what has been generally accepted as the allusion in Stowe's *Survey*, where [p. 484, ed. 1618], in giving a history of the 'Elianoor Crosse,' or 'the great Crosse in West Cheape,' Stowe says: 'in the yeer next following [i. e. 1596] was then set vp a curious wrought Tabernacle of gray Marble, and in the same an Alabaster Image of Diana, and water conuayed from the Thames, prilling from her naked brest for a time, but now decayed.' 'Statues,' continues Whalley, 'and particularly that of Diana, with water conveyed through them to give them the appearance of weeping figures, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. So in *The City Match*, III, iii: "Now could I cry like any image in a fountain, which Runs lamentations."—[p. 263, ed. Dodsley; first printed 1639]. Again, in Rosamond's Epistle to Henry II, by Drayton: "Here in the garden, wrought by curious hands, Naked Diana in the fountain stands."—[p. 80, ed. 1748]. HALLIWELL (p. 69): It should be remembered that the image of a fountain-figure weeping was an exceedingly common one, and that Diana was a favorite subject with the sculptors for such an object. WRIGHT: If Shakespeare had this image of Diana [mentioned by Stowe] in his mind, his recollection of it was not strictly accurate. [It seems to me most unlikely that there is any reference here to the Diana on the

taine, & I wil do that when you are dispos'd to be merry: 148  
 I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd  
 to sleepe. 150

*Orl.* But will my *Rosalind* doe so?

*Rof.* By my life, she will doe as I doe.

*Orl.* O but she is wife.

*Ros.* Or else shee could not haue the wit to doe this:  
 the wifer, the waywarder: make the doores vpon a wo- 155  
 mans wit, and it will out at the casement: shut that, and  
 'twill out at the key-hole: stop that, 'twill flie with the  
 smoake out at the chimney.

*Orl.* A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might  
 fay, wit whether wil't? 160

149. *thou art*] *you are* Rowe ii+.

150. *sleepe*] *weep* Theob. conj. Warb.  
 Coll. iii.

155. *doores*] *doors fast* Rowe ii+, Cap.  
 Quincy (MS).

157. *'twill flie*] *it will flye* F<sub>2</sub>, Rowe +,  
 Steev. '85.

160. *whether*] *whither* Rowe.

*wil't*] F<sub>2</sub>. *wilt* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub> et seq.

Eleanor Cross. And I think Malone in his secret heart thought so too. In his Second Appendix and in his own edition he was inclined to claim the credit of discovering the allusion, but he afterwards silently resigned it to Whalley. For aught we can tell, this 'prilling' Diana may not have been a symbol of sorrow; it was evidently an excrescence, and had no connection with the other Biblical figures around the Cross. See Appendix, 'Date of Composition.'—Ed.,

149. Hyen] KENRICK (p. 69) could discover no 'propriety in this allusion'; he knew of 'no animal in nature possessed of the streperous part of risibility' vigorous enough 'to prevent a drowsy man's going to sleep,' 'except man.' Wherefore he proposes a change, and, like a true-born Briton, offers 'to lay a good bet, if it could be determined,' that Shakespeare wrote "'laugh like a *Hyad*.'" To be sure, 'a Hyad' is not a man, but a *woman*, and to 'laugh' must be interpreted to *cry*. But apart from these trifles the simile is assured, because the Hyads 'wept so vehemently' that they were translated as constellations to the sky. BARCLAY, in his vindication of Johnson from Kenrick's attack, proposed (p. 49), as a sarcastic jest, that the text be: 'laugh like a *Hoyden*, or *Hyden*,' as he had seen it spelt. STEEVENS: The bark of the hyena was anciently supposed to resemble a loud laugh. So in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623: 'Methinks I see her laughing, Excellent hyena!'—[II, v, p. 223, ed. Dyce].

150. *sleepe*] JOHNSON: I know not why we should read to *weep* [as in Warburton's text]. I believe most men would be more angry to have their *sleepe* hindered than their *grief* interrupted. [Theobald's conjecture, *weep* is to be found in Nichols's *Illustr.* ii, 331.]

155. *make the doores*] STEEVENS: This is an expression used in several mid-land counties, instead of *bar the doors*. So in *Com. of Err.* III, i, 93: 'The doors are made against you.'

160. *wit whether wil't*] JOHNSON: This must be some allusion to a story well

*Ros.* Nay, you might keepe that checke for it, till you  
met your wiues wit going to your neighbours bed. 161

*Orl.* And what wit could wit haue, to excuse that?

*Rosa.* Marry to fay, she came to seeke you there : you  
shall neuer take her without her answer, vnlesse you take 165  
her without her tongue :  $\delta$  that woman that cannot  
make her fault her husbands occasion, let her neuer nurse  
her childe her selfe, for she will breed it like a foole. 168

167. *occasion*] *accusation* Han. Sing.  
Ktly. *accusing* Coll. (MS) ii, iii.

168. *she will...it like a*] *she'll...it a*  
Cap. conj.

known at that time, though now perhaps irretrievable. STEEVENS: This was an exclamation much in use when any one was either talking nonsense or usurping a greater share in conversation than justly belonged to him. So in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602: 'My sweet wit, *whither wilt thou?* my delicate poetical fury,' &c. [p. 166, ed. Hawkins]. Again, in Heywood's *Royal King*: '*Captain*. I since came to purchase that Which all the wealth you have will never win you. *Bonville*. And what's that, I pray? *Capt*. Wit. Is the word strange to you? Wit. *Bon*. Whither wilt thou? *Capt*. True; Wit will to many ere it come to you' [I, i, p. 18, ed. Sh. Soc. Steevens quoted, of the above, only the phrases containing the proverb. But I think the Captain's answer throws some light on the obscure meaning of the phrase; it seems as though it were equivalent to saying: 'Wit, whither wilt thou go? Thou art clearly leaving the present company.' Halliwell adds several other authorities for the use of the phrase, to which more could be added without increasing our knowledge of the meaning. Malone believed the phrase to be the first words of an old madrigal. See I, ii, 55.—ED.]

165. *answer*] TYRWHITT: See Chaucer, *Marchaundes Tale* [line 1020, ed. Morris, where Proserpine assures Pluto that May shall have an answer ready to excuse any escapade:] 'Now by my modres *Ceres* soule I swere, That I schal yive hir suffisaunt answer, And alle wommen after for hir sake; That though thay be in any gult i-take, With face bold thay schul hemself excuse, And bere hem doun that wolde hem accuse. For lak of answer, noon of hem schal dyen. Al had a man seyn a thing with bothe his yen, Yit schul we wymmen visage it hardily, And wepe, and swere, and chide subtilly, So that ye men schul ben as lewed as gees.'

166.  $\delta$ ] What rule, if any, guided the compositor in the use of this circumflexed  $\delta$  it seems almost impossible to discover. Perhaps, as it does not begin a sentence, the lower case  $\delta$  seemed too insignificant without some distinction, or perhaps it was that, unlike Othello, its demerits could not speak unbonneted. Walker (*Crit.* i. 104) says that '*O*' in the forms *o' my truth*, *o' my life*, &c. is frequently expressed by  $\delta$ .' As we see here, in the present instance, the same type is used in the mere exclamation. It is, however, purely a matter of typography, and very remotely, if at all, connected with Shakespeare.—ED.

167. *occasion*] JOHNSON: That is, represent her fault as occasioned by her husband. CAPELL: That cannot make her husband the cause of it. CALDECOTT: That is, an act done upon his occasions, in prosecution of his concerns. STAUNTON: If any deviation is required, we might perhaps, and without departing far from the text, read, 'her husband's *confusion*.' KEIGHTLEY: I find I have followed Hamner.

*Orl.* For theſe two houres *Rosalinde*, I wil leaue thee.

*Rof.* Alas, deere loue, I cannot lacke thee two houres. 170

*Orl.* I muſt attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clock  
I will be with thee againe.

*Rof.* I, goe your waies, goe your waies : I knew what  
you would proue, my friends told mee as much, and I  
thought no leſſe : that flattering tongue of yours wonne 175  
me : 'tis but one caſt away, and ſo come death : two o'  
clocke is your howre.

*Orl.* I, ſweet *Rosalind*.

*Rof.* By my troth, and in good earneſt, and ſo God  
mend mee, and by all pretty oathes that are not dange- 180  
rous, if you breake one iot of your promiſe, or come one  
minute behinde your houre, I will thinke you the moſt  
patheticall breake-promiſe, and the moſt hollow louer. 183

176. o'] o' th' Rowe +. o' the Steev.  
'85.

183. *patheticall*] *atheistical* Warb.  
*jesuitical* Grey.

but doubt if I was juſtified in ſo doing. WRIGHT: That is, an occaſion againſt her  
huſband; an opportunity for taking advantage of him.

168. In Kemble's Acting Copy *Rosalind* here ſings the ſong from *Love's Labour  
Lost*: 'When daisies pied,' &c.

170. FLETCHER (p. 221): How deliciously after all this *acted* levity and miſchiev-  
ousneſs, comes immediately this fond exclamation!

171, 176. two a . . . two o'] Let us note this variation in ſpelling, a compoſitor's  
mere vagary, within half a dozen lines, and let our ſouls be instructed.—ED.

176. come death] It is not impoſſible that there is here juſt an alluſion to that  
popular ſong of Anne Bullen's: 'Death, rock me aſleep. Bring me to quiet reſt,'  
&c. It ſounds to me like ſome quotation or alluſion, whoſe popularity excuſes, or at  
leaſt lightens, the charming exaggeration.—ED.

177. your howre] LADY MARTIN (p. 429): This is to be 'full of tears;' and  
when ſhe has put a pang into her lover's heart by this ſemblance of reproachful grief,  
ſhe ſuddenly floods it with delight by turning to him her face radiant with ſmiles,  
and ſaying, 'Two o'clock's your hour!' This is to be 'full of ſmiles,' and the charm  
ſo works upon him that we ſee he has loſt the conſciouſneſs that it is the boy Gany-  
mede, and not his own *Rosalind*, that is before him, as he answers, 'Ay, ſweet *Rosa-  
lind*.' And ſhe, too, in her parting adjuration to him, comes nearer than ſhe has ever  
done before to letting him ſee what is in her heart.

183. *patheticall*] HEATH: The meaning is, That of all break-promiſes he beſt  
counterfeits a real paſſion. I ſuppoſe the old ſalvo of faithleſs lovers: 'perjuria ridet  
amantum,' maintained its ground even in Shakeſpeare's time. TALBOT: We now uſe  
*pitiful* in a like ſenſe. WHITER (p. 57). 'Pathetical,' in its firſt ſenſe, means *full  
of paſſion* and *ſentiment*. In a ludicrous ſenſe, a 'pathetical break-promiſe' is a  
whining, canting, promiſe-breaking ſwain. Shakeſpeare, perhaps, caught this word  
from Lodge's *Novel*, where Phoebe's indifference to Montanus is deſcribed: 'But ſhe,

and the most vnworthy of her you call *Rosalinde*, that  
may bee chofen out of the grosse band of the vnfaith- 185  
full : therefore beware my censure, and keep your pro-  
mise.

*Orl.* With no lesse religion, then if thou wert indeed  
my *Rosalind* : so adieu.

*Rof.* Well, Time is the olde Iustice that examines all 190  
such offenders, and let time try : adieu. *Exit.*

*Cel.* You haue simply misus'd our sexe in your loue-  
prate : we must haue your doublet and hose pluckt ouer  
your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done  
to her owne neaft. 195

*Rof.* O coz,coz,coz : my pretty little coz, that thou  
didst know how many fathome deepe I am in loue : but  
it cannot bee founded : my affection hath an vnknowne  
bottome, like the Bay of Portugall. 199

191. try] *try you* Coll. (MS).

191. Scene III. Pope, Han. Warb.

measuring all his passions with a coy disdain, and triumphing in the poore shep-  
heard's pathetical humours.' &c. WRIGHT: Cotgrave explains 'Pathetique' as  
Pathetical, passionate; persuasive, affection-moving. ALLEN (MS): Rosalind  
merely misplaces the epithet (by a kind of hypallage); 'pathetical' properly belongs  
to 'lover,' as if she had said: 'I will think you the most passionate—not *lover* as now  
—but break-promise.'

183. breake-promise] 'At lovers' *perjuries* They say Jove laughs.'—*Rom. &*  
*Jul.* II, ii, 93.

190. olde Iustice] STEEVENS: So in *Tro. & Cress.* IV, v, 225: 'that old com-  
mon arbitrator, Time, Will one day end it.'

192. misus'd] MOBERLY: Completely libelled our sex. WRIGHT: That is,  
*abused*. On the other hand, *abuse* in Shakespeare's time was equivalent to the mod-  
ern 'misuse.'

195. neaft] STEEVENS: So in Lodge's *Rosalynde*: 'I pray (quoth Aliena) if  
your robes were off, what mettall are you made of that you are so satirical against  
women? is it not a foule bird that defiles his own nest?'

199. Portugall] WRIGHT: In a letter to the Lord Treasurer and Lord High  
Admiral, Raleigh gives an account of the capture of a ship of Bayonne by his man  
Captain-Floyer in 'the bay of Portugal' (Edwards, *Life of Raleigh*, ii, 56). This is  
the only instance in which I have met with the phrase, which is not recognised, so far  
as I am aware, in maps and treatises on geography. It is, however, I am informed,  
still used by sailors to denote that portion of the sea off the coast of Portugal from  
Oporto to the headland of Cintra. The water there is excessively deep, and within a  
distance of forty miles from the shore it attains a depth of upwards of 1400 fathoms,  
which in Shakespeare's time would be practically unfathomable. NEIL: Perhaps this  
simile ought to be taken as a time-mark of the production of the play. The history  
of Portugal engaged a good deal of attention between 1578 and 1602. On the 4th

*Cel.* Or rather bottomleffe, that as fast as you poure 200  
affection in, in runs out.

*Rof.* No, that fame wicked Bastard of *Venus*, that was  
begot of thought, conceiu'd of spleene, and borne of  
madnesse, that blinde rascally boy, that abuses euery  
ones eyes, because his owne are out, let him bee iudge, 205  
how deepe I am in loue : ile tell thee *Aliena*, I cannot be  
out of the sight of *Orlando* : Ile goe finde a shadow, and  
figh till he come.

*Cel.* And Ile sleepe. *Exeunt.* 209

201. *in, in*] *in, it* F<sub>2</sub> et seq.

206. *ile tell*] *I tell* Cam. Edd. conj.

207. *Orlando*] *Orland F<sub>2</sub>, Orlanda F<sub>4</sub>.*

209. *Ile*] *I'll go* Ktly.

of August, 1578, the destructive battle of Alcazar, on which George Peele composed a play published in 1594, was fought, and Don Sebastian, the king, was lost on the field. . . . In 1589, before the public exultation at the defeat of the Spanish Armada had subsided, a band of adventurers, 21,000 in 180 vessels, engaged in an expedition into Portugal, under the command of Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norris, in which the Earl of Essex also had a share. Instead of returning with the bays of victory, 11,000 persons perished; of the 1100 gentlemen volunteers, only 350 returned to their native country. They were embayed in its [*sic*] unknown bottom. In *Der Bestrafte Brudermord*, founded, it is believed, about 1598, on an early draught of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, the Prince of Denmark suggests ironically to his uncle-father, 'Send me off to Portugal, so that I may never come back again.' In 1602 there appeared at London *The true History of the late and lamentable Adventures of Don Sebastian, King of Portugal*, on which Massinger founded his play, *Believe as you List*, a drama only recently discovered and printed, whose title is a sort of echo of the play before us. *A Portingal Voyage* is noticed also as a memorable thing in Webster's *Northward-Ho!* published in 1607, but acted some time before that date.

203. *thought*] This is *melancholy*, according to Steevens, Malone, Caldecott, and Dyce. It is also *moody reflection*, according to Halliwell. Or with Schmidt we can take it as applied to *love*, 'a passion bred and nourished in the mind.' It is hardly to be taken as *care*, *anxiety*, the sense in which Hamlet uses it in 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,' or as in 'take no thought of the morrow.'—ED.

203. *spleene*] SCHMIDT: That is, caprice; a disposition acting by fits and starts. WRIGHT: A sudden impulse of passion, whether of love or hatred.

206. *ile tell thee*] DYCE (ed. iii): 'Qu. "I tell thee"? This blunder, if it be one, is not uncommon.'—LETTSOM. It is not a blunder. [See Text. Notes, where Lettsom is anticipated.]

207. *shadow*] STEEVENS: So in *Macb.* IV, iii, 1: 'Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there Weep our sad bosoms empty.'

*Scena Secunda.**Enter Iaqes and Lords, Forrefters.**Iaq.* Which is he that killed the Deare?*Lord.* Sir, it was I.

*Iaq.* Let's present him to the Duke like a Romane  
 Conquerour, and it would doe well to fet the Deares 5  
 horns vpon his head, for a branch of victory; haue you  
 no fong Forrefter for this purpose?

*Lord.* Yes Sir.

*Iaq.* Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, fo it  
 make noyse enough. 10

Muficke, Song.

*What shall he haue that kild the Deare?**His Leather skin, and hornes to weare:**Then fng him home, the rest shall beare this burthen;* 14

Scene IV. Pope, Han. Warb. Johns.

8. Lord.] For. Rowe +, Cam. 2. F.

Scene continued, Theob.

Cap. 2 Lord. Mal.

3. Lord.] 1. F. Cap. 1 Lord. Mal.

14. For Text. Notes, see p. 231.

A Lord. Cam.

1. JOHNSON: This noisy scene was introduced to fill up an interval which is to represent two hours. [See note on Rosalind's first speech in next Scene.] GERVINUS (p. 388): This is characteristic of idle rural life, where nothing of more importance happens than a slaughtered deer and a song about it. [Gervinus presumes also to call this scene 'a stop-gap.' It is all very well for Dr Johnson to say that this scene is merely to fill up an interval: from him, we accept all notes and rate them as they deserve, but the learned German should have remembered that 'That in the captain's but a cholerick word, Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.'—ED.]

2. FLOWER (*Memorial Theatre Edition*): On the occasion of the first representation of *As You Like It* in the Memorial Theatre, April 30th, 1879, a fallow deer was carried on the stage by the foresters [in this scene] which had been that morning shot by H. S. Lucy, Esq., of Charlecote Park, out of the herd descended from that upon which Shakespeare is credited with having made a raid in his youth. The deer is now stuffed, and carried on whenever the play is acted in Stratford.

4-7. NEIL: Sir Thomas Elyot, in *The Governour*, 1531, says, regarding the hunting of red deer and fallow: 'To them which in this huntynge do shoue moste prowess and actvyvty, a garlande or some other lyke token to be given in sign of victory, and with a joyful manner to be broughte in the presence of hym that is chiefe of the company there, to receive condigne prayse for their good endeavour.'—Bk. I, chap. xviii.

12, 13. MALONE: Shakespeare seems to have formed this song on a hint afforded

[the rest shall beare this burthen]

by Lodge's *Rosalynde*: 'What newes, forrester? hast thou wounded some deere, and lost him in the fall? Care not, man, for so small a losse; thy fees was but the skinne, the shoulder, and the horns.'

14. In the arrangement of this Song, Rowe and Pope followed the Folio, and their 'sagacity' in so doing was sarcastically pronounced by Theobald 'admirable.' 'One would expect,' he continues, in a tone which was intended to be very bitter, 'when they were *Poets*, they would at least have taken care of the *Rhymes*, and not foisted in what has Nothing to answer it. Now where is the Rhyme to "the rest shall bear this Burthen"?' Or, to ask another Question, where is the sense of it? Does the Poet mean that He, that kill'd the Deer, shall be sung home, and the Rest shall bear the Deer on their Backs? This is laying a Burthen on the Poet, which We must help him to throw off. In short, the Mystery of the Whole is, that a Marginal Note is wisely thrust into the Text; the Song being design'd to be sung by a single Voice, and the Stanza's to close with a Burthen to be sung by the whole Company.' And so Theobald printed it. 'The rest shall bear this burthen' was placed as a stage-direction in the margin; and then to show that he too was a Poet he thus patched and pieced out the lines: 'Then sing him home: take thou no scorn || To wear the horn, the horn, the horn.' Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson followed him, except that Hanmer, in line 18, read: 'And thy *own* father bore it.' JOHNSON reprinted Theobald's note 'as a specimen,' he said, 'of Mr Theobald's jocularly, and of the eloquence with which he recommends his emendations;' but Johnson adopted Theobald's text nevertheless. CAPELL remodelled the whole Song thus, wherein '1. V.' and '2. V.' stand for First and Second Voice respectively, and 'both' means both voices:

1. V. *What shall he have, that kill'd the deer?*

2. V. *His leather skin, and horns to wear.*

1. V. *Then sing him home:—*

both.

*Take thou no scorn*

*to wear the horn, the lusty horn*

*it was a crest ere thou wast born:—*

1. V. *Thy father's father wore it;*

2. V. *And thy father bore it:—*

cho.

*The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,  
is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

Capell suggested that if line 18 'should be perfected' we might read: 'Ay and thy father,' &c., or 'Ay and *his* father bore it,' 'meaning his father's father's father; which makes the satire the keener, by extending the blot to another generation.' 'Cho.' means the whole band of foresters, 'Jaques and all.' However much Steevens might laugh at Capell and his crabbed English, and Dr Johnson say of him, 'Sir, if he had come to me, I'd have endowed his purposes with words,' there can be no doubt that Capell's text had deservedly great influence with both of these two editors in their Variorum editions. (Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that to Theobald and to Capell, more than to any other two editors, is due the largest share of the purity of Shakespeare's text to-day.) Accordingly, in the Variorum of 1773 the lines of the Song were numbered 1 and 2, as Capell had numbered them, but the imitation was not carried so



[the rest shall beare this burthen]

far as to add 1. V. or 2. V., and 'The rest shall bear this burthen' was retained in the margin, whereas, as we have seen, Capell omitted it altogether. In the next Variorum, 1778, Capell's reading was silently adopted in line 15: 'To wear the horn, the lusty horn.' This, however, was rejected by Malone in 1790, and the text of the Folio substantially retained, except that 'The rest,' &c. was inserted as a stage-direction, 1. and 2. as given by Capell were adopted, and before the last two lines was prefixed 'All.' This arrangement Steevens followed in his own edition of 1793; and Boswell also in Malone's Variorum of 1821. In the latter edition BOSWELL has the following: 'In Playford's *Musical Companion*, 1673, where this is to be found set to music, the words "Then sing him home" are omitted. From this we may suppose that they were not then supposed to form any part of the song itself, but spoken by one of the persons as a direction to the rest to commence the chorus. It should be observed, that in the old copy the words in question, and those which the modern editors have regarded as a stage-direction, are given as one line.' KNIGHT, the next critical editor (Caldecott confessedly followed the Folio), omitted this line (line 14) altogether, lines 12 and 17 were numbered 1, and lines 13 and 18 were numbered 2, and to line 19 was prefixed 'All.' Knight's note is as follows: 'The music to this "song"' [which is here reprinted from Knight at the end of this note] 'is from a curious and very rare work, entitled *Catch that Catch can; or a Choice Collection of Catches, Rounds, &c.*, collected and published by John Hilton, *Batch. in Musicke*, 1652; and is there called a *catch*, though, as in the case of many other compositions of the kind so denominated, it is a *round*, having no *catch* or play upon the words, to give it any claim to the former designation. It is written for four bases, but by transposition for other voices would be rather improved than damaged. John Hilton, one of the best and most active composers of his day, was organist of St Margaret's, Westminster. His name is affixed to one of the madrigals in *The Triumphs of Oriana*, 1601, previously to which he was admitted, by the University of Cambridge, as a Bachelor in Music. Hence he was of Shakespeare's time, and it is as reasonable to presume as agreeable to believe that a piece of vocal harmony so good and so pleasing, its age considered, formed a part of one of the most delightful of the great poet's dramas. In Hilton's round the brief line, "Then sing him home," is rejected. The omission was unavoidable in a round for four voices, because in a composition of such limit, and so arranged, it was necessary to give one couplet, and neither more nor less, to each part. But it is doubtful whether that line really forms part of the original text, [where it is] printed as *one* line without any variation of type. Is the whole of the line a stage-direction? "Then sing him home" may be a direction for a stage procession. Mr Oliphant, in his useful and entertaining *Musa Madrigalesca*, 1837, doubts whether the John Hilton, the author of the *Oriana* madrigal, could have been the same that subsequently published *Catch that Catch can*, as well as another work which he names. This is a question into which we shall not enter, our only object being to give such music, as part of Shakespeare's plays, as is supposed to have been originally sung in them, or that may have been introduced in them shortly after their production.' COLLIER agrees with Knight that the whole of line 14 is clearly only a stage-direction, printed by error as a part of the song in the old copies, but instead of omitting it he places it in the margin, and has the following note: "'Then sing him home" has reference to the carrying of the lord, who killed the deer, to the Duke; and we are to suppose that the foresters sang as they quitted the stage for their "home" in the wood. "The rest shall bear this burden" alludes to the last six

[the rest shall beare this burthen]

lines, which are the burden of the song.' DYCE in his first edition says: 'Much discussion has arisen whether these words [line 14] are a portion of the song or of the stage-direction. It is a question on which I do not feel myself competent to speak with any positiveness.' Accordingly, Dyce prints the line in the margin, in smaller type merely. In his two later editions he has no note, except the remark that Grant White altered 'Then' to *They*. GRANT WHITE divided the song into two stanzas of four lines each, and marked them I and II; line 14 appears as a stage-direction with 'Then,' as has just been noted, changed to *They*. At the end, instead of 'Exeunt,' he reads: ['*They bear off the deer, singing.*'] In his first edition, after giving his reasons for believing line 14 to be a stage-direction, which are the same as those advanced by preceding editors, he says: "'Then sing him home" has reference to Jaques's suggestion to present the successful hunter to the Duke "like a Roman conqueror"; for the song was "for this purpose." That there is an alternation of two lines of solo with two of chorus or burthen, the latter being in both cases lusty lines about the lusty horn, no musician or glee-singer, and it would seem no reader with an ear for rhythm, can entertain a doubt. "Then" in the original stage-direction seems plainly a misprint for *they*.' STAUNTON prints only 'The rest,' &c. in the margin as a stage-direction. 'We rather take,' he says, "'Then sing him home" to form the burden, and conjecture it ought to be repeated after each couplet.' HALLIWELL says: 'There can be little doubt that the greater part of this song, in fact, the last six lines, was originally intended to be sung in chorus, Jaques being indifferent to the tune, "so it make noise enough,"' wherefore Halliwell divides line 14 after 'beare,' thus keeping up the rhyme to 'weare'; places 'This burthen' in a line by itself; and assigns the rest to be sung by the whole company. He claims for this arrangement that it 'seems on the whole more likely to be correct than considering any portion of the line as a stage-direction.' BARRON FIELD (*Sh. Soc. Papers*, 1847, iii, 135) was the first, I think, to suggest that 'This burthen' should be printed by itself, but then he said it should be in a marginal note, wherein his treatment is slightly different from Halliwell's. He also suggested '*Men* sing him home,' instead of 'They.'

I have thus given all, I think, of the diverse textual arrangements of this song. Subsequent editors have ranged themselves under one or the other leader as best suited their fancy. The majority, however, agree in holding 'Then sing him home' as part of the song, and 'The rest shall beare this burthen' as a stage-direction; which is also the belief of Roffe (p. 12) and of the present ED.

1. What shall he have that kill'd the deer? His leath-er skin, and horns to wear.

2. Take thou no scorn to wear the horn. It was a crest, ere thou wast born;

3. Thy fa-ther's fa-ther bore it, And thy fa-ther wore it.

4. The horn, the horn, the lus-ty horn Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

*Take thou no scorn to weare the horne,  
It was a creft ere thou wast borne,  
Thy fathers father wore it,  
And thy father bore it,  
The horne, the horne, the lusty horne,  
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

15

*Exeunt.* 20

14. Om. Knt. In margin, Coll. Wh. Dyce, Huds.

the...burthen] In margin, Theob. +, Steev Mal. Sing. Sta. Clke, Ktly, Rlfe.

14, 15. Then...scorne] As one line, Theob. Han. Warb. Johns. As two lines, Steev. '85.

15. to...horne] One line, reading *To wear the horn, the horn, the horn* Theob. Han. Warb. Johns. One line, reading *To wear the horn, the lusty horn* Cap.

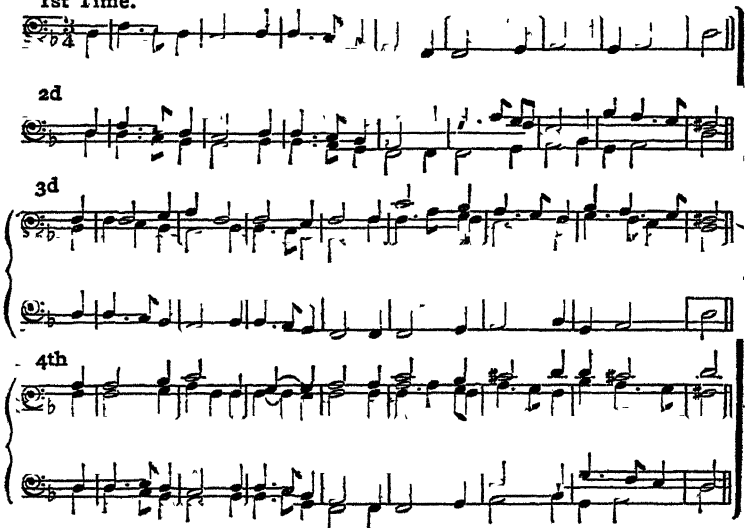
18. thy] *thy own* Han.

19. The] All. *The* Mal. Steev '93.

19, 20. Marked as 'Burthen,' Wh. ii.

19. luffy] *luffly* F.

1st Time.



14. burthen] See III, ii, 242.

15. horne] COLERIDGE (p. 108) : I question whether there exists a parallel instance of a phrase that, like this of 'horns,' is universal in all languages, and yet for which no one has discovered even a plausible origin.

*Scæna Tertia.**Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

*Rof.* How say you now, is it not past two a clock?  
And heere much *Orlando*.

*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain,

*Enter Silvius.*

He hath t'ane his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth

5

Scene V. Pope, Han. Warb. Johns.  
Scene continued, Theob.

2. *a clock*] *o'clock* Theob.

3. *And...Orlando*] *I wonder much*  
*Orlando is not here.* Pope+. *and how*  
*much Orlando comes?* Cap. *and here's*

*much Orlando!* Steev. '85. *and here's*  
*no Orlando.* Ritson, Quincy (MS). *And*  
*here—much, Orlando!* John Hunter,

4-7. Prose, Pope et seq. (except Coll.).

6. *t'ane*] *ta'ne* F., *ta'en* Rowe.

6, 7. *forth To*] *forth—to* Cap. et seq.

1. After the remark upon the 'noisy scene,' which has just passed (see the first note in preceding scene), and which was introduced to fill up the interval of two hours, JOHNSON continues: This contraction of time we might impute to poor Rosalind's impatience but that a few minutes after we find Orlando sending his excuse. I do not see that by any probable division of the Acts this absurdity can be obviated. [This remark, if I understand it, and I am not sure that I do, is an undeserved slur on Shakespeare's dramatic art. To defend any dramatist, let alone Shakespeare, against the charge of absurdity in representing the passage of time by the shifting of scenes, is in itself an absurdity which no one, I think, would consciously commit. As this comedy is performed now-a-days, the 'noisy scene' is frequently omitted altogether, and this present scene opens in 'another part of the Forest;' this of itself is sufficient to indicate a flight of time, and no spectator notes an 'absurdity.' How much more pronounced is this flight when a whole scene intervenes, with new characters and wholly new action. It is to be feared that, in very truth, this Song penetrated to Dr Johnson's deaf ears only as 'noise,' and that, furthermore, Shakespeare's art, in dramatic construction was in general so exquisitely concealed that when once it stood revealed with unmistakable plainness, Dr Johnson resented the attempt to sway his mood as a personal affront.—ED.]

3. *heere much*] WHALLEY: We have still this use of 'much,' as when we say, speaking of a person who we suspect will not keep his appointment, 'Ay, you will be sure to see him *much*!' MALONE: So the vulgar yet say, 'I shall get *much* by that, no doubt,' meaning that they shall get nothing. HOLT WHITE: It is spoken ironically. GIFFORD, in a note on 'Much wench, or much son!'—*Every Man in his Humour*, IV, iv, p. 117, says 'Much!' is an ironical exclamation for *little* or *none*, in which sense it frequently occurs in our old dramatists. Thus in Heywood's *Edward IV.*: '*Much* duchess! and *much* queen, I trow!' [On p. 40 of *Edward IV.*, ed. Sh. Soc. there is 'Much queen, I trow!' but I cannot find the line as given by Gifford, who is usually accurate.—ED.]

4-7. WALKER (*Crit.* i, 16): These lines are printed as verse in the Folio; which,

To sleepe : looke who comes heere.

7

*Sil.* My errand is to you, faire youth,  
My gentle *Phebe*, did bid me giue you this :  
I know not the contents, but as I gueffe  
By the sterne brow, and waspish action  
Which she did vse, as she was writing of it,  
It beares an angry tenure ; pardon me,  
I am but as a guiltlesse messenger.

10

*Rof.* Patience her selfe would startle at this letter,  
And play the swaggerer, beare this, beare all :  
Shee faies I am not faire, that I lacke manners,  
She calls me proud, and that she could not loue me  
Were man as rare as Phenix : 'od's my will,

19

9. *did*] *Mal. Cald. Knt. Coll. i. Wh.*  
*i, Dyce i. Om. Ff et cet.*

13. *tenure*] *tenour* Theob. et seq.  
16. After reading the letter. Han.

10. *know*] *knew* Ff.

coupled with their being followed by a dialogue, also in verse, inclines me to think Shakespeare meant them as such. [Walker makes no new division of the lines, but aids the rhythm by reading 'warrant' as *warr'nt*, and contracting 'and is' to *and's*.] COLLIER (ed. ii) : [Lines 4 and 6] are underscored in the Folio (MS) as if they were a quotation, and they read like it. Celia applied them to Orlando, who had nothing to do with 'bows and arrows' that we are anywhere informed. [In line 6] 'is' was erased by the old annotator. [Capell introduced a dash after 'forth,' in line 6, and has been followed in every subsequent edition, I think, except the Cambridge, the Globe, Wright's, and White's second edition.]

8. *faire youth*] ABBOTT (§ 510), considers an interjectional line, and thus scans :  
'Look, whó | comes hére ? | My ér | rand ís | to yóu || Fair yóuth, || My gént | le  
Phé | be bíd | me gíve | you thís.'

9. *did bid*] KEIGHTLEY: Editors, myself included, follow *F*, and omit 'did.' I think we are wrong. [We are, therefore, to infer that Keightley would here pronounce 'Phebe' as a monosyllable, wherein he has Collier for company. It is not impossible that it may have been the lover's pet-name, but where it occurs further on, in V, iv, 25, it seems wholly out of place from Rosalind. I think it should be pronounced uniformly as a dissyllable.—ED.]

12. *writing of it*] For other instances of this construction of verbal nouns, see, if need be, ABBOTT, § 178.

14. *as*] ABBOTT, § 115: *As* was used almost, but not quite, redundantly after 'seem' (as it is still after 'regard,' 'represent') : 'To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead,'—[line 123, below], and even after 'am' [as here, where it means] : 'I am here *in the character of*,' &c.

18. *calls . . . and that*] ABBOTT, § 382: As in Latin, a verb of speaking can be omitted where it is implied by some other word, as here : 'She *calls* me proud, and (says) that,' &c.

19. *man . . . Phenix*] WALKER in his Article (LI, *Vers.* p. 243) on the plural of Substantives ending in a plural sound which are found without the usual addition of *s*

Her loue is not the Hare that I doe hunt, 20  
 Why writes she fo to me ? well Shepheard, well,  
 This is a Letter of your owne deuce.

*Sil.* No, I protest, I know not the contents,  
*Phebe* did write it.

*Rof.* Come, come, you are a foole, 25  
 And turn'd into the extremity of loue.

20. *doe*] *did* Ff, Rowe.

25. *you are*] *you're* Pope+, Dyce iii  
 Huds.

26. *turn'd into the*] *turned in the* or  
*turn'd so in the* Cap. conj.  
*the extremity*] *th' extremity* Pope  
 +, Dyce iii, Huds.

or *es*, instances (p. 266) 'words ending in *x*,' and cites the present line thus: 'Were men as rare as Phoenix,' which last word he evidently thinks should be thus printed: Phoenix' as an indication of the plural. LETTSOM'S foot-note is as follows: 'Walker does not say from what edition he took the reading *men*. I find it in a small edition published by Tilt in 1836, professedly "from the text of the corrected copies of Steevens and Malone," and therefore I suppose it is the reading of what used to be called the received text. The Four Folios, Pope, Hanmer, Theobald, Capell, Var. 1821, Knight, and Collier all read "man," but the sense seems to demand *men*.' Lettsom might have added, as reading 'man,' Rowe i, ii, Warburton, Johnson, the Var. 1773, 1778, 1785, Steevens, 1793, Malone, 1790, Rann, Var. 1803, 1813, Harness, Singer's First Edition, Chalmers, Campbell,—all except Hazlitt, 1851, who reads *men*. In Hazlitt I am inclined to think that the reading is by no means accidental.—ED.

19. Phenix] HALLIWELL: 'That there is but one Phoenix in the World, which after many hundred years burneth it self, and from the ashes thereof ariseth up another, is a conceit not new or altogether popular, but of great Antiquity.'—Brown's *Vulgar Errors* [Book III, chap. xii, p. 144, ed. 1672].

19. 'od's my will] Are not all these oaths, in which Rosalind indulges with marked freedom, her attempts to assume a swashing and a martial outside? Before she donned doublet and hose she uttered none. 'Faith' was then her strongest affirmation, but from the hour she entered Arden we hear these charming little oaths from Ganymede. This, among others, is a reason, I think, why we should not adopt Spedding's *pulpiter* in place of 'Jupiter' in III, ii, 154; or Collier's 'Love, love' in lieu of 'Jove, Jove' in II, iv, 60.—ED.

24. write it] MASON (p. 87): The metre of this line is imperfect, and the sense of the whole; for why should Rosalind dwell so much upon Phebe's hands unless Silvius had said something about them? I have no doubt but the line originally ran thus: 'Phebe did write it *with her own fair hand*.' And then Rosalind's reply will naturally follow. COWDEN-CLARKE: Mason's conjecture is very plausible. Some allusion to the whiteness and delicacy of Phebe's hand seems requisite to account for Rosalind's abuse of its colour and texture.

26. turn'd into] CAPELL: Had Silvius been at first a cool lover, as now a hot one, the word 'turn'd' had been proper; but as this was never the case, we must either put a sense upon 'turn'd' that is not common, to wit, got or fall'n; or else suspect a corruption, and look out for amendment: [See Text. Notes] both [of these are]

I saw her hand, she has a leatherne hand 27  
 A freestone coloured hand : I verily did thinke  
 That her old gloues were on, but twas her hands:  
 She has a hufwiues hand, but that's no matter : 30  
 I say she neuer did inuent this letter,  
 This is a mans inuention, and his hand.

*Sil.* Sure it is hers.

*Ros.* Why, tis a boyfterous and a cruell stile,  
 A stile for challengers : why, she defies me, 35  
 Like Turke to Chrifian : vvomens gentle braine  
 Could not drop forth fuch giant rude inuention,  
 Such Ethiop vvords, blacker in their effect  
 Then in their countenance : vvill you heare the letter ?

*Sil.* So please you, for I neuer heard it yet : 40  
 Yet heard too much of *Phebes* crueltie.

*Ros.* She *Phebes* me : marke how the tyrant vvrites. 42

29. *on*] one F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

et cet.

36. *vvomens*] Ff, Cam. *woman's* Rowe

37. *giant rude*] *giant-rude* Cap.

within the bounds of probability, but the first of them seems the most eligible: for 'turned' will signify—head-turned; and then Rosalind's meaning will be,—Come, come, you're a simpleton, and the violence of your love has turn'd your head. WRIGHT: That is, brought into. Compare, for this sense of 'turn,' *Two Gent.* IV, iv, 67: 'A slave, that still an end turns me to shame.' *The Temp.* I, ii, 64: 'O, my heart bleeds To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to.' *Twelfth N.* II, v, 224: 'It cannot but turn him into a notable contempt.' *Cor.* III, i, 284: 'The which shall turn you to no further harm.' Hence Capell's emendations are unnecessary.

28. freestone coloured] WRIGHT: Of the colour of Bath brick. NEIL: Stratford-on-Avon is situated on the Oolite strata, which are much used in building because they are able to be worked freely or easily by the mason. This, therefore, is a glover's-son-like descriptive phrase for a somewhat brownish-yellow hand, readily suggested to a Warwickshire man.

32. his hand] Is the key to the masculine character of Phebe's handwriting, which evidently surprises Rosalind, to be found in the emphatic 'waspyish action' with which Silvius says she wrote the letter? Like Hamlet's nervous gesture when he writes: 'So, uncle, there you are!'—ED.

34, &c. Phebe's letter, apart from the deception which is practised on Silvius, is, I think, charming, *pace* Hartley Coleridge; Rosalind is therefore forced into this furious, exaggerated abuse of it, and into fictitious quotations from it, in order to arouse in Silvius a proper degree of manly indignation against Phebe, and to make him, poor tame snake, believe in her cruelty.—ED.

37. giant rude] For many more such compounds see Abbott, § 430.

39. countenance] For the sake of exactest rhythm this is to be pronounced as a dissyllable. See Abbott, § 468,

- Read. *Art thou god, to Shepherd turn'd?* 43  
*That a maidens heart hath burn'd.*  
 Can a woman raile thus? 45  
*Sil.* Call you this railing?  
*Ros.* Read. *Why, thy godhead laid a part,*  
*War'st thou with a womans heart?*  
 Did you euer heare such railing?  
*Whiles the eye of man did wooe me,* 50  
*That could do no vengeance to me.*  
 Meaning me a beast.  
*If the scorne of your bright eine*  
*Haue power to raise such loue in mine,*  
*Alacke, in me, what strange effect* 55  
*Would they worke in milde aspect?*  
*Whiles you chid me, I did loue,*  
*How then might your praiers moue?*  
*He that brings this loue to thee,*

43, 47. Read.] Reads. Rowe et seq.

43. god] *a god* Ktly.

Shepherd] sheapheard F.

43, 44. turn'd?...burn'd.] *turn'd*...  
*burn'd*? Rowe et seq.

47. a part] apart Ff.

48. War'st] Waist F.

52. *me*] *me*, Theob. Warb.

53. *eine*] *Eyne* Rowe.

57. *chid*] *chide* Rowe.

43, 47. Read] This imperative mood here betrays the stage copy.—ED.

43. HARTLEY COLERIDGE (ii, 144): Phebe is no great poetess. It may be remarked in general that the poetry, introduced as such by Shakespeare, is seldom better than doggerel. A poem in a poem, a play in a play, a picture in a picture, the imitation of flageolet or trumpet in pianoforte music, are all departures from legitimate art; and yet how frequent in our old drama was the introduction of play within play! Sometimes, as in *Bartholomew Fair*, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and others, the main performance is as it were double-dramatised; an expedient which Moore, in his *Lalla Rookh*, has transferred to narrative. But more frequently the episodic drama is more or less subservient to the plot, as in *Hamlet*, *The Roman Actor*, &c.; or purely burlesque, as in *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

51. vengeance] JOHNSON: Here used for mischief.

52. That is, of course, meaning that I am a beast. Theobald, by his comma after 'me,' made it possible to suppose that Rosalind calls Phebe a beast.—ED.

54. Haue] ABBOTT, § 412: The subjunctive is not required, and therefore 'have' is probably plural here.

56. aspect] SCHMIDT paraphrases this as *look, air, countenance*, but WRIGHT is clearly more correct in interpreting it as 'an astrological term used to denote the favourable or unfavourable appearance of the planets,' for which interpretation Schmidt furnishes many examples. 'The accent,' adds Wright, 'is always on the last syllable.'

59. *loue*] WALKER (*Crit.* i, 295) marks this word as suspicious, but does not suggest any in its room; he merely says: '*Love* occurs three other times in the course



*Little knowes this Loue in me :*  
*And by him seale vp thy minde,*  
*Whether that thy youth and kinde*  
*Will the faithfull offer take*  
*Of me, and all that I can make,*  
*Or else by him my loue denie,*  
*And then Ile studie how to die.*

*Sil.* Call you this chiding?

*Cel.* Alas poore Shepheard.

*Rof.* Doe you pittie him? No, he deferues no pittie :  
 wilt thou loue such a woman? what to make thee an in-  
 strument, and play false straines vpon thee? not to be en-  
 dur'd. Well, goe your way to her; (for I see Loue hath  
 made thee a tame snake) and say this to her; That if she  
 loue me, I charge her to loue thee : if she will not, I will  
 neuer haue her, vnlesse thou intreat for her : if you bee a  
 true louer hence, and not a word; for here comes more  
 company.

*Exit. Sil.*

*Enter Oliuer.*

know)

*Oliu.* Good morrow, faire ones : pray you, (if you

60. this] *that* Rowe ii.

78. Scene VI. Pope, Han. Warb.

71. *straines*] *strings* Ff, Rowe.

Johns.

76. *louer hence,*] *lover, hence,* Rowe.

of these fourteen lines.' If repetition is in itself suspicious, and it often is, I cannot think that this is the 'love' on which suspicion should light; it is connected indissolubly with the preceding 'love,' that flourished even under chiding. It is this very love which is now sent by Silvius, so it seems to me.—ED.

62. kinde] JOHNSON: The old word for *nature*. CALDECOTT: Natural and kindly affections.

64. make] STEEVENS: That is, raise as profit from anything. So in *Meas. for Meas.* IV, iii, 5: 'He's in for a commodity of brown paper, . . . of which he made five marks.' CALDECOTT: That is, make up, all that shall be my utmost amount. HALLIWELL: Probably used in its ordinary acceptance, make by my labour or skill.

70. instrument] That is, use thee as a messenger while deceiving thee; as WRIGHT says, it is here used in two senses, as a tool and as a musical instrument.

73. snake] MALONE: This term was frequently used to express a poor, contemptible fellow. So in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600: '*Priest*. —and you, poor snakes, come seldom to a booty.'—[p. 253, a, F<sub>4</sub>]. Again, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602: '*Hales*. —and the poorest Snake, that feeds on Lemmons, Pilchers.'—[p. 234, b, F<sub>4</sub>. Cotgrave (always a good authority) gives: '*Haire*. m. A leane, or ill-fauoured curtail; a carrion iade; (hence) also, a wretched or miserable fellow; a poore snake.'—ED.]

79. faire ones] WRIGHT: Shakespeare seems to have forgotten that Celia was

Where in the Purlews of this Forrest, stands 80  
A sheep-coat, fenc'd about with Oliue-trees.

*Cel.* West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom  
The ranke of Oziers, by the murmuring streame  
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place :  
But at this howre, the house doth keepe it selfe, 85  
There's none within.

*Oli.* If that an eye may profit by a tongue,  
Then should I know you by description,  
Such garments, and such yeeres : the boy is faire,  
Of femall fauour, and bestowes himselfe 90

80. *Where in*] *Wherein* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

84. *brings*] *bring* Ff, Rowe l.

85. *howre*] F<sub>1</sub>.

89-92. *the boy...brother*] As a quotation, Theob. et seq.

90. *femall*] F<sub>2</sub>. *female* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

apparently the only woman present. Perhaps we should read 'fair one.' [Decidedly. It is the very last oversight which Shakespeare would be likely to commit. It is Celia who replies, which increases the likelihood that it is she alone who is addressed.—ED.]

79. (if you know)] ROWE exchanged these parentheses of the Folios for commas. JOHNSON was the first to drop the second comma and read : 'Pray you, if you know Where in the,' &c., and was followed, except by Capell, in all editions down to and including Knight. Collier restored the second comma, which has been since retained. It is a trifling matter, but it involves a shade of meaning which an editor cannot disregard.—ED.

80. Purlews] MALONE: Bullokar, *Expositor*, has : '*Purlue*. A place neere ioining to a Forrest, where it is lawfull for the owner to the ground to hunt, if hee can dispend fortie shillings by the yeere of free land.' REED : *Purlieu*, says Manwood's *Treatise on the Forest Laws*, c. xx, 'is a certaine territorie of ground adjoyning unto the forest, meared and bounded with unmoveable marks, meeres, and boundaries : which territories of ground was also forest, and afterwards disaforested againe by the perambulations made for the severing of the new forest from the old.'

82. bottom] CAPELL: This word should have a fuller stop after it, a semicolon, for the meaning of these lines, whose construction is a little perplex'd, is as follows: It stands to the *west of this place*, and *down in the neighbour bottom*; if you leave the *rank of osiers*, that grows by the brook-side, *on your right hand*, it will bring you *to the place*. [For many examples of noun compounds, see Abbott, § 430.]

83. ranke] See III, ii, 97.

84. Left] See Capell's foregoing note

90. fauour] MOBERLY: *To favour* is *to resemble* in Yorkshire even now [and here in this country also.—ED.]. Hence it might be argued that 'favour' means *resemblance*, and therefore *countenance*. It would, however, be more accurate to derive the verb from the substantive, as in the parallel phrase of the same dialect, 'you breed o' me,' for *you are like me*. In that case 'favour' may perhaps be a corruption (by proximity) of 'feature' (faiture), which is similarly used as a verb ('a glass that featur'd them'). Compare, for the vanishing of the *z*, 'vetulus' with 'vieil,' and 'em-

Like a ripe sister : the woman low

91

91. *ripe sister*] *right forester* Lettsom,  
Huds.Steev. Mal. Sing. Clke, Ktly, Dyce iii,  
Coll. iii.*the*] *But the* Ff, Rowe+, Cap.

phyteusis' with '(en)fief.' WRIGHT: 'Favour' is aspect, look; used generally of the face. Compare *Macb.* I, v, 73: 'To alter favour ever is to fear.' And *Hamlet*, V, i, 214: 'Let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come.'

90. *bestowes*] STEEVENS: Compare *2 Hen. IV.* II, ii, 186: 'How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?' REV. JOHN HUNTER: I apprehend the meaning here to be, that by stuffing out his bosom, he gives himself the appearance of a girl of ripe age. [Schmidt supplies many examples where 'bestow,' used reflectively, means *to deport one's self*.]

91. *ripe sister*] WALKER (*Vers.* 209): 'A ripe sister' seems an odd expression. LETTSOM [in a foot-note to Walker]: Odd, no doubt, and it is not less odd that nobody, as far as I know, made this remark before. 'Ripe sister' seems corrupted from *right forester*. This last word was often written *forster* and *foster*. Perhaps, too, the first 'and' has usurped the place of *but*. The F<sub>2</sub> reads: 'Like a ripe sister: *But* the woman low,' &c. So in *Macb.* I, vii, the same edition has: 'And dasht the Branes out, had I *but* so sworne,' &c. *But*, in both these passages, is a crutch furnished by the compassionate editor to assist the lameness of the metre. In *Macbeth* the idiom of our language, as well as the harmony of the verse, seems to require us to read: 'And dash'd the brains *on't* out, had I so sworn,' &c. DYCE (ed. iii) pronounces this emendation of Lettsom's 'most ingenious,' a commendation by no means too strong. 'A ripe sister,' not only as a phrase by itself, but as applied to a young man or even to a 'boy,' seems to be not merely 'odd,' but almost unintelligible, and until something better is proposed Lettsom's *right forester* holds, for me, pre-eminent rank. But, on the other hand, WRIGHT, our highest Shakespearian authority now living, accepts the present text, and says: 'The meaning must be that Rosalind, though in male attire and acting the part of a brother, was in her behaviour to Celia more like an elder sister.' See also Hunter's explanation in the preceding note.—ED.

91. *sister*] Of course it is manifest that the scansion of this line halts if we read it in the right butterwoman's rank to market. To smooth it out Walker (*Vers.* 209) suggested that 'sister' be pronounced as he says *daughter* is sometimes pronounced; that is, as a trisyllable. Oxen and wainropes will never draw me to the belief that either word was ever so pronounced, or at least ever should be so pronounced. Almost invariably where the rhythm halts over these two words there is a pause in the sense; and this pause it is which takes the place of the extra syllable. How Walker missed seeing this, it is difficult to comprehend. He himself even calls attention to this pause, and notes that in at least half of the instances of his trisyllabic *daughter* there is not only a pause, but a full stop after the word. And yet he speculated on the original form of the word as a source of its prolonged pronunciation, and Lettsom suggested that it might lie in the original guttural sound. Abbott, too, is scarcely better; for he suggests (§ 478) that the *-er* final may have been 'sometimes pronounced with a kind of "burr," which produced the effect of an additional syllable,' and thus scans the present line: 'Like a | ripe sis | *ter* : | the wóm | an lów.' 'Trisyllables' and 'burrs' may make lines rhythmical on paper, but let them remain on the paper, and never leave it. Or let them be set to the music which is asked for in *Othello*, 'that may not be heard.'—ED.

And browner then her brother : are not you 92  
The owner of the house I did enquire for ?

*Cel.* It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

*Oli.* *Orlando* doth commend him to you both, 95  
And to that youth hee calls his *Rosalind*,  
He sends this bloody napkin ; are you he

*Ros.* I am : what must we vnderstand by this ?

*Oli.* Some of my shame, if you will know of me  
What man I am, and how, and why, and where 100  
This handkercher was stain'd.

*Cel.* I pray you tell it.

*Oli.* When last the yong *Orlando* parted from you,  
He left a promise to returne againe  
Within an houre, and pacing through the Forrest, 105  
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,

93. owner] owners Cap. conj. Hal. Huds. Rife. handkerchief Rowe et cet.  
Dyce iii, Huds. 105. an houre] two hours Han.

97. this] his Warb. (misprint?).

101. handkercher] Ff, Dyce, Cam.

106. food] cud Sta. Dyce ii, iii, Coll.  
iii, Huds.

92. browner] COWDEN-CLARKE: It must be remembered that when Celia proposed to disguise herself as a shepherdess, she says that she will 'with a kind of umber smirch' her 'face'; and this browner complexion, mentioned here, shows that she has fulfilled her idea.

93. owner] Capell's conjecture is harmless; but COWDEN-CLARKE thus vindicates the original text in a note on Celia's reply 'we are': 'In this little touch there is a manifestation of Shakespeare's subtlety and true taste. Oliver, wholly occupied with Celia, asks her if she be the "owner of the house" he inquires for; but she, with the usual delicacy, modesty, and generosity which characterise her, especially where sharing all things equally with her cousin is concerned, answers by a word that comprehends them both as joint-owners.'

97. napkin] STEEVENS: That is, handkerchief [as it is called within five lines.—ED.]. Ray says that a pocket-handkerchief is so called about Sheffield in Yorkshire. BOSWELL: Napkin is still a handkerchief in Scotland, and probably in all the northern English counties. ['Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne.—*Lover's Complaint*, 21. See *Oth.* III, iii, 335, where the fatal 'handkerchief spotted with strawberries' is also called a 'napkin.'—ED.]

101. handkercher] This is the uniform spelling in the First Quarto of *Othello*; and once the Third Folio (IV, i, 167) spells it 'Hankerchiffe.' In the First Folio in *Othello* the spelling is uniformly 'handkerchiefe.'

105. an houre] 'We must read,' says JOHNSON, 'within two hours,' and then did not so read in his text. As Tyrwhitt asks, 'may not "within an hour" signify *within a certain time*?' It does not mean *one*; it is simply the indefinite article.—ED.

106. food] STAUNTON: Undoubtedly a misprint. 'To chew the cud,' metaphorically, to *ruminate*, to *resolve in the mind*, is an expression of frequent occurrence in

Loe vvhath befell : he threw his eye aside, 107  
 And marke vvhath obiekt did present it felfe  
 Vnder an old Oake, whose bows were moss'd with age  
 And high top, bald with drie antiquitie : 110  
 A wretched ragged man, ore-growne with haire  
 Lay sleeping on his back ; about his necke 112

109. *old*] Om. Pope +, Cap. Steev.  
 Wh. Cam. Dyce iii, Huds. Rlf.

110. *with*] of Rowe ii, Pope, Han.

our old authors. DYCE (ed. ii): In the Introduction to *Quentin Durward* the imaginary Marquis de Hautlieu is made to quote the present line thus: '*Shewing the code of sweet and bitter fancy*'; which is followed by the remark: 'Against this various reading of a well-known passage in Shakespeare I took care to offer no protest; for I suspect Shakespeare would have suffered in the opinion of so delicate a judge as the Marquis, had I proved his having written "*chewing the cud*," according to all other authorities.'—p. xxxvi, ed. 1823. Sir Walter Scott, therefore, was not aware that 'all authorities' agreed in '*chewing the food of*,' &c.; and to him, in fact, we owe the correction of the line. EREM (*Notes & Qu.* 5th ser. iv, 4): The *cud* is identically the *chewed*. There is, then, a chewing that is not the cud, but of fresh food, which, become so a cud, is laid by for re-chewing. Orlando chews no cud, but the food, ever springing afresh, of sweet and bitter love-thoughts, a crop in repute for quick and thick growth. . . . How at home the metaphor is in the English mind is shown in the curious fact that the oral tradition of our educated society has usurped possession of the verse, turning 'food' into *cud*. Engage ten persons of literary cultivation with the elder brother's revelation of the younger's reverie, and, if the world is as it was, mine will, I expect, pledge their scholarship to that reading of this text which, on the page of Shakespeare, they have not read. With a step back into the world as it was you have wonderfully Sir Walter Scott in example, [who] deliberately alleges *cud* for the universal reading, more than a generation before [a single text] had it.

106. *bitter fancy*] CAPELL: The epithets given to 'Fancy' look'd so like a translation of the Greek *γλυκίπικρον*, that the editor thought for some time, the Poet must, somehow or other, have been fishing in those waters; but turning again to his novelist, he found a passage he had not reflected on, and thus it runs: 'Wherein I have noted the variable disposition of fancy, . . . being as it should seeme a combat mixt with disquiet, and a bitter pleasure wrapt in a sweet prejudice'; the words are address'd to Rosalind by this identical speaker. [See Appendix.] MALONE: *Love* is always thus described by our old poets, as composed by contraries. See notes on *Rom. & Jul.* I, i, 169. FARMER: Watson begins one of his canzonets: 'Love is a sowre delight, a sugred grieve, A living death, an ever-dying life,' &c.

109. *old*] STEEVENS: As this epithet hurts the measure without improvement of the sense (for we are told in the same line that its 'boughs were moss'd with *age*,' and, afterwards, that its top was bald with dry *antiquity*), I have omitted it, as an unquestionable interpolation. WHITE: I cannot believe that in an otherwise deftly wrought and perfectly rhythmical passage, Shakespeare would load a line with a heavy monosyllable, entirely superfluous to any purpose other than that of marring the description and making the verse halt.

A greene and guiled fnake had wreath'd it felfe, 113  
 Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd  
 The opening of his mouth : but fodainly 115  
 Seeing *Orlando*, it vnlink'd it felfe,  
 And with indented glides, did flip away  
 Into a bufh, vnder which bufhes fhade  
 A Lyonneffe, with vdders all drawne drie,  
 Lay cowching head on ground, with catlike watch 120  
 When that the fleeping man fhould ftirre ; for 'tis  
 The royall difpofition of that beaft  
 To prey on nothing, that doth feeme as dead : 123

114. *threats*] *threats*, Rowe.

118. *which*] *whofe* Ff, Rowe.

113. *guiled*] ROLFE cites Schmidt as 'noting that Shakespeare uses "gilded" twenty times and "gilt" only six times.'

113. *snake*] MAGINN (p. 91): Some sage critics have discovered as a great geographical fault in Shakespeare that he introduces the tropical lion and serpent into Arden, which, it appears, they have ascertained to lie in some temperate zone. I wish them joy of their sagacity. Monsters more wonderful are to be found in that forest; for never yet, since water ran and tall tree bloomed, were there gathered together such a company as those who compose the *dramatis personæ* of *As You Like It*. All the prodigies spawned by Africa, *leonum arida nutrix*, might well have teemed in a forest, wherever situate, that was inhabited by such creatures as Rosalind, Touchstone, and Jaques. [Maginn refers to certain 'sage critics' who have severely criticised Shakespeare's geography. Other commentators refer to 'wiseacres,' or to 'would-be critics,' who sneer at Shakespeare's 'lions' and scoff at his 'palm trees' here in the forest of Arden, but nowhere that I can find are these 'sage critics' or 'wiseacres' mentioned by name. I would gladly know who they are. My reading has been tolerably extensive in what has been written about this play, and yet I have never come across these sneerers and scoffers. Allusion to them is abundant, and illimitable ridicule is heaped on them, and no end of indignation is stirred in defence of poor dear Shakespeare against their inanities, but the cowards skulk, and dodge, and hide, and show never a face. Exist somewhere they must. It cannot be that we are all turned Don Quixotes. At last, in my search for these wretches, I have concluded, in my despair, that it is absolutely necessary to take a hint from the Law, and to adopt, for the nonce, into our circle of commentators a 'John Doe' and a 'Richard Roe,' whom we may here load with obloquy, cover with ridicule, and wither with indignation, to our own immense relief, and with the heartsome reflection that no breather in the world will be, for it all, one atom the worse.—ED.]

114. *Who*] See III, v, 15, and again, line 137 below, or Abbott, § 264, for instances of 'who' personifying irrational antecedents.

119. *drie*] STEEVENS: So in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592: 'the staruen Lyones, When she is dry suckt of her eager young.'—[II, ii, p. 37, ed. Bullen. Compare *Lear*, III, i, 12: 'This night wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch.']

121. *that . . . should*] For 'that,' see I, iii, 44; for 'should,' see Abbott, § 326.

123. *dead*] The belief in this disposition is probably as old as Aristotle; it is men-

This scene, *Orlando* did approach the man,  
And found it was his brother, his elder brother. 125

*Cel.* O I haue heard him speake of that same brother,  
And he did render him the most vnnaturall  
That liu'd amongst men.

*Oli.* And well he might so doe,  
For well I know he was vnnaturall. 130

*Rof.* But to *Orlando* : did he leaue him there  
Food to the fuck'd and hungry Lyonnesse?

*Oli.* Twice did he turne his backe, and purpos'd fo :  
But kindnesse, nobler euer then reuenge,  
And Nature stronger then his iust occasion, 135

Made him giue battell to the Lyonnesse :  
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling 137

128. amongst] Ff, Rowe i, Cam. Wh. ii. among Rlf. 'mongst Rowe ii et cet.

tuned by Pliny in his chapter on Lions, which he says he derived in the main from the Greek. GREY (i, 185) called attention to this passage in Pliny, which thus appears in Holland's translation (Book VIII, chap. xvi) : 'The Lion alone of all wilde beasts, is gentle to those that humble themselves vnto him, and will not touch any such vpon their submission, but spareth what creature soeuer lieth prostrate before him.' Naturally, in the case of a belief so old and so popular, allusions to it abound. 'The raging Lyon neuer rendes The yielding pray, that prostrate lyes,' it stands written in Willobie's *Avisa*, p. 99, ed. Grosart; and DOUCE (i, 308) cites Bartholomæus, *De Propriet. Rerum* : 'their mercie is known by many and oft ensamples : for they spare them that lye on the ground.' Shakespeare refers to the nobleness of the lion in *Twelfth N.* and in *Tro. & Cress.* Moreover, this delay of the lion in devouring Oliver is mentioned in Lodge's *Novel* (see Appendix), although it is there stated as due not to a royal disposition, but to a disrelish of 'dead carcases.'—ED.

123. as] See line 14, above.

127. render him] MALONE: That is, describe him. [This line is another furtive Alexandrine which Abbott would unmask by 'slurring' the last two syllables of 'unnatural.' To say *unnat'ral* would come nat'ral to Hosea Bigelow, but, I think, to no one else.—ED.]

131, &c. FLETCHER (p. 222) : How finely is this scene contrived so as to show us the dignity of Rosalind's affection ever keeping pace with its increasing warmth. Her first solicitude, on this occasion, is not about her lover's personal safety, but as to the worthiness of his conduct under this new and extraordinary trial of his generosity.

135. occasion] CALDECOTT: That is, such reasonable ground as might have amply justified, or given just occasion for abandoning him. See IV, i, 167.

137. Who] See line 114, above.

137. hurtling] STEEVENS: To *hurtle* is to move with impetuosity and tumult. So in *Jul. Cæs.* II, i, 22: 'The noise of battle hurtled in the air.' SKEAT: To come into collision with, to dash against, to rattle. Nearly obsolete, but used in Gray's *Fatal Sisters*, st. i; imitated from Shakespeare's *Jul. Cæs.* Middle English, *hurtilen*,

From miserable slumber I awaked. 138  
*Cel.* Are you his brother?  
*Rof.* Was't you he rescu'd? 140  
*Cel.* Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?  
*Oli.* 'Twas I : but 'tis not I : I doe not shame  
 To tell you what I was, since my conversion  
 So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.  
*Rof.* But for the bloody napkin? 145  
*Oli.* By and by :  
 When from the first to last betwixt vs two,  
 Teares our recountments had most kindly bath'd,  
 As how I came into that Defert place.  
 I briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke, 150  
 Who gaue me fresh aray, and entertainment,

140. *Was't*] *Ff*, Rowe, Pope, Han.  
 Theob. i, Sing. Wh. Sta. Cam. Rife.  
*Was it* Theob. ii et cet.

*rescu'd*] *rescued* Knt, Cam. Ktly,  
 Coll. iii, Huds. Rife.

141. *Was't*] *Was it* Theob. ii, Warb.

144. *sweetly*] *F*,.

149. *As how*] *As, how* Steev. '93 et  
 seq. (subs.).

*Desert*] *Defart* *F*, Rowe, Pope,  
 Theob. Han. Warb.

150. *I*] *In Ff*.

to jostle against, dash against, push. 'And he him *hurtleth* with his hors adoun.'—Chaucer, *C. T.* 2618, in the Ellesmere MS, where most other MSS have *hurteth*. In fact, *hurt-le* is merely the frequentative of *hurt*, in the sense of 'to dash.' And this *hurt* is the Mid. Eng. *hurten*, to dash, to dash one's foot against a thing, to stumble. 'If any man wandre in the dai, he *hirtith* not,' i. e. stumbles not.—Wyclif, *John*, xi, 9. *Hurten*, to dash, is the same with the modern English word.

147, &c. CAPELL: No heedful peruser of this line, and the three it is follow'd by, can think we have the passage entire; other heads of these brothers' 'recountments' are apparently necessary to make the Poet's 'in brief' right and sensible. What the accident was, or whose the negligence, that has depriv'd us of these heads, the editor does not take upon him to say; this only he is bold to assert, that there is a *lacuna*, and (perhaps) of two lines: if the public thinks well to admit of them, here are two that may serve to fill up with: 'How, in that habit; what my state, what his; || And whose the service he was now engag'd in;— || In brief,' &c. MALONE: I believe a line has been lost after line 149. STEEVENS: I suspect no omission. KEIGHTLEY: There may have been a line lost, but I rather think it is an aposiopesis. [The omission of a line is so serious a defect that we might diminish the chances of its having occurred by converting 'recountments' into the singular. That final *s* is an unruly letter, which has given so much trouble that Walker even goes so far as to suggest, as I have already noted many times, that its presence may have been due to some peculiarity in Shakespeare's handwriting. At any rate, its omission here is certainly less violent than the insertion of a whole line, or, worse still, of two whole lines. Keightley's 'aposiopesis' is not without its dramatic effect, as though emotion choked the speaker.—ED.]

149. *As*] STEEVENS: 'As,' in this place, signifies—as for instance. [See II, i, 8.]



Committing me vnto my brothers loue, 152  
 Who led me instantly vnto his Caue,  
 There stript himfelfe, and heere vpon his arme  
 The Lyonnesse had torne some flesh away, 155  
 Which all this while had bled ; and now he fainted,  
 And cride in fainting vpon *Rosalinde*.  
 Briefe, I recouer'd him, bound vp his wound,  
 And after some small space, being strong at heart,  
 He sent me hither, stranger as I am 160  
 To tell this story, that you might excuse  
 His broken promise, and to giue this napkin  
 Died in this blood, vnto the Shepheard youth,  
 That he in sport doth call his *Rosalind*.

*Cel.* Why how now *Ganimed*, sweet *Ganimed*. 165

*Oli.* Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

*Cel.* There is more in it ; Cofen *Ganimed*.

*Oli.* Looke, he recouers.

*Rof.* I would I were at home.

*Cel.* Wee'll lead you thither : 170

161. *story*] Om. F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

163. *this*] Mal. Steev. '93, Cald. Knt.  
*his* Ff, Rowe +, Cap. Coll. Wh. Dyce,  
 Sta. Cam. Ktly.

164. [Ros. faints. Pope et seq. (subs.).

165. *Ganimed*, *sweet Ganimed*.] *Gany-*  
*med* !—*Sweet* !—*Ganymed* ! Johns.

167. *more in it*] *no more in it* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>,  
 Rowe. . *no more in't* Pope, Han.

*Cofen Ganimed*] *Cousin Gani-*  
*med* ! Rowe. *Cousin*—*Ganymed* ! Johns.  
 Steev. Mal. Wh. l.

168. [Raising her. Coll. ii (MS)

169. *I would*] *Would* Pope +.

158. Briefe] In Schmidt will be found other instances of 'brief' thus used.

163. *this*] MALONE: The change to *his* of F<sub>2</sub> is unnecessary. Oliver points to the handkerchief when he presents it; and Rosalind could not doubt whose blood it was after the account that had been before given. STEEVENS: Either reading may serve; and certainly *his* is not the worst, because it prevents the disgusting repetition of the pronoun 'this,' with which the present speech is infested. [This is one of the examples in Walker's chapter on 'the Substitution of Words' (*Crit.* i, 317), and on it he remarks: 'Here the proneness of *this* and *his* to supplant each other might facilitate the error.' '*This* blood' is weak compared with '*his* blood.' That it is *his* blood, Orlando's very blood, makes Rosalind faint—ED.]

167. JOHNSON: Celia, in her first fright, forgets Rosalind's character and disguise, and calls out 'cousin,' then recollects herself, and says, 'Ganymede.' DYCE: But 'cousin' is used here merely as a term of familiar address. CAPELL: Celia's fright makes her almost forget herself; begin, with telling more than she should do; and end, with calling Ganimed 'cousin,' whom her hearer has call'd 'brother,' and believes him to be so. The incident that gives birth to this fright, 'the bloody napkin,' has no existence in the Novel that furnish'd most of the others.

I pray you will you take him by the arme.

177

*Oli.* Be of good cheere youth : you a man?  
You lacke a mans heart.

*Ros.* I doe so, I confesse it :

Ah, sirra, a body would thinke this was well counterfei-  
ted, I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfei-  
ted : heigh-ho.

177

171. *will you*] Om. F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe.

Mal. [*Sic F<sub>2</sub>, ap. Mal.* '90, but corrected  
in Var. '21.]

172-175. Prose, Pope et seq.

175. *sirra*] *Sir* Pope+, Cap. Steev.

171. COWDEN-CLARKE: Here is another of Shakespeare's subtly characteristic touches. Celia, like a true woman for the first time in love, and in love at first sight, eagerly takes the opportunity of retaining near her the man she loves, and as gladly enlists his services of manly support and kindness on behalf of one dear to her. But while indicating this womanly trait in Celia, he at the same time marks her generosity of nature, by making her, even in the first moment of awakened interest in Oliver, still most mindful of her cousin Rosalind, whom, when she sees likely to betray her secret, she recalls to herself by the words: 'Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards.'

174. I doe so] LADY MARTIN (p. 432): The rest of the scene, with the struggle between actual physical faintness and the effort to make light of it, touched in by the poet with exquisite skill, calls for the most delicate and discriminating treatment in the actress. The audience, who are in her secret, must be made to feel the tender, loving nature of the woman through the simulated gaiety by which it is veiled; and yet the character of the boy Ganymede must be sustained. This is another of the many passages to which the actress of comedy only will never give adequate expression. How beautiful it is!

175. Ah, sirra] CALDECOTT: Yet scarce more than half in possession of herself, in her flutter and tremulous articulation she adds to one word the first letter, or article, of the succeeding one. DYCE: 'Sirrah' was sometimes nothing more than a sort of playful familiar address. In *1 Hen. IV.* I, ii, Poinc says to the Prince: 'Sirrah, I have some cases of buckram for the nonce,' &c., compare, too, *Rom. & Jul.* I, v: 'Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.' 'Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late.' [Dyce, in his first edition, added, what he subsequently omitted, Caldecott's note, with the remark that it 'could not well be surpassed in absurdity.'] WHITE: On recovering herself, Rosalind immediately resumes her boyish sauciness, and a little overdoes it. The printing of *sir* for 'sirrah' by some editors, and the comments, laboriously from the purpose, of others, who give the original word, must serve as the excuse for this note. MOBERLY: A similar form seems still in use in America (without any notion of upbraiding). ROLFE: Moberly apparently refers to the vulgar *sirree*, which is of very recent origin, and of course has no connection with 'sirrah.'

175. a body] HALLIWELL: It may be worth notice that the term 'body' was formerly used in the way it is here in the text in serious composition. WRIGHT: It is common enough in Scotch and provincial dialects, and was once more common still. Compare *Psalm* liii, 1 (Prayer Book Version): 'The foolish body hath said in his heart.' So in *Meas. for Meas.* IV, iv, 25: 'an eminent body.'

*Oli.* This was not counterfeit, there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest. 178 180

*Rof.* Counterfeit, I assure you.

*Oli.* Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

*Rof.* So I doe : but yfaith, I should haue beene a woman by right. 185

*Cel.* Come, you looke paler and paler : pray you draw homewards : good fir, goe with vs.

*Oli.* That will I : for I must beare answere backe How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind*.

*Rof.* I shall deuise something : but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him : will you goe? 190

*Exeunt.* 192

179. *a passion*] *passion* Ff, Rowe.

181. WHITE (*Studies*, &c., p. 256) : When is it that we have seen a stage Rosalind that showed us what the Rosalind of our imagination felt at the sight of the bloody handkerchief? I never saw but one : Mrs Charles Kean. The last that I saw behaved much as if Oliver had shown her a beetle, which she feared might fly upon her; and in the end she turned and clung to Celia's shoulder. But as Oliver tells his story the blood of the real Rosalind runs curdling from her brain to her heart, and she swoons away,—falls like one dead, to be caught by the wondering Oliver. Few words are spoken, because few are needed; but this swoon is no brief incident; and Rosalind recovers only to be led off by the aid of Celia and Oliver. And here the girl again makes an attempt to assert her manhood. She insists that she counterfeited, and repeats her assertion. Then here, again, the stage Rosalinds all fail to present her as she is. They say 'counterfeit' with at least some trace of a sly smile, and as if they did not quite expect or wholly desire Oliver to believe them. But Rosalind was in sad and grievous earnest. Never word that she uttered was more sober and serious than her 'counterfeit, I assure you.' And the fun of the situation, which is never absent in *As You Like It*, consists in the complex of incongruity,—the absurdity of a young swashbuckler's fainting at the sight of a bloody handkerchief, the absurdity of Rosalind's protest that her swoon and deadly horror were counterfeit, combining with our knowledge of the truth of the whole matter.

*Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.**Enter Clowne and Awdrie.*

*Clow.* We fhall finde a time *Awdrie*, patience gentle *Awdrie*.

*Awd.* Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the olde gentlemans faying. 5

*Clow.* A most wicked Sir *Oliuer*, *Awdrie*, a most vile *Mar-text*. But *Awdrie*, there is a youth heere in the Forreft layes claime to you.

*Awd.* I, I know who 'tis : he hath no interest in mee in the world : here comes the man you meane. 10

*Enter William.*

*Clo.* It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne, by my troth, we that haue good wits, haue much to answer for : we fhall be flouting : we cannot hold.

*Will.* Good eu'n *Audrey*. 15

*Aud.* God ye good eu'n *William*.

*Will.* And good eu'n to you Sir.

*Clo.* Good eu'n gentle friend. Couer thy head, couer thy head : Nay prethee bee eouer'd. How olde are you Friend? 20

*Will.* Fiue and twentie Sir.

*Clo.* A ripe age : Is thy name *William*? 22

9. *in mee*] Om. Pope, Han.

11. Enter...] After line 14, Dyce, Sta. Cam.

15, &c. *eu'n*] F<sub>2</sub>. *eu'n* F<sub>3</sub> & F<sub>4</sub>. *even*

Coll. Dyce, Sta. Cam.

16. *ye*] *give ye*! Johns.

19. *eouer'd*] F<sub>1</sub>.

5. olde gentlemans] There is nothing disrespectful here in thus speaking of Jaques ; it merely gives us a hint of his age. Yet Dingelstedt translates it 'der alte Murrkopf.'—ED.

12. meat and drinke] Of this common old proverbial phrase Halliwell gives many examples, and Wright refers to its repetition in *Merry Wives*, I, i, 306.

14. shall] See I, i, 126.

14. flouting] MOBERLY: We must needs be jeering people. WRIGHT: We must have our joke.

15, 16. These two appear as 'Godden' and 'Godgigoden' in the Qq and Folios of *Rom.* & *Jul.* I, ii, 55, 56.

*Will.* William, fir.

23

*Clo.* A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forreft heere?

*Will.* I fir, I thanke God.

25

*Clo.* Thanke God : A good answer :

Art rich ?

*Will.* 'Faith fir, fo, fo

*Cle.* So, fo, is good, very good, very excellent good:  
and yet it is not, it is but fo, fo :

30

Art thou wife ?

*Will.* I fir, I haue a prettie wit.

*Clo.* Why, thou faift well. I do now remember a say-  
ing : The Foole doth thinke he is wife, but the wifeman  
knowes himfelfe to be a Foole. The Heathen Philoso-  
pher, when he had a desire to eate a Grape, would open  
his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning there-  
by, that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open.  
You do loue this maid ?

35

*Will.* I do fit.

40

26, 27, and throughout, Prose, Pope

36 *desire*] *design* (so quoted in foot-  
note) Theob.

34 *wifeman*] *wise man* Rowe et  
seq.

40. *fit*] *fir* Fl.

34. The Foole, &c.] MOBERLY. The marrow of the *Apologia Socratis* condensed into a few words. See *Prov* xii, 15 WORDSWORTH (p 340) asks, 'Is the "say-  
ing" here quoted derived from 1 *Corinthians*, iii, 18 ?'

34. *wiseman*] CAMBRIDGE EDITORS: There can be no doubt that the words *wise man*, printed as two, in obedience to modern usage, were frequently in Shakespeare's time written and pronounced as one word, with the accent on the first syllable, as 'madman' is still. See Walker (*Crit* ii, 1391) [See I, ii, 83, where this note should have also appeared, but was unaccountably omitted. See also *Mer of Ven.* I, i, 116. Here, too, be another omission supplied, which was discovered only when it was too late to change the stereotyped page, and space could be found on that page only to refer to this present penitential expiation of the oversight. On p. xxxvi of the 'Clarendon Edition,' WRIGHT, none of whose words can we afford to lose, has the following 'Additional Note' on 'moe,' III, ii, 257: 'The statement that "moe" is used *only* with the plural requires a slight modification. So far as I am aware, there is but one instance in Shakespeare where it is not immediately followed by a plural, and that is in *The Tempest*, V, i, 234 (First Folio): "And mo diversitie of sounds." But in this case also the phrase "diversity of sounds" contains the idea of plurality.'—ED.]

38. open] CAPELL: What he says of the 'heathen philosopher' is occasion'd by seeing his hearer stand gaping (as well he might), sometimes looking at him, sometimes the maid; who, says he, is not a grape for your lips. . . . When the Poet was writing this speech his remembrance was certainly visited by some other expressions in *Euphuus*. [See Appendix. 'Phoebe is no lettuce for your lippes, and her grapes hang so high, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot.']

*Clo.* Giue me your hand : Art thou Learned ? 41

*Will.* No fir.

*Clo.* Then learne this of me, To haue, is to haue. For it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink being powr'd out of a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do consent, that *ipse* is hee : 45  
now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

*Will.* Which he fir ?

*Clo.* He fir, that must marrie this woman: Therefore you Clowne, abandon : which is in the vulgar, leaue the 50  
societie : which in the boorish, is companie, of this female : which in the common, is woman : which together, is, abandon the society of this Female, or Clowne thou perishest : or to thy better vnderstanding, dyest ; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into 55  
death, thy libertie into bondage : I will deale in poyson with thee, or in bastinado, or in Steele : I will bandy with thee in faction, I will ore-run thee with police : I 58

43, 49. *Clo.*] Col. F<sub>2</sub>.

Steev. '93, Dyce iii.

54, 55. or (to wit)] to wit Farmer,

58. *police*] *policy* Ff et cet.

56. poyson] WARBURTON's far-fetched idea, that 'all this seems an allusion to Sir Thomas Overbury's affair,' was properly refuted by HEATH, who recalled the date of Sir Thomas Overbury's 'affair,' which 'did not break out till 1615, long after Shakespeare had quitted the stage and within a year or a little more of his death.'

57. bastinado] WRIGHT: This spelling has been adopted in modern times. But Cotgrave gives: 'Bastonnade: f. A bastonadœ; a banging or beating with a cudgell.' Florio (*Ital. Dict.*) has: 'Bastonata, a bastonado, or cudgell blow.'

57. bandy] SKEAT: To beat to and fro, to contend. Shakespeare has *bandy*, to contend, *Tit. And.* I, 312, but the older sense is to beat to and fro, as in *Rom. & Jul.* II, v, 14. It was a term used at tennis, and was formerly also spelt *band*, as in 'To *band* the ball.'—Turberville. The only difficulty is to account for the final -y; I suspect it to be a corruption of the Fr. *bander* (or *bandé*), the Fr. word being taken as a whole, instead of being shortened by dropping -er in the usual manner; Fr. '*bander*, to bind, fasten with strings; also to *bandie*, at tennis.'—Cotgrave. He also gives: 'Jouer à *bander* et à racler contre, to *bandy* against, at tennis; and (by metaphor) to pursue with all insolencie, rigour, extremitie.' Also: 'Se *bander* contre, to *bandie* or oppose himselfe against, with his whole power; or to ioyne in league with others against.' Also: 'Ils se *bandent* à faire un entreprise, they are plotting a conspiracie together.' The word is therefore the same as that which appears as *band*, in the phrase 'to *band* together.' The Fr. *bander* is derived from the Ger. *band*, a band, a tie, and also includes the sense of Ger. *bande*, a crew, a gang.

58. police] This is one of the many examples in Walker's chapter (*Crit.* ii, 48) on the confusion of *e* and *ie* final.

will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways, therefore tremble and depart.

60

*Aud.* Do good *William*.

*Will.* God rest you merry fir.

*Exit*

*Enter Corin.*

*Cor.* Our Master and Miftresse seekes you : come away, away.

65

*Clo.* Trip *Audry*, trip *Audry*, I attend,  
I attend.

*Exeunt*

67

### *Scœna Secunda.*

*Enter Orlando & Oliuer.*

*Orl.* Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you

2

61. *Do*] *Do*, Rowe

64. *seekes*] *F<sub>2</sub>*. *seekes* *F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>*, Knt, Dyce

62. *you merry*] *you merry*, Rowe et seq.

i, Sta. Cam. Wh. ii. *seek* Rowe et cet.

66. *Audry*] *F<sub>2</sub>*. *Audrey* *F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>*.

64. *seekes*] Again that obtrusive *s* to which our attention is so often directed in the Folio. Whatever it be, a compositor's oversight or a flourish in Shakespeare's handwriting, it is not, as far as Shakespeare is concerned, 'that figment of the grammarians,' so says Wright in happy phrase, the old Northern plural in *s*. See I, ii, 101. ABBOTT ingeniously suggests that 'being indicated by a mere line at the end of a word in MS, it was often confused with the comma, full stop, dash, or hyphen.'—§ 338 Sometimes, of course, the rhyme shows that it is genuinely present.—ED.

1. DYCE: Here, perhaps, the Scene ought to be marked: 'Another part of the Forest. Before a Cottage.'

2. *possible*] STEEVENS: Shakespeare, by putting this question into the mouth of Orlando, seems to have been aware of the impropriety he had been guilty of by deserting his original. In Lodge's *Novel* the elder brother is instrumental in saving Aliena from a band of ruffians. Without the intervention of this circumstance, the passion of Aliena appears to be very hasty indeed. BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE (April, 1833, p. 558): Dr Johnson saith: 'I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Rosalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroism of her friendship.' The ladies, we are sure, have forgiven Rosalind. What say they to Celia? They look down, blush, shake head, smile, and say, 'Celia knew Oliver was Orlando's brother, and in her friendship for Rosalind she felt how delightful it would be for them two to be sisters-in-law as well as cousins. Secondly, Oliver had made a narrow escape of being stung by a serpent and devoured by a lioness, and "pity is akin to love." Thirdly, he had truly repented him of his former wickedness. Fourthly, 'twas religiously done by him, that settlement of all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's upon Orlando. Fifthly, what but true love,

ing, nor sodaine consenting : but say with mee, I loue 8  
*Aliena* : say with her, that she loues mee ; consent with  
 both, that we may enioy each other : it shall be to your 10  
 good : for my fathers house, and all the reuennue, that  
 was old Sir *Rowlands* will I estate vpon you, and heere  
 liue and die a Shepherd.

*Enter Rosalind.*

*Orl.* You haue my consent. 15  
 Let your Wedding be to morrow : thither will I  
 Inuite the Duke, and all's contented followers :  
 Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for looke you,  
 Heere comes my *Rosalinde*.

*Rof.* God saue you brother. 20

*Ol.* And you faire sister.

8. *nor*] Ff, Knt. *nor her* Rowe et cet.

14. Enter...] After line 17, Coll.  
 After line 19, Dyce.

15-19. As verse, Ff, Rowe, Coll. As  
 prose, Pope et cet.

17. *all's*] Ff, Rowe, Coll. Wh. Dyce,  
 Cam. *all his* Pope et cet.

19. [Exit Oliver. Hal.

21. *Ol.*] Orl. Ff, Rowe i, Hal  
 [Exit Oliver. Cap.

8. *nor sodaine*] Knight is the solitary editor who retains this reading, which cannot but be a misprint; even with Knight it is apparently an oversight; he has no note on it, and he rarely fails to plead his loyalty to the Folio. Caldecott, who is a greater stickler for the Folio than even Knight, here falls into line and prints '*nor her* sudden.'—ED.

12. *estate*] For other instances of the use of this verb in the sense of *bestow*, *settle*, see Schmidt.

21. *faire sister*] JOHNSON: I know not why Oliver should call Rosalind 'sister.' He takes her yet to be a man. I suppose we should read: 'And you, *and your* fair sister.' CHAMIER: Oliver speaks to her in the character she had assumed, of a woman courted by Orlando, his brother. WHITE: Much wonder is expressed as to how the knowledge of Rosalind's sex, which this reply evinces, was obtained; and forgetfulness is attributed to Shakespeare. But those who wonder must themselves forget that since the end of the last Act Oliver has wooed and won Celia; for to suppose that she kept Rosalind's secret from him one moment longer than was necessary to give her own due precedence, would be to exhibit an ignorance in such matters quite deplorable. DYCE: To me none of these notes is satisfactory. HALLIWELL: The words in the text seem, under any explanation, improperly assigned to Oliver, who had probably taken his departure just previously. All difficulty is obviated by giving them to Orlando. [But would Rosalind address Orlando as 'brother'?—ED.] COWDEN-CLARKE: Oliver has a double reason for calling Rosalind 'sister': he calls her so, because she is the girlish-looking brother of the woman he hopes to marry, and because she is the youth whom his own brother courts under the name of a woman. It should be remembered, that in the very first scene where they meet.



*Rof.* Oh my deere *Orlando*, how it greeues me to see 22  
thee weare thy heart in a scarfe.

*Orl.* It is my arme.

*Rof.* I thought thy heart had beene wounded with 25  
the clawes of a Lion.

*Orl.* Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady

*Rof.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeyted  
to found, when he shew'd me your handkercher?

*Orl.* I, and greater wonders then that. 30

*Rof.* O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there  
was neuer any thing so fodaine, but the fight of two  
Rammes, and *Cesars* Thrafonicall bragge of I came, saw,  
and ouercome. For your brother, and my sifter, no so-  
oner met, but they look'd: no sooner look'd, but they 35  
lou'd; no sooner lou'd, but they figh'd: no sooner figh'd

29. *found*] F<sub>2</sub>F, Cald. Knt. *fwound*  
F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe. [*swoon* Rowe ii et cet.  
*handkercher*] F<sub>2</sub>F, Dyce, Cam.  
*handkerchief* F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe et cet.

32. *fight*] *fight* F<sub>4</sub>.  
34. *ouercome*] *ouercame* Ff, Rowe et  
seq.

Oliver thus addresses her: 'I must bear answer back how you excuse my brother, *Rosalind*.' He at once acknowledges the assumed character, humours its assumption by giving her the name she is supposed to assume, and now follows up this playful make-believe by giving her the title and relationship she has a claim to, as the feigned *Rosalind*. WRIGHT: Oliver enters into Orlando's humour in regarding the apparent Ganymede as *Rosalind*. [The explanation of the Cowden-Clarkes and of Wright carry conviction. Gervinus has here one of those disheartening remarks (in which it must be sadly confessed he abounds) which reveal his incapacity, partly owing to his nationality, thoroughly to appreciate Shakespeare. He says (i, 492, ed. 1872), 'Nothing prevents us from so interpreting the action as to see that Orlando, at Oliver's suggestion, after the fainting fit, has detected the disguise of the fair Ganymede, and suffers him to play the game through to the end only that his joy may not be marred; if this can be made clear in the performance, the exquisite delicacy (*Feinheit*) of the play will be extraordinarily increased.'—ED.]

29. *sound*] See III, v, 19.

31. *where you are*] WRIGHT: I know what you mean, what you are hinting at. [Hamlet uses the same phrase, I think, when he says, 'Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?'—I, v, 150. He does not refer to his father's being in the 'cellarage,' but rather 'is that your meaning? there is need of secrecy?'—ED.]

33. *Thrafonicall*] FARMER (note on *Love's Lab. L. V*, i, 14): The use of this word is no argument that our author had read [the *Eunuchus* of] Terence. It was introduced to our language long before Shakespeare's time. MALONE: It is found in Bullokar's *Expositor*, 1616. HALLIWELL: Stanyhurst, 1582, writes: 'Linckt was in wedlock a loftye Thrafonical huf snuffe'—[p. 143, ed. Arber]. Compare, also, *Orlando Furioso*, 1594: 'Knowing him to be a Thrafonical madcap,' &c.

but they ask'd one another the reason : no sooner knew  
the reason, but they sought the remedie : and in these  
degrees, haue they made a paire of staires to marriage,  
which they will climbe incontinent, or else bee inconti-  
nent before marriage ; they are in the verie wrath of  
loue, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part  
them.

*Orl.* They shall be married to morrow : and I will  
bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing  
it is, to looke into happines through another mans eies :  
by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height  
of heart heauineffe. by how much I shal thinke my bro-  
ther happie, in hauing what he wifhes for.

46, 47. *eies : by] eyes!* By Cap. et seq.

39. degrees] COWDEN-CLARKE: Used here in its original sense as derived from the Latin *gradus*, and French *degré*, a step ; which affords the pun with the word 'stairs' immediately after.

39. paire of staires] H. C. HART (*New Sh. Soc. Trans.* 1877-9, Pt. iii, p. 471) believes that in this phrase there lurks an allusion to wedlock which time has lost ; it reappears in the phrase 'below stairs' (*Much Ado*, V, ii, 10), in which, Hart says, 'there is always some hidden meaning' ; in proof whereof he brings forward several examples from Jonson and Chapman. It is more than likely that he is right in regard to the phrase 'below stairs,' which cannot always be explained by reference to the servants' hall. But in the present passage the simile is so clear, that though some allusion may be hid in it, we scarcely feel the lack of our knowledge of it.—ED.

40. incontinent] CALDECOTT: Without restraint or delay, immediately.

42. Clubbes] MALONE: It appears from many of our old dramas that it was a common custom, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out 'Clubs! clubs!' to *part* the combatants. So in *Tit. And.* II, i, 37: 'Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.' The words 'they are in the very *wrath* of love' show that our author had this in contemplation. MASON: So in *Henry VIII.*: V, iv, 53: 'I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman; who cried out "Clubs!" when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour.' KNIGHT (Note on *Rom. & Jul.* I, i, 66): Scott has made the cry familiar to us in *The Fortunes of Nigel*. 'The great long club,' as described by Stow, on the necks of the London apprentices, was as characteristic as the flat cap of the same quarrelsome body in the days of Elizabeth and James. DYCE: 'Clubs' was originally the popular cry to call forth the London apprentices, who employed their clubs for the preservation of the public peace ; sometimes, however, they used these weapons to raise a disturbance, as they are described as doing [in the foregoing example from *Henry VIII.*].

45. Nuptiall] WRIGHT: The plural form, which is now the prevailing one, is used only twice by Shakespeare: in *Per.* V, iii, 80 and in *Oth.* II, ii, 9. In the latter passage the Ff have the singular, while the Qq read *nuptialls*. [In *Mid. N. D.* V, i, 75, the First Folio has the singular, while the three later Ff have the plural, as noted by Schmidt.]

*Rof.* Why then to morrow, I cannot ferue your turne 50  
for *Rosalind*?

*Orl.* I can liue no longer by thinking.

*Rof.* I will wearie you then no longer with idle tal-  
king. Know of me then (for now I speake to some pur-  
pose) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit: 55  
I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion  
of my knowledge : infomuch (I fay) I know you arc:nei-  
ther do I labor for a greater esteeme then may in some  
little meafure draw a beleefe from you, to do your selfe  
good, and not to grace me. Beleeue then, if you please, 60  
that I can do strange things : I haue since I was three  
yeare olde conuerft with a Magitian, moft profound in 62

57. *I know you*] *I know what you* 62. *yeare*] *F<sub>2</sub>. years F<sub>1</sub>, Rowe+,*  
*Rowe+.* *Steev. Mal. Coll. Sing. Ktly. year F<sub>3</sub>,*  
*arc*] *F<sub>1</sub>.* *Cap. et cet.*

54-57. *Know . . . arc*] WHITER (p. 58): This thought we find in *Ham. V, ii, 134*: '*Osw.* You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is. *Ham.* I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.'

55. *conceit*] SCHMIDT: Rosalind says this to Orlando in order to convince him of her pretended knowledge of mysteries. It cannot therefore be equivalent to a gentleman of good parts, of wit; for there 'needs no magician to tell her this.' [Schmidt's definition, therefore, of 'conceit' in this passage (and his note in his translation (p. 461) is substantially the same) is 'extraction, birth,' but he indicates his doubt of its correctness by placing after 'birth' an interrogation-mark. In this instance, as elsewhere, there are indications, I think, that Schmidt held, and deservedly held, Heath in high regard; but here, however, I am afraid Heath led him slightly astray. Heath's definition of 'conceit' here is, 'of good estimation and rank.'—ED.] CRAIK (*Jul. Cæs. I, iii, 142*): 'To *conceit* is another form of our still familiar *conceive*. And the noun 'conceit,' which survives with a limited meaning (the conception of a man by himself, which is so apt to be one of over-estimation), is also frequent in Shakespeare, with the sense, nearly, of what we now call *conception*, in general. Sometimes it is used in a sense which might almost be said to be the opposite of what it now means; as when Juliet employs it as the term to denote her all-absorbing affection for Romeo, *II, v, 30*. Or as Gratiano uses it in *Mer. of Ven. I, i, 102*, that is, in the sense of *deep thought*. So, again, when Rosaline, in *Love's Lab. L. II, i*, speaking of Biron, describes his 'fair tongue' as 'conceit's expositor,' all that she means is that speech is the expounder of thought. The scriptural expression, still in familiar use, 'wise in his own conceit,' means merely wise in his own thought or in his own eyes, as we are told in the margin the Hebrew literally signifies. WRIGHT: Of good intelligence or mental capacity. Shakespeare never uses the word in its modern sense.

62. *yeare*] WRIGHT: *F<sub>4</sub>* had already 'years,' or the change would have been made by Pope, on the ground that the singular was vulgar. See *III, ii, 307*.

his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue *Rosalinde* 63  
 fo neere the hart, as your gesture cries it out: when your  
 brother marries *Aliena*, shall you marrie her. I know in- 65  
 to what straights of Fortune she is driuen, and it is not  
 impossible to me, if it appeare not inconuenient to you,  
 to fet her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is,  
 and without any danger.

*Orl.* Speak'ft thou in fober meanings? 70

*Rof.* By my life I do, which I tender deerly, though

63. *Art*] heart F<sub>4</sub>.

65. *shall you*] F<sub>2</sub>. you shall F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

64. *cries it*] *cryeth* Cap. conj.

Rowe +, Steev.

70. *meanings*] *meaning* Dyce iii.

64. *gesture*] Bearing.

58. *humane*] JOHNSON: That is, not a phantom, but the real Rosalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation.

FLETCHER (p. 224) [on ll. 53-69]: Here we have another of those exquisite passages which no masculine hand but Shakespeare's could ever write, and which so charmingly betray to the auditor the delicate woman under her masculine garb. It is pretty to contrast the rapid, pointed volubility of Rosalind, so long as Orlando's courtship is carried on in seeming jest, with the circumlocutory manner in which, speaking now, as she says, 'to some purpose,' she announces to him that he shall so soon be married if he will. . . . Every female reader, and especially every female auditor, if the actress's own instinct lead her aright, will well understand this delicately-rendered coyness of the speaker in approaching seriously so decisive a declaration to her lover, even under the mask of her fictitious personation.

70. *meanings*] Again the superfluous *s* which Walker (*Crit.* i, 248) detected, and Dyce (ed. iii) at once erased.

71. *deerly*] STEEVENS: It was natural for one who called herself a magician to allude to the danger [to her life from the Acts of Parliament] in which her avowal had it been a serious one, would have involved her. [Warburton inferred from this allusion that this play 'was written in James's time, when there was a severe inquisition after witches and magicians.' But Malone, having shown that the play was entered on the Stationers' Registers as early as 1600, it followed that there could be here no allusion to the Act of James, but if there be an allusion at all, it must be to the Act then in force, which was passed under Elizabeth; this Act is thus cited, with an abstract, by] WRIGHT: By 5 Eliza. cap. 16, 'An Act agaynst Conjuracons, Inchantmentes, and Witchcraftes,' it was enacted that all persons using witchcraft, &c., whereby death ensued, should be put to death without benefit of clergy. If the object of the witchcraft were to cause bodily harm, the punishment was, for the first offence, one year's imprisonment and pillory; and for the second, death. To use witchcraft for the purpose of discovering treasure or to provoke unlawful love was an offence punishable upon the first conviction with a year's imprisonment and pillory and upon the second with imprisonment for life and forfeiture of goods. This Act was repealed by another, 1 Jac. I, cap. 12, which was even more severe. By this any one invoking or consulting with evil spirits and practising witchcraft was to be put to death; and for attempting by means of conjurations to discover hidden treasure or to

I say I am a Magitian : Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends : for if you will be married to morrow, you shall : and to *Rosalind* if you will. 72

*Enter Siluius & Phebe.* 75

Looke, here comes a Louer of mine, and a louer of hers.

*Phe.* Youth, you haue done me much vngentleneffe,  
To shew the letter that I writ to you.

*Rof.* I care not if I haue : it is my studie  
To seeme despightfull and vngentle to you : 80  
you are there followed by a faithful shepheard,  
Looke vpon him, loue him : he worships you.

*Phe.* Good shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to loue

*Sil.* It is to be all made of fighes and teares,  
And so am I for *Phebe*. 85

*Phe.* And I for *Ganimed*.

*Orl.* And I for *Rosalind*.

*Rof.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of faith and seruice,  
And so am I for *Phebe*. 90

*Phe.* And I for *Ganimed*.

*Orl.* And I for *Rosalind*.

*Rof.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of fantasie,  
All made of passion, and all made of wishes, 95  
All adoration, dutie, and obseruance,

72. *put you in*] *put you on* Rowe+, Steev.'85.

75. Scene III. Pope, Han. Warb. Johns.

Enter...] After line 76, Cap. Dyce, Sta.

84. *all made*] *F<sub>2</sub> made all F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>* Rowe+, Steev.'85.

89. *all made*] *made all* Rowe+, Steev.'85.

96. *obseruance*] *obserbance F<sub>2</sub> obedience* Coll. (MS) ii, iii, Wh. i, Dyce, Rlf.

procure unlawful love the punishment was one year's imprisonment and pillory for the first offence, and for the second, death.

73. *bid*] More than one editor has thought it best to explain the meaning of this word here and in line 45. But surely the New Testament has made us all familiar with it.—ED.

76. *comes*] See I, ii, 113.

82. *vpon him*] Abbott, § 483, calls attention to the emphasis thrown by the rhythm on this 'him.'

94. *fantasie*] CRAIK (*Jul. Cæs.* p. 167): That is, fancy or imagination, with its unaccountable anticipations and apprehensions, as opposed to the calculations of reason. [See II, iv, 32.]

All humbleness, all patience, and impatience, 97  
 All puritie, all triall, all obseruance:  
 And so am I for *Phebe*.

*Phe.* And so am I for *Ganimed*. 100

*Orl.* And so am I for *Rosalind*.

*Rof.* And so am I for no woman.

*Phe.* If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

*Sil.* If this be so, why blame you me to loue you? 104

98. *obseruance*] *obedience* Mal. conj. 103. [To Ros.] Pope et seq.  
 Rann. *endurance* Harness conj. Sing. 104. [To Phe.] Pope et seq.  
 Ktly, Huds.

98. all *obseruance*] RITSON: Read *obeisance*. HEATH (p. 153): As the word 'obseruance' had been already employed but two lines before, might not the poet possibly have written in this place 'all *perseuerance*,' which follows very aptly after 'trial'? CAPELL approves of this emendation of Heath's, and calls attention to the accent, which is *perseuerance*; RANN adopted it. MALONE: I suspect our author wrote: 'all *obedience*.' HARNES: Perhaps *endurance* might be more in harmony with the context; SINGER adopted it; and of it COLLIER (ed. ii) says: 'It may be a very good word, but it is not Shakespeare's; he uses it only twice in his thirty-seven plays, and then not as applied to the sufferings of a lover; whereas he has "*obedience*" in fifty places.' According to Collier's 'old corrector' it is the preceding '*obseruance*' in line 96 that is wrong, and that '*obseruance*' was changed by him into *obedience*, 'which,' adds Collier, 'more properly follows "duty" than "trial." ' This *obedience* WHITE also adopted, because: 'Obedience to the wishes of the beloved is one of the first fruits and surest indices of love, one which in such an enumeration could not be passed over; and yet according to the text of the Folio it is not mentioned, while "*obseruance*" is specified twice in three lines. Such a repetition is not in Shakespeare's manner, for although he had peculiarities, senseless iteration was not one of them.' In his second edition White returns to the Folio with the remark that although 'the word is corrupt, no acceptable substitute has been suggested.' WALKER (*Crit* i, 280) thinks Ritson's conjecture preferable. [The CAMBRIDGE EDITION records *deservance*, Nicholson conj.] Whether or not this conjecture is elsewhere in print, I do not know, nor who is the Nicholson. If it be Dr Brinsley Nicholson, the conjecture is worthy of all respect, as any conjecture from that source always is. We shall all agree, I think, that one of these two '*obseruances*' must be wrong; for two reasons it is more likely to be the second than the first: where it occurs in line 96 it is 'appropriately associated,' WRIGHT says, 'with adoration and duty;' to '*observe*' meant to 'regard with respectful attention,' as where Hamlet is spoken of as 'the observed of all observers'; this usage lasted even to Milton's time; in *Par. Lost* (xi, 817) Noah is spoken of as 'the one just man of God *observed*.' Secondly, there is the compositor's common error of repetition. Of the substitutes that have been proposed, I think the weight of probability lies with *obedience*, not alone on the score of propriety, but on account of the *ductus literarum*, wherein it much resembles '*obseruance*.'—ED.]

103, &c. to loue] The infinitive is here used as we have had it several times before in this play. We should now use the participle with *for* or *in*. See I, i, 109.

*Orl.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you? 105

*Rof.* Why do you speake too, Why blame you mee to love you.

*Orl.* To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heare.

*Rof.* Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling of Irish Wolues against the Moone : I will helpe you 110 if I can : I would love you if I could : To morrow meet me altogether : I wil marrie you, if euer I marrie Woman, and Ile be married to morrow : I will satisfie you, if euer I satisfi'd man, and you shall bee married to morrow. I wil content you, if what pleases you contents 115 you, and you shal be married to morrow : As you love *Rosalind* meet, as you love *Phebe* meet, and as I love no 117

106. *Why...too*] Ff, Cald. Coll. i, Dyce, Wright, Rife. *Whom...to* Sing. *Who...to*, Rowe et cet.

111. *can*] *can* [To *Orl.*] Johns. *can* [To *Sil.*] Cap. et seq.

*could*] *could* [To *Phe.*] Johns. et seq.

112. *altogether*] *all together* Rowe et seq.

113. *to morrow*] *tomorrow* [To *Phe.*] Pope et seq.

114. *to morrow*] *tomorrow* [To *Orl.*] Pope et seq.

*satisfi'd*] *satisfy* Douce, Dyce iii, Huds.

116. *to morrow*] *tomorrow* [To *Sil.*] Pope et seq.

117. *Rosalind*] *Rosalind* [To *Orl.*] Johns. et seq.

*Phebe meet*] *Phebe meet* [To *Sil.*] Johns. et seq.

106. *Why . . . too*] COLLIER (ed. i) : This reading is perfectly intelligible when addressed to Orlando, who replies that he speaks *too*, notwithstanding the absence of his mistress. If altered, it need not be altered, as by the modern editors, to bad English : '*Who* do you speak to?' COLLIER (ed. ii) : Here again we follow the (MS), the old text being : '*Why* do you speak *too*?' The grammar is defective, according to the strictness of modern rules, but perfectly intelligible, and no doubt what Shakespeare wrote : '*Whom* do you,' &c. is a modern colloquial refinement. [I cannot see the trace of a sufficient reason for deserting the Folio.—ED.]

110. *Irish Wolues*] MALONE : This is borrowed from Lodge's *Novel* : 'I tell thee, Montanus, in courting Phoebe, thou barkest with the wolves of Syria against the moone.' [See Appendix.] CALDECOTT : That is, the same monotonous chime wearisomely and sickeningly repeated. In the passage to which Malone refers it imports an aim at impossibilities, a sense, which, whatever may be Rosalind's meaning, cannot very well be attached to it here. WRIGHT : In Ireland wolves existed as late as the beginning of the last century. Spenser, in his *View of the Present State of Ireland* (p. 634, Globe ed.), mentions some of the Irish superstitions connected with the wolf. [The clue to this allusion is probably lost. There were wolves in England which presumably howled against the moon quite as monotonously or dismally as in Ireland. We know well that a wolf 'behowled the moon' on one certain Midsummer's Night. But these are Irish wolves—can there be an adumbration of the Irish wallings? The loan from Lodge, which Malone alleges, is not so manifest. It is a far cry, or, rather, a far 'bark,' from Syria to Ireland, and, as Caldecott says, the two phrases are dissimilar in meaning.—ED.]

woman, Ile meet : so fare you wel : I haue left you com- 118  
mands.

*Sil.* Ile not faile, if I liue. 120

*Phe.* Nor I.

*Orl.* Nor I. *Exeunt.* 122

### Scæna Tertia.

*Enter Clowne and Audrey.*

*Clo.* To morrow is the ioyfull day *Audrey*, to morrow  
will we be married.

*Aud.* I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is  
no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of y<sup>e</sup> world? 5  
Heere come two of the banish'd Dukes Pages.

*Enter two Pages.*

1. *Pa.* Wel met honest Gentleman.

*Clo.* By my troth well met : come, sit, fit, and a song.

2. *Pa.* We are for you, sit i'th middle. 10

1. *Pa.* Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauking,

Scene IV. Pope, Han. Warb. Johns. 5. world?] F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. world. F<sub>4</sub> et seq.  
1. &c. Clowne] Touchstone Mal. et 10. you, sit] you. Sit Johns. et seq.  
seq. (subs.).

118. you commands] ALLEN (MS): I suspect that the compositor has left out  
*your* here as a repetition: 'I have left you your commands,' just as an officer would  
now say: 'I have given you your orders.'

5. dishonest] As we have had 'honest' in the sense of *chaste* in I, ii, 38; III, ii,  
15, so here 'dishonest' means *unchaste*. WRIGHT: In 'the character of the persons'  
prefixed to Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, Fallace is described: 'She  
dotes as perfectly upon the courtier, as her husband doth on her, and only wants the  
face to be dishonest.'

5. world] STEEVENS: To go to the world is *to be married*. So in *Much Ado*, II,  
i, 331: 'Thus goes every one to the world but I. . . . I may sit in a corner and cry  
heigh-ho for a husband!' WHITER: So also in *All's Well*, I, iii, 20: 'If I may  
have your Ladyship's good will to go to the world.' [Dyce defines it 'to commence  
housekeeper,' which is good as a hint of what, it may be presumed, is the origin of the  
phrase: when a young couple married and set up for themselves, they really entered  
the world and its ways for the first time.—ED.]

10. sit i'th middle] DINGELSTEDT (p. 234): This is clearly a reference to an  
old English proverb [*Sprichwort*]: 'hey diddle diddle, fool in the middle.' [See  
Roffe's note below, on line 16.]

11. clap into't] SCHMIDT: To enter upon, to begin with alacrity and briskness.  
Thus, *Meas. for Meas.* IV, iii, 43: 'I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for



or spitting, or faying we are hoarse, which are the onely 12  
 prologues to a bad voice.

2. *Pa.* I faith, y'faith, and both in a tune like two 15  
 gipplies on a horse.

Song.

*It was a Louer, and his lass,*  
*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,*  
*That o're the greene corne feild did passe,* 19

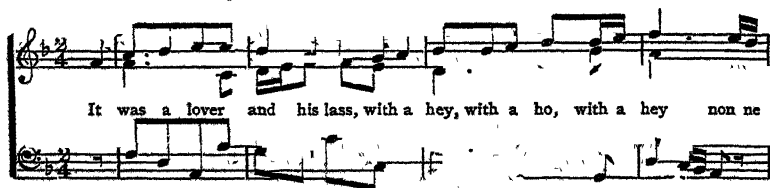
12. *the onely*] *only the* Cap. conj. 18, 20, 21. As two lines each, Cap.  
 Huds. *your only* Wh. i. 19. *feild*] F<sub>2</sub>

look you, the warrant's come'; *Much Ado*, III, iv, 44: 'Clap's into "Light o' Love," that goes without a burden.'

12. *the onely*] WHITE (ed. i): Hawking and spitting are often only the prologues to a bad voice; but no one . . . can consider them the *only* premonitory symptoms of that inflection, and it does not appear that 'the only' was an old idiom for *only the*. *Your only*, meaning the chief, the principal, was, however, an idiom in common use; and it seems plain that it is here intended, the printer having mistaken *y'* for *y<sup>e</sup>*. WHITE (ed. ii): 'The only,' as if without 'the'; only prologues. [See I, ii, 185.]

14, 15. *a tune . . . a horse*] That is, one. Compare 'Doth not rosemary and Romeo both begin with a letter.'—*Rom. & Jul.* II, iv, 188.

16. *Song*] The music, with the words, which is here reprinted is taken from Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 205. The transposition of the stanzas which we find here was also independently made by Dr JOHNSON, who says that it had been also 'made by Dr Thirlby in a copy containing some notes on the margin' which Dr Johnson had 'perused by the favour of Sir Edward Walpole.' Malone's slighting remark (in reference to Steevens's conjecture), that 'the passage does not deserve much consideration,' is expanded by Tieck into a very positive sneer. 'It is not impossible,' says TIECK (p. 212), 'that the arrangement of the stanzas of this utterly silly ditty may have been intentionally adopted in the Folio to produce this confused effect.'—ED. CHAPPELL: [This Song is taken] from a Qto MS, which has successively passed through the hands of Mr Cranston, Dr John Leyden, and Mr Heber; and is now in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. It contains about thirty-four songs with words (among them the 'Farewell, dear love,' quoted in *Twelfth Night*), and sixteen song and dance tunes without. The latter part of the MS, which bears the name of a former proprietor, William Stirling, and the date of May, 1639, consists of Psalm Tunes, evidently in the same handwriting, and written about the same time as the earlier portion. . . . The words used here are printed from the M<sup>c</sup> in the Advocates' Library.



## [Song]

no, And a hey . . . non ne no ni no. That o'er the green corn-field did pass In

spring time, in spring time, in spring time; The only pretty ring time, When birds do sing, Hey

ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Sweet lovers love the spring

[In the words which accompany the music, as given by Chappell, the chiefest variations are '*ring* tune' instead of '*rang* tune'; line 23 reads: 'Then, *pretty lovers*, take the time'; line 29 is: 'These pretty country *fools* *did* lie'; and line 33: 'How that life was but a flower.'] KNIGHT: It seems quite clear that this manuscript cannot have been written later than sixteen years after the publication of the present play, and may have existed at a much earlier period; it is, therefore, not straining probability too hard to suppose that this air was, in some form,—most likely as a duet, unless the two Pages sang in unison,—performed in the play, either as it was originally acted or not long after its production. ROFFE (p. 16): Mr Linley has set this poem as a duet for the two Pages; it occurs to me as being very possible that Shakespeare contemplated a trio between the Pages and Touchstone, who, it may be observed, is the first to ask for a song, and upon the Pages making ready to comply, Touchstone is requested to 'sit i' the middle.' It might also strike many that, granting Touchstone and the Pages personated by competent vocalists, the dramatic effect of a trio would be very superior to that of a duett. Should an objection be raised to this view, grounded upon the Pages' ideas as to 'clapping into it roundly,' '*both* in a tune,' that objection, even if allowed, would not necessarily shut Touchstone out from joining in *the three lines common to every verse*, and beginning at 'In the pretty spring-time.' It would be most highly natural, as well as dramatically effective, that Touchstone should do so.

18. WRIGHT: In the Preface to his *Ghostly Psalms*, Coverdale (*Remains*, p. 537, Parker Soc.) refers to these meaningless burdens of songs: 'And if women, sitting at their rocks, or spinning at the wheels, had none other songs to pass their time withal, than such as Moses' sister, Glehana's [Elkanah's] wife, Debora, and Mary the mother of Christ, have sung before them, they should be better occupied than with *hey nonny, nonny, hey troly loly* and such like phantasies.' [In serious poetry, Sir Philip Sidney reached, I think, the extreme limit in the use of 'such like phantasies,' when he bequeathed to us the following stanza: 'Fa la la leridan, dan dan dan deridan: || Dan dan dan deridan deridan dei: || While to my mind the outside stood || For messenger of inward good.'—*Arcadia*, p. 486, ed. 1598.—ED.]

*In the spring time, the onely pretty rang time.* 20  
*When Birds do feng, hey ding a ding, ding.*  
*Sweet Louers loue the spring,*  
*And therefore take the present time,*  
*With a hey, & a ho, and a hey nonino,*  
*For loue is crowned with the prime.* 25  
*In spring time, &c.*

*Betweene the acres of the Rie,*  
*With a hey, and a ho, & a hey nonino:*  
*These prettie Country folks would lie.*  
*In spring time, &c.* 30

*This Carroll they began that houre,*  
*With a hey and a ho, & a hey nonino:*  
*How that a life was but a Flower,*  
*In spring time, &c.*

*Clo.* Truly yong Gentlemen, though there vvas no 35  
 great matter in the dittie, yet y<sup>e</sup> note was very vntunable

20. onely] Om. Rowe ii+, Cap. Steev. '85.

rang] Ff, Rowe i, Cald. *Spring* Rowe ii+, Cap. *rank* Steev. Mal. Var. *ring* Steev. conj. Knt et cet.

23-26. Transposed to follow line 34, Johns. et seq. (except Cald. Knt).

26. In] Ff. *In the* Rowe+, Cap. Steev. Dyce i, Clke.

30, 34. In] *In the* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe+, Cap. Steev. Dyce i, Clke.

31. This] F<sub>2</sub>. *The* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe+, Cap. Steev.

32. With a hey] With a hoy F<sub>2</sub>.

33. a life] *our life* Han. Coll. ii. *life* Steev. '85.

36. *vntunable*] *untimeable* Theob. Warb. Sing. Wh. Coll. ii, iii, Dyce iii, Huds.

19. W. RIDGEWAY (*The Academy*, 20 Oct. 1883): Is there not here a reference to the ancient system of open-field cultivation? The corn-field being in the singular implies that it is the special one of the common fields which is under corn for the year. The common field being divided into acre-strips by balks of unploughed turf, doubtless on one of these green balks, 'Between the acres of the rye These pretty country folks would lie.'

20. rang] STEEVENS: I think we should read 'ring time,' i. e. the aptest season for marriage. WHITER (p. 60): Why may not 'rang time' be written for 'range time,' the only pleasant time for *straying* or *ranging* about? [The MS in the Advocates' Library confirmed Steevens's conjecture.]

36. vntunable] THEOBALD: It is evident, from the sequel of the dialogue, that the poet wrote *untimeable*. Time and 'tune' are frequently misprinted for one another in the old editions. [It may be remarked, too, that *time* and *tune* were formerly synonymous.—DYCE, *Strictures*, &c., p. 70.] JOHNSON: This emendation is received 1

I. *Pa.* you are deceiu'd Sir, we kept time, we loft not  
our time. 37

*Clo.* By my troth yes: I count it but time loft to heare  
fuch a foolifh fong. God buy you, and God mend your 40  
voices. Come *Audrie.* *Exeunt.*

37. *kept*] *keep* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*be with you* Steev. Var. Cald. Knt, Sing.

40. *buy you*] Ff, Cam. *b'w'y you*

Ktly. *b' w' you* Wh. Dyce, Huds

Rowe+. *be w' you* Cap. Mal. Coll. Sta.

think very undeservedly, by Dr Warburton. M. MASON: The reply of the Page proves to me, beyond any possibility of doubt, that we ought to read *untimeable*. STEEVENS: The sense seems to be: 'Though the words of the song were trifling, the music was not (as might have been expected) good enough to compensate their defect.' CALDECOTT: Though there was so little meaning in the words, yet the music fully matched it; the note was as little tuneable. COLLIER (ed. i): Touchstone would hardly say that 'the note' of the song was very *untimeable*. The Page might mistake the nature of Touchstone's remark, and apply to the time what was meant of the tune: the clown subsequently hopes that their voices may be mended, in order that they may sing more tunably. COLLIER (ed. ii): Here the (MS) comes materially to our aid; the printed reading is amended to *untimeable*, which entirely accords with what follows. WALKER (*Crit.* i, 295) would retain 'untunable,' but change 'time' in the Page's reply to *tune*. WHITE: Shakespeare was a good musician; and the answer of the Page and the reply of Touchstone make it plain that [the word is] *untimeable*; otherwise the Page's answer is no reply at all. In the manuscript of any period it is very difficult to tell *time* from *tune*, except by the dot of the *i*, so frequently omitted; and as most people think that to be in tune or out of tune is the principal success or the principal failure of a musical performance, it is by no means strange that the word written in the old hand, with the *i* undotted, should be taken for 'untunable.' I can speak from experience that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred in which *time* is written, it will be first put in type as *tune*. One curious instance occurs in *King John*, III, iii: 'I had a thing to say, But I will fit it with some better time.' The original has 'some better *tune*.' WRIGHT: Theobald forgot that Touchstone is the speaker. The Page misunderstands him in order to give him an opening for another joke. COWDEN-CLARKE: 'Untunable' was sometimes used in Shakespeare's day for 'out of time' as well as 'out of tune,' and it is probable that pert Master Touchstone wished to insinuate both defects in the Pages' singing; while the First Page defends himself and his fellow-chorister from the more pardonable musical error of the two. This may be the better comprehended if it be imagined (as we always do when we read this amusing little scene, so pointed in satire as it is upon the affectations of musical amateurs, both performers and listeners) that Touchstone, with the air of a connoisseur, beats time to the music while the song is proceeding; which accounts for the Page's words in answer to the action that preceded the word 'untunable,' and gave it the meaning then often attached to the term. Be it observed that the Second Page's words immediately before the song '*both in a tune*,' &c. tend to show that 'in a *tune*' was sometimes used for 'in *time*'; as the simile of two fellows jogging along on the same horse implies measure, rhythm, uniform pace.

### Scena Quarta.

*Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, Celia.*

*Du. Sen.* Dost thou beleuee *Orlando*, that the boy  
Can do all this that he hath promised?

*Orl.* I fometimes do beleuee, and fometimes do not, 5  
As those that feare they hope, and know they feare.

Scene V. Pope, Han. Warb. Johns.

6. *feare...feare*] Ff, Rowe, Pope, Theob. Steev. Var. Rann, Cald. Harness, Coll. i, Sing. Wh. Dyce, Hal. Sta. Cam. Clke, Neil, Mob. Rife. *think they hope, and know they fear* Han. *fear, they hope, and know they fear* Johns. Mal. *fear their hope, and know their fear* Heath, Cap. *fear,—they hope and know they fear* Knt. *fear to hope, and know they fear* Coll. (MS) iii, Huds. *fear their hope and hope heir fear* Lettsom, Ktly. *fear with hope,*

*and hope with fear or fear, they hope, and now they fear* Johns. conj. *feign they hope, and know they fear* Blackstone. *fear, then hope; and know, then fear* Musgrave. *who fearing hope, and hoping fear* M. Mason. *fear; they hope, and know they fear* Henley, J. Hunter. *fear thee, hope, and know thee, fear* Rann. conj. *fear may hope and know they fear* Harness conj. *fear that they hope, and know they fear* Jervis. *fain would hope and know they fear* Cartwright.

I. DYCE: This ought, perhaps, to be marked 'Another part of the Forest. Before a Cottage.'

6. As . . . *feare*] WARBURTON: This strange nonsense should be read thus: 'As those that fear *their hap*, and know *their fear*,' i. e. As those that fear the issue of a thing when they know their fear to be well grounded. HEATH (p. 153): I think it may be better corrected with less alteration, thus: 'As those that fear *their* hope, and know *their fear*,' i. e. As those that fear a disappointment of their hope; whose hope is dashed and rendered doubtful by their fear, but who are most undoubtedly certain they fear. MALONE: *As those who fear,—they*, even those very persons, entertain *hopes* that their fears will not be realized; *and yet* at the same time they well *know* that there is reason for *their fears*. CALDECOTT: As those, that under a sad misgiving entertain a trembling hope, at the same time that they feel real apprehension and fears. A man might, with propriety, say, I fear I entertain so much hope, as teaches me I cannot be without fear of disappointment. Orlando says he is like that man. KNIGHT: That is, those who fear, they, even they, hope, while they know they fear. COLLIER: Orlando dares not hope that Rosalind will perform her promise, yet hopes that she will, and knows that he fears she will not. SINGER: As those who are alarmed at their own tendency to be sanguine (fear that they are harbouring secret hopes which will lead to disappointment), and are quite aware that they fear. Hope and Fear alternating, they are not quite certain whether they hope, but *fear* they do. They fear, because to hope is imprudent:—they are quite certain that they fear. DYCE (ed. i): I believe that the line now stands as Shakespeare wrote it. WHITE: As

*Enter Rosalinde, Silvius, & Phebe.*

7

*Rof.* Patience once more, whiles our cōpact is vrg'd:

You say, if I bring in your *Rosalinde*,

You wil bestow her on *Orlando* heere?

10

*Du. Se.* That would I, had I kingdoms to giue with hir.

*Rof.* And you say you wil haue her, when I bring hir?

*Orl.* That would I, were I of all kingdomes King.

*Rof.* You say, you'l marrie me, if I be willing.

*Phe.* That will I, should I die the houre after.

15

*Rof.* But if you do refuse to marrie me,  
You'l giue your selfe to this most faithfull Shepheard.

*Phe.* So is the bargaine.

*Rof.* You say that you'l haue *Phebe* if she will.

19

8. cōpact] compact Ff.

vrg'd] heard Coll. (MS).

9. [To the Duke] Rowe et seq. (except Cap. Cam. Wh. ii, Rlfe).

11, 12. hir] F<sub>2</sub>. her F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

12. [To Orl.] Rowe et seq. (except Cap. Cam. Wh. ii, Rlfe).

14. [To Phe.] Rowe et seq. (except Cap. Cam. Wh. ii, Rlfe).

19. [To Sil.] Rowe et seq. (except Cap. Cam. Wh. ii, Rlfe).

those who are apprehensive that they are deceiving themselves by indulging a secret hope, although they know they fear the issue,—a state of mind in which few readers of Shakespeare can have failed to be at some time. Apology is surely necessary for offering even a paraphrastic explanation of so simple a passage. HALLIWELL: As those that fear what they hope, and know very well they fear a disappointment. STAUNTON: This line, not without reason, has been suspected of corruption. . . . A somewhat similar form of expression is found in *All's Well*, II, ii: 'But know I think, and think I know most sure.' KEIGHTLEY: Coleridge thus expresses the same thought: 'And Fears self-willed, that shunned the eye of Hope; And Hope that scarce would know itself from Fear.' COWDEN-CLARKE: Those who dread that they may be hoping without foundation, knowing that they really fear. MOBERLY: Of the many conjectures for the emendation of this passage the most likely is John son's [qu. Heath's?]: 'As they who fear their hope and know their fear.' HUDSON: As those that fear lest they may believe a thing because they wish it true, and at the same time know that this fear is no better ground of action than their hope. Who has not sometime caught himself in a similar perplexity of hope and fear? WRIGHT: Who are so diffident that they even hope fearfully, and are only certain that they fear. ROLFE: Whose hopes are mingled with fear, and only their fears certain. [In the preceding notes, it is pleasing to observe, in the general interpretation of the meaning, such a remarkable unanimity.—ED.]

8. cōpact] See Abbott, § 490, for a long list of words, chiefly derived from the Latin, where the accent is nearer the end than with us.

8. vrg'd] COLLIER: The (MS) has *heard* for 'urg'd,' and the ear may have misled the scribe or the printer; but as 'urg'd' sufficiently well answers the purpose, we refrain from making any change. DYCE: *Heard* is unnecessary, not to say foolish.

*Sil.* Though to haue her and death, were both one 20  
thing.

*Rof.* I haue promis'd to make all this matter euen :  
Keepe you your word, O Duke, to giue your daughter,  
You yours *Orlando*, to receiue his daughter :  
Keepe you your word *Phebe*, that you'l marrie me, 25  
Or else refusing me to wed this shepheard :  
Keepe your word *Siluius*, that you'l marrie her  
If she refuse me, and from hence I go  
To make thefe doubts all euen. *Exit Rof. and Celia.* 29

22. *I haue*] *I've* Pope+, Dyce iii, Mal. Sing. Cam. Ktly, Dyce iii, Huds.  
Huds. Rife, Wh. ii.  
25 *you*] Om. Rowe+, Cap. Steev. 29. *euen*] *even—even* so Coll. (MS) ii,  
iii.

22. *euen*] SCHMIDT: That is, plain, smooth. Compare what the Doctor says of Lear, 'tis danger to make him even o'er the time he has lost.' So, too, the last line of this speech of Rosalind's, where Steevens cites: 'yet death we fear That makes these odds all even.'—*Meas. for Meas.* III, i, 41.

25. *Phebe*] Is 'Phebe' a monosyllable or a dissyllable? A momentous question. If a dissyllable, then we must follow Pope and read: 'Keep your word,' wherein the ictus falls excellently on 'your.' If the present text is to stand, then is 'Phebe' a monosyllable; as an affectionate abbreviation it seems utterly out of place in Rosalind's mouth. See IV, iii, 9.—Ed.

25, 26. *that you'l . . . to wed*] ABBOTT, § 416: Just as *that* is sometimes omitted and then inserted to connect a distant clause with a first part of a sentence, so sometimes 'to' is inserted apparently for the same reason. Here 'to' might be omitted, or ['you'll'] might be inserted instead, but the omission would create ambiguity, and the insertion be a tedious repetition. See III, ii, 152, 153.

29. COLLIER: The line is deficient, and we may be confident, from the rhyme, if from nothing else, that the speech of the heroine was originally thus concluded: 'To make these doubts all even—even so.' [This is one of the class of changes in Shakespeare's text which, I am sure, aroused the sharpest antagonism to Collier's old corrector's emendations,—an antagonism which, when once started, quickly spread to all the other emendations from the same source. It is one thing to change the words we have before us, but it is another, and a very different thing, to add words entirely new. In the one case we are groping after Shakespeare's genuine words which we know stood there. But in the other case we are asked to accept words, and phrases, and even whole lines, which could not possibly have been written on the margin of Collier's Second Folio until after Shakespeare had been sixteen years in his grave. Before giving these additions place in Shakespeare's text we must have some plainer plea for them than mere propriety. The gulf which separates this class and Shakespeare's hand is impassable. All other changes may be tried on their merits; the question of 'forgery' (a most disagreeable word, even to write) has nothing to do with them. On many grounds I have faith in Collier: first, there is in all of his pleadings that I have read on the subject the quiet breast of truth; he is never violent

*Du. Sen.* I do remember in this shepherd boy, 30  
Some liuely touches of my daughters fauour.

*Orl.* My Lord, the first time that I euer saw him,  
Me thought he was a brother to your daughter:  
But my good Lord, this Boy is Forreft borne,  
And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments 35  
Of many desperate studies, by his vnckle,  
Whom he reports to be a great Magitian.

*Enter Clowne and Audrey.*

Obscured in the circle of this Forreft.

*Iaq.* There is sure another flood toward, and these 40  
couples are comming to the Arke. Here comes a payre

30. *shepherd*] *shepherds* F<sub>1</sub>.

33. *daughter*] F<sub>1</sub>.

37. *Whom*] *Who* F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe i.

*Magitian.*] Ff.

38. *Enter...*] After line 43, Dyce.

*Clowne*] Touchstone Mal.

40. *Scene VI.* Pope, Han. Warb.  
*Johns.*

nor, when severe, abusive; secondly, he had not the ability, the natural gifts, as he himself urged, to devise so vast a number of corrections; in none of his previous editings, and they are voluminous, did he give promise of that fertility of conjecture or of emendation which the old corrector displays on every page; and thirdly, and mainly (a ground any criminal lawyer will immediately appreciate), there is an entire absence of motive. Dishonesty would have copied out all these emendations, flames would have consumed the original, and the fame fearlessly claimed (and as surely bestowed) as the keenest editor Shakespeare had ever had. With such a chance before him of being deemed the author, would a dishonest man be content with the reputation of a mere transcriber? Does a man 'forge' for the benefit of another who can make him no return? Does the fame of a mere scribe equal the fame of an author? Had Collier been dishonest he would have seized the latter. He openly assumed the former.—ED.]

31. *touches*] CALDECOTT: That is, traits. See 'the touches dearest priz'd.'—III, ii, 151. WRIGHT: As Orlando does not recognise Rosalind in her disguise, it is not surprising that her father fails to do so. But his curiosity is excited, and the inquiries which must certainly have followed upon Orlando's speech are checked by the entry of Touchstone and Audrey.

36. *desperate*] ALLEN (MS): Magical studies (sorcery, &c.) were supposed to be pursued by men who had made a league with the Devil, and who had, therefore, already *despaired of*, or renounced, their salvation; that is, they would not, unless they had already come to despair of their salvation, have made a league with the Enemy of mankind. Cf. *Friar* Bacon, for the union of 'religion' and magic. Observe, too, this is Orlando's statement; Rosalind says the 'magician was most profound in his art, and yet not damnable.'—V, ii, 62. [Prospero, in the Epilogue to *The Tempest*, says, as a magician, that his 'ending is despair.' Schmidt interprets it as 'forbidden by law,' which is, I think, far afield.—ED.]

40. *toward*] Compare 'O proud Death, What feast is toward in thine eternal cell.'—*Ham.* V, ii, 375.



of verie strange beafts, which in all tongues, are call'd  
Foolles. 42

*Clo.* Salutation and greeting to you all.

*Iaq.* Good my Lord, bid him welcome : This is the  
Motley-minded Gentleman, that I haue so often met in  
the Forrest: he hath bin a Courtier he sweares. 45

*Clo.* If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my  
purgation, I haue trod a measure, I haue flattred a Lady,  
I haue bin politicke with my friend, smoothe with mine  
emie, I haue vndone three Tailors, I haue had foure  
quarrels, and like to haue fought one. 50

*Iaq.* And how was that tane vp?

*Clo.* 'Faith we met, and found the quarrel was vpon  
the feuenth cause. 55

42. *verie strange*] *unclean* Han. 53. *tane*] *ta'en* Rowe.  
Warb.

42. *verie strange*] WARBURTON: What 'strange beasts'! and yet such as have a name in all languages! Noah's ark is here alluded to; into which the *clean* beasts entered by *sevens*, and the *unclean* by *two*, male and female. It is plain then that Shakespeare wrote 'a pair of *unclean* beasts,' which is highly humorous. JOHNSON: 'Strange beasts' are only what we call *odd* animals. WHITE: There were female jesters as well as male, and it is possible that there may be here an allusion to that custom,—Audrey being whimsically supposed by Jaques to have assumed the profession as well as the station of her husband. Else why does he call them a pair of Fools?

49. *measure*] MALONE: Touchstone, to prove that he has been a courtier, particularly mentions a 'measure,' because it was a very stately, solemn dance. REED: 'Measures' were performed at court, and at public entertainments of the societies of law and equity at their halls, on particular occasions. It was formerly not deemed inconsistent with propriety even for the gravest persons to join in them; and accordingly at the revels which were celebrated at the Inns of Court it has not been unusual for the first characters in the law to become performers in treading the measures. See Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales*. Sir John Davies, in his poem called *Orchestra*, 1622, describes them [concluding with]: 'Yet all the feet wherein these measures go, Are only spondees, solemn, grave, and slow.' CHAPPELL (p. 626): The 'measure' was a grave and solemn dance, with slow and measured steps, like the minuet. To *tread* a measure was the usual term, like to *walk* a minuet. [Young Lord Loch invar has made us familiar enough with the phrase.—ED.]

52. *like*] CRAIK (note on 'is like.'—*Jul. Cas.* I, ii, 175): This form of expression is not quite, but nearly, gone out. ROLFE: It is still vulgarly used, at least in New England.

53. *tane*] CALDECOTT: That is, made up. Touchstone presently says, an *if* did it once, 'when seven justices could not *take up* a quarrel.'

54. *was vpon*] JOHNSON: It is apparent from the sequel that we must read, 'the quarrel was *not* vpon the seventh cause.' MALONE: By 'the seventh cause' Touch

Iaq. How feuenth caufe? Good my Lord, like this fellow. 56

Du. Se. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you fir, I defire you of the like : I preffe in heere fir, amongft the reft of the Country copulatiues to fweare, and to forfweare, according as mariage binds and blood breakes : a poore virgin fir, an il-fauor'd thing fir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine fir, to take that that no man elfe will : rich honeftie dwels like a mi-fer fir, in a poore houfe, as your Pearle in your foule oy-fter. 65

Du. Se. By my faith, he is very fwift, and fententious.

Clo. According to the fooles bolt fir, and fuch dulcet difeafes. 69

56. *feuenth*] *the feventh* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe 61, 62. *binds...breakes*] *bids and blood*  
+, Coll. i, Dyce iii, Huds. *bids break* Warb. conj.  
59. *you of*] *of you* Han. Warb. 65. *foule*] Om. F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe i.

stone, I apprehend, means the lie seven times removed; *i. e.* 'the retort courteous,' which is *removed* seven times (counted backwards) from the *lie direct*, the last and most aggravated species of lie. See the subsequent note on line 72.

59. God'ild you] See III, iii, 69.

59. desire you of the like] See I, ii, 53

60. copulatiues] WRIGHT: Who desire to be joined in marriage. For the force of the termination *-ive* in Shakespeare see III, ii, 11.

61, 62. *swear* . . . *breakes*] HENLEY: A man, by the marriage ceremony, *swears* that he will keep only to his wife; when, therefore, he leaves her for another, *blood breaks* his matrimonial obligation, and he is *forsworn*. [It is a case of respect-ive construction; 'to swear' refers to 'marriage,' and 'to forswear' refers to 'blood.' Dyce or Schmidt will furnish many examples where 'blood' means temperament, passion.—ED.]

62. WEISS (p. 116): We see Touchstone's good sense, too, in the scene where he brings his wife into the Duke's company, with such an air of self-possession mixed with a pleased sense that she is his best joke at the punctilio of fashionable life.

64. *honestie*] Again used as Celia and Audrey have used it before.

67. *swift, and sententious*] CALDECOTT: Prompt and pithy.

68. *fooles*] Another variation in the old copies. The CAM. ED. here records *foles* in F<sub>2</sub>. In my copy it is *fooles*.—ED.

68, 69. *dulcet diseases*] JOHNSON: This I do not understand. For 'diseases' it is easy to read *discourses*; but perhaps the fault may lie deeper. CAPELL: 'Dulcet diseases' mean wits or witty people; so call'd because the times were infested with them; they and fools—that is, such fools as the speaker—being all their delight. STEEVENS: Perhaps he calls a proverb a *disease*. Proverbial sayings may appear to him the *surfeiting diseases* of conversation. They are often the plague of commenta-tors. Dr Farmer would read: 'in such dulcet diseases,' *i. e.* in the sweet uneasiness of love, a time when people usually talk nonsense. MALONE: Without staying to

*Iag.* But for the feuenth caufe. How did you finde 70  
the quarrell on the feuenth caufe?

*¶* *To.* Vpon a lye, feuen times remoued : (beare your 72

examine how far the position last advanced is founded on truth, I shall only add that I believe the text is right, and that this word is *capriciously* used for *sayings*, though neither in its primary nor figurative sense has it any relation to that word. In *The Mer. of Ven.* the Clown talks in the same style, but more intelligibly. M. MASON: For 'diseases' we should probably read *phrases*, unless we suppose that Shakespeare intended that the Clown should blunder; and Touchstone is not one of his blundering clowns. WRIGHT: The Clown only shares the fate of those, even in modern times, who use fine phrases without understanding them, and 'for a tricky word defy the matter.' WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 64): He is resuming his former speech; point, if the names be rightly prefixed to the characters: 'as your pearl in your foul oyster;—*Duke Sen.* By my faith, he is very swift and sententious. *Touchstone.* According to the fool's bolt, sir;—and such dulcet diseases—*Jaques.* But, for the seventh cause; how did you find,' &c. But I have scarcely any doubt that the parts ought to be disposed thus: '—and sententious. *Jaques.* According to the fool's bolt, sir. *Touchstone.* And such dulcet diseases,' &c. [TIESSIN (*Englische Studien*, II, ii, p. 454) conjectures that possibly Touchstone means to say 'dulcet *diesises*.' It is such fantastic tricks as this which, now and then, Germans will insist upon playing before high Shakespeare, that make the judicious English critic grieve, and stone his heart against all foreign meddling with the language of these plays. Schlegel omitted the phrase, having detected in it,—what no English commentator has detected,—something which, so he says, had better remain untranslated.—ED.]

72. *seuen times remoued*] MALONE: Touchstone here enumerates seven kinds of lies, from the 'Retort courteous' to the *seventh* and most aggravated species of lie which he calls the 'lie direct.' The courtier's answer to his intended affront he expressly tells us was 'the Retort courteous,' the *first* species of lie. When, therefore, he says that they *found the quarrel* was on 'the lie seven times removed,' we must understand by the latter word, the lie removed seven times, counting backwards (as the word *removed* seems to intimate,) from the last and most aggravated species of lie,—namely, 'the lie direct.' So, in *All's Well*: 'Who hath some four or five removes come short To tender it herself.' Again, in the play before us: 'Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling,' *i. e.* so *distant* from the haunts of men. When Touchstone and the courtier met, they found their quarrel *originated* in the *seventh cause*, *i. e.* on the *Retort courteous* or the lie *seven times removed*. In the course of their altercation *after* their meeting, Touchstone did not dare go further than the sixth species, (counting in regular progression from the first to the last,) the *lie circumstantial*; and the courtier was afraid to give him the *lie direct*; so they parted. In a subsequent enumeration of the degrees of a lie, Touchstone expressly names the *Retort courteous* as the *first*; calling it, therefore, here 'the *seventh cause*,' and 'the lie *seven times removed*,' he must mean *distant* seven times from the most offensive lie, the *lie direct*. There is certainly, therefore, no need of reading with Dr Johnson in a former passage: 'the quarrel was *not* in the seventh cause.' [It is, I am afraid, a waste of time to attempt to reconcile any discrepancy in Touchstone's category of lies and causes. There can be no doubt that his 'Lie circumstantial' was not the seventh cause, although the lie may have been seven times removed. One single, simple question will, I think, show Malone's fal-

bodie more seeming *Audry*) as thus fir : I did dislike the 73  
 cut of a certaine Courtiers beard : he sent me word, if I  
 said his beard was not cut well, hee was in the minde it 75  
 was : this is call'd the retort courteous. If I sent him  
 word againe, it was not well cut, he wold send me word 77

77. *not*] Om. F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe i.

lacy. If the Retort courteous be the seventh cause, as he says it is, what was the eighth cause or the ninth cause, for Touchstone had not exhausted the tale? We may count the 'lies' backwards, but the 'causes' forwards. And in that case Touchstone's computation of causes is wrong. Halliwell, however, makes him out to be right.—ED.] HALLIWELL: In Touchstone's calculation the quarrel really was, or rather depended upon, the *lie direct*, or the seventh cause. Six previous causes had passed without a duel; there were six modes of giving the lie, none of which had been considered sufficient to authorise a combat; but the seventh, the *lie direct*, would have been the subject of the quarrel, and this is also what is to be understood by a 'lie seven times removed.' The absurdity of the dispute just terminating before the necessity of fighting had arrived, and of there being two lies of higher intensity than the *countercheck quarrelsome* 'I lie,' is evidently intentional.

73. *seeming*] STEEVENS: That is, seemly. 'Seeming' is often used by Shakespeare for *becoming*, or *fairness of appearance*. [But 'seeming' is here used adverbially, and is not 'often' so found.—ED.] DANIEL (p. 38): No editor, I presume, would venture to alter 'seeming' in this phrase; but the following passages may suggest a doubt whether we have the right word: 'she, with pretty and with *swimming* gait.'—*Mid. N. D.* II, ii. 'Where be your ribbands, maids? *Swim* with your bodies, And carry it sweetly and deliverly.'—Beau. & Fl. *Two Noble Kins.* III, v. 'Carry your body *swimming*.'—Massinger, *The Bondman*, III, iii. 'Come hither, ladies, carry your bodies *swimming*.'—Massinger, *A Very Woman*, III, v. The following passage from Steele's *Tender Husband*, III, i, may be interesting as showing the sense in which the phrase was understood at a later period: 'Your arms do but hang on, and you move upon joints, not with a *swim* of the whole person.' ELZE (*Sh. Jahrbuch*, xi, 284): To the passages which Daniel has brought forward in support of his brilliant conjecture, another may be added which shows unmistakably that a 'swimming gait' was a fashion of the day. It is as follows: 'Carry your body in the *swimming fashion*.'—Chapman, *The Ball*, II, p. 494, ed. Shepherd.

73. *dislike*] STAUNTON: 'Dislike' here imports not merely the entertaining an aversion, but the expressing it; so in *Meas. for Meas.* I, ii, 18: 'I never heard any soldier *dislike* it.' Also in [the passage from] Beau. & Fl. *Queen of Corinth*, IV, i [quoted by Warburton]: 'has he familiarly Dislik'd your yellow starch? or said your doublet Was not exactly Frenchified?' [Dyce also gives this especial meaning of 'dislike' here. It escaped Schmidt. The rest of Warburton's quotation from *The Queen of Corinth*, p. 457, ed. Dyce, which was cited to illustrate, not this word 'dislike,' but Touchstone's degrees of a lie, is as follows: 'has he given the lie In circle, or oblique, or semi-circle, Or direct parallel? you must challenge him.' See also Jonson's *Alchemist*, p. 107, ed. Gifford, where the safety that lies in quarrels is estimated in half-circles, acute and blunt angles, &c., &c., and the whole subject is ridiculed.—ED.]

he cut it to please himselfe: this is call'd the quip modest. 78  
 If againe, it was not well cut, he disabled my iudgment:  
 this is called, the reply churlish. If againe it was not well 80  
 cut, he would answer I spake not true: this is call'd the  
 reproofe valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he wold  
 say, I lie: this is call'd the counter-checke quarrelsome;  
 and so ro lye circumstantiall, and the lye direct.

Iaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well 85  
 cut?

Clo. I durst go no further then the lye circumstantial:  
 nor he durst not giue me the lye direct: and so wee mea-  
 fur'd swords, and parted.

Iaq. Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of 90  
 the lye.

Clo. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the booke: as you 92

83. *I lie*] *I lied* Han. Cap. Glo. Dyce  
 iii, Coll. iii, Huds. Wright, Rife, Wh. ii.

84. *so ro*] *so the* Rowe+. *so to the*  
 Ff, Cap. et cet.

78. quip] WRIGHT: Cotgrave explains 'Sobriquet' as 'A surname; also, a nick-name, or byword; and a quip or cut giuen, a mocke or flowt bestowed, a ieast broken on a man.' . . . Another form of the word is *quib*, which is found in Coles's *Dict.*, and in Webster it is given on the authority of Tennyson in a quotation from *The Death of the Old Year*, l. 29. I have, however, been unable to find it in any English edition. [And I in any American.—ED.]

79. disabled] See IV, i, 34: 'disable all the benefits,' &c.

83. lie] Hanmer's change is as good as it is trifling.

92. booke] THEOBALD: The boisterous Gallants in Queen Elizabeth's reign did not content themselves with practising at the Sword in the Schools, but they studied the Theory of the Art, the Grounding of Quarrels, and the Process of Challenging, from Lewis de Caranza's *Treatise of Fencing*, Vincentio Saviola's *Practise of the Rapier and Dagger*, and Giacomo di Grassi's *Art of Defence*. WARBURTON: The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatise of one Vincentio Saviolo, 1594. [Only the Second Book is dated 1594; the First is 1595, but as, in *The Epistle Dedicatorie*, the Earl of Essex is requested to accept this book as 'a new yeeres gifte,' both books were probably struck off in 1594, and the latest possible date given only to the First. It is from the First Book that we learn the use of the terms that Mercutio ridicules, 'the immortal passado! the punto reverso!' &c. The Second Book treats 'Of Honor and Honorable Quarrels,' and these are the 'quarrels in print' to which it is supposed Touchstone alludes; in especial there is 'A Discourse most necessarie for all Gentlemen that haue in regardè their honors touching the giuing and receiuing of the Lie, wherevpon the Duello & the Combats in diuers sortes doth insue, & many other inconueniences, for lacke only of the true knowledge of honor, and the contrarie: & the right vnderstanding of wordes, which heere is plainly set downe.' Whereupon, to guard us from these 'inconueniences' and impart to us 'a right understanding of wordes,' Saviolo proceeds to discourse 'Of the manner

[we quarrel in print, by the booke]

and diuersitie of Lies.' First comes 'Of lies certaine'; this was supposed by Warburton to correspond to Touchstone's 'lie direct,' but erroneously, I think. For a 'lie certain' it is requisite 'that the cause whereupon it is giuen, be particularie specified and declared.' It is the quality of the lie, not the terms of the answer, which must be 'certaine.' Then comes 'Of conditionall Lyes.' Here Warburton was nearer right in finding a correspondence to Touchstone's 'lie circumstantial.' 'Conditionall lyes,' says Saviolo, 'be such as are giuen conditionally: as if a man should saie or write these woordes, If thou hast saide that I haue offered my Lord abuse, thou lyeest: or if thou saiest so heerafter, thou shalt lye. And as often as thou hast or shalt so say, so oft do I and will I say that thou doest lye. Of these kinde of lyes giuen in this manner, often arise much contention in words, and diuers intricate worthy [*sic*] battailes, multiplying wordes vpon wordes whereof no sure conclusion can arise.' 'By which he means,' says Warburton, 'they cannot proceed to cut one another's throats, while there is an IF between. Which is the reason of Shakespeare's making the Clown say "I know seven justices," &c.' Saviolo, however, utterly disapproved of conditionall lies, of which the issue is always doubtful. 'Therefore,' he pluckily concludes, 'not to fall into any error, all such as haue any regarde of their honor or credit, ought by all meanes possible to shunne all conditionall lyes, neuer geuing anie other but certayne Lyes: the which in like manner they ought to haue great regarde, that they giue them not, vnless they be by some sure means infallibly assured, that they giue them rightly, to the ende that the parties vnto whome they be giuen, may be forced without further Ifs and Ands, either to deny or iustifie, that which they haue spoken.' Then follow short chapters, 'Of the Lye in generall,' 'Of the Lye in particular,' 'Of foolish Lyes,' and finally, 'A Conclusion touching the Challenger and the Defender, and of the wresting and returning back of the lye, or Dementie.' Warburton cites this last chapter thus: 'A conclusion touching the wresting or returning back of the lye,' and thereupon interprets it, 'or the countercheck quarrelsome,'—a quotation as unfairly stated as its interpretation is unwarranted; the contents of the chapter are clearly defined by its title, and have nothing whatever to do with 'quarrelsome counterchecks.' (It is not needless thus to criticise Warburton; he has been blindly followed by more than one editor.) Who will refuse a sympathetic response to Saviolo's pious sigh of relief as he concludes the whole matter? 'And so (God be thanked) we finde that almost we haue dispatched this matter, no lesse vnease (as it is sayd before) to be handled & vnderstood, than necessary to be known of all caualiers and Gentlemen.' It is doubtful if too much importance has not been attached to this book of Saviolo. Its connection with Touchstone's speech is really very slight; there is in it nothing of the enumeration of causes, and there can be scarcely a doubt that the names for the 'degrees' are wholly Shakespeare's own. There is, however, another book wherein the 'causes' of quarrels, to judge by its title, are expressly mentioned, and it, rather than Saviolo, would seem to be the 'booke' referred to by Touchstone, if he referred to any special book at all. Its title runs: *The Booke of Honor and Armes, wherein is discoursed the Causes of Quarrell, and the nature of Iniuries, with their Repulses*, &c. 4to, 1590. In all likelihood this volume was well sifted by Malone, and the following is apparently the only extract which he found germane to Touchstone's speech: 'Another way to procure satisfaction is, that hee who geve the lie, shall say or write unto the partie belied to this effect: I pray you advertise me by this bearer, with what intent you spake those words of injurie whereupon I gave you the lie. The other will answere, I spake them in choller, or with no meaning to offend you. Thereunto

haue bookes for good manners : I will name you the de- 93  
grees. The first, the Retort courteous : the second, the  
Quip-modeft : the third, the reply Churlish : the fourth, 95  
the Reproofe valiant : the fift, the Counterchecke quar-  
rellsome : the fixt, the Lye with circumstance : the fea-  
uenth, the Lye direct : all these you may auoyd, but the  
Lye direct : and you may auoide that too, with an If. I  
knew when feuen Iuftices could not take vp a Quarrell, 100  
but when the parties were met themfelues, one of them  
thought but of an If; as if you faide fo, then I faide fo :  
and they fhooke hands, and swore brothers. Your If, is  
the onely peace-maker : much vertue in if.

*Iaq.* Is not this a rare fellow my Lord ? He's as good 105  
at any thing, and yet a foole.

*Du. Se.* He vses his folly like a stalking-horse, and vn-  
der the presentation of that he shoots his wit. 108

96, 97. *fift...fixt*] *F.*, *fifth...sixth*

105. *as*] *Om.* Rowe+, Steev.'85.

*F.*<sub>3</sub>*F.*<sub>4</sub>

108. Scene VII. Pope+.

100. *take*] *make* Quincy (MS).

may be answered by him again that gave the lie thus : If your words were said onlie in anger and no intent to challenge me, then I do assure you that my lie given shall not burthen you, for I acknowledge you to be a true speaker and a gentleman of good reputation : wherefore my desire is that the speech passed between us may be forgotten. This mode of pacification may serve in many cases, and at sundrie occasions. Sorry enough, as far as yielding hints for Touchstone's speech is concerned ; it is not even as fruitful as Saviolo's *Practise*, for all the promise of its title. Wherefore I do greatly doubt if any particular book was hinted at by Shakespeare, or that there was any one book in that day which was so widely known that Shakespeare's promiscuous audience would have instantly recognised the allusion. The very essence of a popular allusion is that what is alluded to, should be popular.—ED.]

93. bookes for good manners] FURNIVALL has edited for the *Early English Text Society*, 1868, many of these 'books of manners,' including Hugh Rhodes's *Boke of Nurture*, mentioned by Steevens. It is an invaluable compilation, enriched with exhaustive Prefaces. Again, for the same *Society* in the same year the same Editor reprinted Caxton's *Book of Curtesye*.—ED. WRIGHT: These 'books' are like 'the card or calendar of gentry' to which Osric compares Laertes, evidently in allusion to the title of some such book.

102. *as*] WALKER (*Crit.* i, 129) cites this as an instance of the use of *as* in the sense of *to wit*. Compare Jaques's Seven Ages : 'As first, the infant,' &c.

103. swore brothers] ROLFE: Like the *fratres jurati*, who took an oath to share each other's fortunes.

107. stalking-horse] STEEVENS (note on *Much Ado*, II, iii, 95) : A horse, either real or fictitious, by which the fowler anciently sheltered himself from the sight of the game. So in the 25th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* : 'One undermineth his horse to

*Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.*

*Still Musicke.*

110

Hymen. *Then is there mirth in heauen,  
When earthly things made eauen  
attone together.*

113

109. Rosalind] Rosalind in Woman's      their proper Dress. Ros. led by a Per  
Cloths. Rowe. Rosalind and Celia in      son presenting Hymen. Cap.  
113 attone] *atone* Rowe.

get a shoot doth stalk.' REED: Again in *New Shreds of the Old Snare*, 1624, by John Gee: 'Methinks I behold the cunning fowler, such as I have knowne in the fenne countries and els-where, that doe shoot at woodcockes, snipes, and wilde fowle, by sneaking behind a painted cloth which they carrey before them, having pictured in it the shape of a horse; which while the silly fowle gazeth on, it is knockt down with hale shot, and so put in the fowler's budget.'

108. presentation] SCHMIDT: Show (deceptions), semblance.

109. Hymen] JOHNSON: Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aërial being in the character of Hymen. CAPELL: The following masque-like eclarcissement, which is wholly of the Poet's invention, may pass for another small mark of the time of this play's writing: for precisely in those years that have been mentioned in former notes [1604 and 1607] the foolery of masques was predominant; and the torrent of fashion bore down Shakespeare, in this play and the *Tempest*, and a little in *Timon* and *Cymbeline*. But he is not answerable for one absurdity in the conduct of this masque, that must lye at his editor's doors; who, by bringing in Hymen in *propria persona*, make Rosalind a magician indeed; whereas all her conjuration consisted—in fitting up one of the foresters to personate that deity, and in putting proper words in his mouth. [See Text. Notes.] If, in representing this masque, Hymen had some Loves in his train, the performance would seem the more rational; they are certainly wanted for what is intitl'd the *Song*; and the other musical business, beginning: 'Then is there mirth,' &c. would come with greater propriety from them, though editions bestow it on Hymen. STEEVENS: In all the allegorical shows exhibited at ancient weddings, *Hymen* was a constant personage. Ben Jonson, in his *Hymenai, or the Solemnities of Masque and Barriers*, has left instructions how to dress this favorite character: 'On the other hand, entered *Hymen*, the god of marriage, in a saffron coloured robe, his under vestures white, his socks yellow, a yellow veile of silke on his left arme, his head crowned with roses and marjoram, in his right hand a torch of pine-tree.'

110. Still Musicke] STAUNTON: That is, *soft, low, gentle* music: 'then calling softly to the gentlemen who were witnesses about him, he bade them that they should command some *still* musicke to sound.'—*A Patterne of the painefull Adventures of Pericles, prince of Tyre*, 1608. Again: 'After which ensued a *still* noyse of recorders and flutes.'—*A true reportarie . . of the Baptisme of . . Prince Frederik Henry*, &c., 1594.

113. attone] SKEAT: To set at one; to reconcile. Made up of the two words *at* and *one*; so that *atone* means to 'set at one.' This was a clumsy expedient, so much so as to make the etymology look doubtful; but it can be clearly traced, and there need be no hesitation about it. The interesting point is that the old pronunciation of Middle English *oon* (now written *one*, and corrupted in pronunciation to *wan*) is here



*Good Duke receiue thy daughter,*  
*Hymen from Heauen brought her,* 115  
*Yea brought her hether.*  
*That thou mightst ioyn his hand with his,*  
*Whose heart within his bosome is.* 118

116. hether] F<sub>2</sub>. hither F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

117. his hand] F<sub>2</sub>, Cald. Hal. her  
hand F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub> et cet.

118. his bosome] *her bosom* Mal. Steev.  
'93, Knt, Coll. Sing. Wh. i, Dyce, Ktly,  
Huds. Rife.

exactly preserved; and there are at least two other similar instances, viz. in *alone* (from Mid. Eng. *al*, all, and *one*), and *only* (Mid. Eng. *oonly*), etymologically *one-ly* [frequently spelled *onely* in the Folio.—Ed.], but never pronounced *wunly* in the standard speech. In *anon*, lit. 'on one,' the *-on* is pronounced as the preposition 'on,' never as *anwun*. The use of *atone* arose from the frequent use of Mid. Engl. *at oon* (also written *at on*) in the phrases 'to be at oon' = to agree, and 'set at oon,' i. e. to set at one, to make to agree, to reconcile. [Hereupon Skeat traces the phrase from Robert of Gloucester to Dryden.] WRIGHT: The verb 'atone' does not occur in the Authorised Version, but we have there, in *Acts* vii, 26; *a Macc.* i, 5, the phrases 'to set at one' in the sense of 'to reconcile,' and 'to be at one' in the sense of 'to be reconciled,' from which both are derived. . . . The spelling of the Folio has given occasion to the conjectural emendation *attune*.

117, 118. his hand . . . his bosome] MALONE reads '*her* hand' and '*her* bosom'; he followed the Third and Fourth Folios in reading '*her* hand'; but in reading '*her* bosom' the change was his own. Of the text (which is his, and not Shakespeare's) he gives the following paraphrase: "That thou might'st join her hand with the hand of him whose heart is lodged in her bosom," i. e. whose affection she already possesses. COLLIER (adopting Malone's text) says 'his' is evidently wrong in both instances; 'the error was, no doubt, produced by the not infrequent custom at that date of spelling "*her*," *hir*, which misled the compositor.' *Her* is also the correction of Collier's (MS). WALKER (if I understand him aright) also (*Crit.* i, 317) approves of Malone's text.

On the other hand, CALDECOTT adheres to the Folio, reading 'his' in both places, with the following note: Before our attention had been directed to the variance between the old copies and modern editions, we had conceived that our author had repeatedly used the masculine pronoun in reference to the previously assumed character, and 'doublet and hose' dress of Rosalind; but it seems now, from this as well as other considerations, that her dress could not have been altered. The Duke, her father, who did not now know or suspect who she was (although he had just before said 'he remembered some lively touches of his daughter in this shepherd-boy'), must, one would think, have at once recognised her in a female dress; and she must also have delivered the epilogue in a male habit, or she could hardly have used the expression 'if I were a woman.' That the text is correct there may be much doubt. The introduction of the words 'in women's clothes' in the modern editions, was probably in consequence of stage practice. [It is not easy to see what leads Caldecott to suppose that the Duke fails to recognise his daughter; he quite forgets, too, that when Rosalind in the Epilogue says 'if I were a woman,' it was the boy-actor who spoke. There can be no doubt that from Rowe's times to the present Rosalind here appears in woman's clothes'; and it is clear, I think, that Phebe would not at once have

*Rof.* To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours.  
 To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours. 120  
*Du. Se.* If there be truth in fight, you are my daughter.  
*Orl.* If there be truth in fight, you are my *Rosalind*.  
*Phe.* If fight & shape be true, why then my loue adieu  
*Rof.* Ile haue no Father, if you be not he :  
 Ile haue no Husband, if you be not he : 125  
 Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not shee.  
*Hy.* Peace hoa : I barre confusion,  
 'Tis I must make conclusion  
 Of these most strange euent :  
 Here's eight that must take hands, 130  
 To ioyne in *Hymens* bands,

119. [To the Duke] Rowe et seq.

120. *To you* Or. *To you* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

[To Orl.] Rowe et seq.

122. *fight* *shape* Johns. conj. Dyce

iii, Coll. iii, Huds.

123. Two lines, Pope et seq.

124. [To the Duke] Johns. et seq

125. [To Orl.] Johns. et seq.

126. [To Phe.] Johns. et seq.

renounced her if she had not. The stage-directions in Rowe are to be accepted with the respect due to the directions which most probably governed the stage of Shakespeare himself. At the same time it may be permitted to doubt whether the change to woman's dress has anything to do with a change of 'his' to *her*. It is by no means certain that when we adopt '*her* hand' and '*her* bosom' we are following Shakespeare; but our leader may be the admirable, though prosaic, Malone. It is conceivable that the text as we have it is just as it should be. First, on that sound, healthy principle, too often neglected now-a-days, of *durior lectio*, &c.; and, secondly, since Orlando had wooed his love as a boy, nay, even been married to her as a boy, and had even in very truth once 'joined his hand to his,' it is not, I think, over-refinement to suppose that the 'mirth in heaven' here prompts this allusion to the past, and by the use of 'his' we are reminded that though we have Rosalind before us, we are not to forget Ganymede.—ED.]

122. sight] JOHNSON: The answer of Phebe makes it probable that Orlando says: 'If there be truth in *shape*,' that is, 'if a form may be trusted'; if one cannot usurp the form of another. WALKER (*Crit.* i, 306): Read *shape*, to which Phebe evidently refers. *Shape* is *dress*; see Gifford's Massinger [*The Emperor of the East*, III, iv, p. 294, where the word unquestionably means, as Gifford says, *dress*. Pulcheria says to Eudocia, whom she had previously caused to be gorgeously clad in order to win her brother's heart: 'When, . . . The garments of thy sorrows cast aside, I put thee in a *shape* as would have forced Envy from Cleopatra, had she seen thee.' It was the dress, and the dress alone, that made the difference to Orlando between his Rosalind and his Ganymede. I yield to Johnson and to Walker as did the conservative Dyce in his last edition. WRIGHT, however, does not accept *shape* in this sense: he adheres to the Folio. 'Rosalind's woman's shape,' he explains, was more fatal to Phebe's hopes than the mere fact of her identity, whereas her identity was everything to Orlando.'—ED.]

If truth holds true contents. 132  
 You and you, no crosse shall part;  
 You and you, are hart in hart:  
 You, to his loue must accord, 135  
 Or haue a Woman to your Lord.  
 You and you, are sure together,  
 As the Winter to fowle Weather:  
 Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we sing,  
 Feede your felues with questioning: 140  
 That reason, wonder may diminish  
 How thus we met, and these things finish.

*Song.*

*Wedding is great Iunos crowne,  
 O blessed bond of boord and bed: 145  
 'Tis Hymen peoples euerie towne,  
 High wedlock then be honored:  
 Honor, high honor and renowne  
 To Hymen, God of euerie Towne.*

*Du. Se.* O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me, 150

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 133. <i>and you]</i> <i>and and you F.</i> | 136. [To Phe.] Johns.                                |
| [To Orl. and Ros.] Johns. et               | 138. [To the Clo. and Aud.] Johns.                   |
| seq.                                       | 142. <i>these things]</i> <i>thus we</i> Coll. (MS). |
| 134. [To Oli. and Cel.] Johns              | 149. of euerie] <i>in every</i> Coll. (MS).          |

132. contents] JOHNSON: That is, if there be *truth in truth*, unless truth fails of veracity. WRIGHT: This appears to be the only sense of which the poor phrase is capable. [It is merely a strong asseveration, stronger, perhaps (since there is no contradiction), than the occasion demands; but then, what of that? Hymen is *always* a little incomprehensible. Isabel, in *Meas. for Meas.*, says: '*truth is truth* to the end of reckoning.'—ED.]

136. to your Lord] Compare *Matthew*, iii, 9: 'We have Abraham to our father.'

137. sure] SCHMIDT: That is, indissolubly united, betrothed.

140. questioning] STEEVENS: Though Shakespeare frequently uses 'question' for *conversation*, in the present instance 'questioning' may have its common and obvious signification. [See III, ii, 360.]

143. Song] WHITE: Both the thought and the form of the thought in this 'Song' seem to me as unlike Shakespeare's as they could well be, and no less unworthy of his genius; and for the same reasons I think it not improbable that the whole of Hymen's part is from another pen than his. ROLFE: We are inclined to agree with White; and it may be noted also that lines 127-149 make an awkward break in the dialogue, which would run along very naturally without them.

147. This should be punctuated, I think, if necessary, 'High, wedlock then, be honored,' to indicate, at a glance the word which 'High' qualifies.—ED.

Euen daughter welcome, in no leffe degree.

151

*Phe.* I wil not eate my word, now thou art mine,  
Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine.

*Enter Second Brother.*

2. *Bro.* Let me haue audience for a word or two:

155

I am the second sonne of old *Sir Rowland*,  
That bring these tidings to this faire assembly.

*Duke Frederick* hearing how that euerie day

Men of great worth reforted to this forreft,

Addrest a mightie power, which were on foote

160

In his owne conduct, purposely to take

His brother heere, and put him to the sword :

And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came ;

Where, meeting with an old Religious man,

164

151. *daughter welcome*,] F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *daugh-*  
*ter, welcome*, F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe, Pope, Cam. Rife,  
Wh. ii. *daughter-welcome*, Theob. Warb.  
Johns. Dyce iii, Huds. *daughter, wel-*  
*come* Han. Cap. Steev. Mal. Cald. Knt,  
Coll. i, ii, Sing. Wh. i, Dyce i, Sta. Ktly.  
*daughter,—welcome*, Coll. iii. *as a*

*daughter* Cartwright.

152. [To Sil.] Coll.

154. Scene VIII. Pope +.

Enter...] Enter Jaques de Boyes.

Rowe.

155. 2. *Bro.*] Jaq. de B. Rowe. de B.  
Cap.

151. *daughter welcome*] WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 64): Read 'daughter-welcome'; as welcome as a daughter. [Anticipated by Theobald. See Text. Notes.] DOWDEN (*The Academy*, 19 Jan. 1884): Is not Shakespeare at his old trick of blundering about *no less*, and does he not mean 'Even a daughter is welcome in no higher degree than you, my niece?' LITTLEDALE (*The Academy*, 26 Jan. 1884): Surely there is no need to explain 'no less' as a mere blunder for *no higher*. A comma after 'daughter' (and even so much is not essential) yields the natural sense: 'O my dear niece . . . nay, my daughter, welcome, in no less (or lower) degree *than that of daughter*, not in the more distant relation of niece.' ALLEN (MS): That is, I address you, not as *niece* merely, but as *daughter*, since thou art welcome in no less degree than daughter.

153. *combine*] STEEVENS: That is, to bind; as in *Meas. for Meas.* IV, iii, 149: 'I am combined by a sacred vow.'

154. *Second Brother*] COLLIER: He is thus called to avoid confusion with the 'melancholy Jaques.' [The 'confusion' could arise only in print, and could not last long even there; he says at once that he is old Sir Rowland's second son.—ED.]

160. *Addrest*] CALDECOTT: Prepared. WHITE: At this day and in this country it is perhaps necessary to point out that Jaques de Bois means that Duke Frederick made ready a mighty power, not that he made a speech to them.

164. *old Religious man*] FRANÇOIS-VICTOR HUGO (p. 58): Sous le froc vénérable du solitaire, c'est la nature elle-même qui s'est révélée à Frédéric. -C'est la nature qui l'a arrêté au passage et qui, par cette voix sainte, lui a crié: Tyran, tyran, pourquoi me persécutes-tu? Le duc est entré dans la forêt par la route de Damas.

After some question with him, was conuerted 165  
 Both from his enterprize, and from the world :  
 His crowne bequeathing to his banish'd Brother  
 And all their Lands restor'd to him againe  
 That were with him exil'd. This to be true,  
 I do engage my life. 170

*Du. Se.* Welcome yong man :  
 Thour offer'ft fairely to thy brothers wedding :  
 To one his lands with-held, and to the other  
 A land it selfe at large, a potent Dukedome.  
 Firft, in this Forrest, let vs do those ends 175  
 That heere vvete well begun, and wel begot :  
 And after, euery of this happie number  
 That haue endur'd shrew'd daies, and nights with vs, 178

168. *to him*] Ff, Coll. i. *to them* Rowe Cald. *brother's* F<sub>4</sub>, Rowe ii, Pope, Theob.  
 et cet. Warb. Johns. Mal. Coll. iii, Wh. ii,

169. *to be*] *to prove* Abbott, so quoted, *brothers'* Cap. et cet.

§ 354. 176. *vvete*] *were* Ff.

172. *brothers*] F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>, Rowe i, Han.

Un rayon d'en haut a percé la nue, et, éclairé par cette clarté divine, le despote a reconnu toute l'horreur de son despotisme. Le bourreau du droit en est devenu l'apôtre. Il s'est prosterné devant les vérités qu'il venait combattre. Usurpateur, il a renié l'usurpation : porte-sceptre, il s'est défait de la couronne ; homme de guerre, il a mis bas les armes ; porte-glaive, il a rendu son épée à la nature anachorète et il s'est constitué prisonnier du désert.

168. *to him*] COLLIER in his first edition retained this obvious misprint, on the ground that the converted Duke restores to the banished Duke all the lands of those who were exiles with him, in order that the latter might afterwards restore these lands to their former owners. 'The Duke,' he says, 'afterwards tells his nobles [line 180] that he will give them back their estates.' DYCE, however, points out (*Remarks*, p. 64) that Collier mistook the meaning of line 180, where 'states' does not mean *estates*, but that the line means, 'all my faithful followers shall receive such rewards as suit their various stations.' Collier afterwards followed his (MS) corrector, who followed Rowe. WHITE thinks it conclusive that 'him' is a misprint because of the verb 'were' in the next line. It is not impossible to suppose that the nominative to 'were' is contained in 'their.'—ED.

168. all . . . restored] WRIGHT: This may be grammatically explained either by regarding it as a continuation of the sentence in line 165, 'was converted,' the intervening line being parenthetical; or by supposing an ellipsis of *were*, 'all their lands were restored'; or, which seems best, as an independent participial clause, 'all their lands being restored.'

169. This to be true] See Abbott, § 354, for instances of a 'noun and infinitive used as subject or object.'

177. euery] For other examples of 'every' used as a pronoun, see Abbott, § 12.

178. shrew'd] 'The air,' Hamlet says, 'bites shrewdly, it is very cold.' This

Shal share the good of our returned fortune,  
According to the measure of their states. 180

Meane time, forget this new-falne dignitie,  
And fall into our Rusticke Reuelrie:  
Play Musicke, and you Brides and Bride-groomes all,  
With measure heap'd in ioy, to'th Measures fall.

*Iaq.* Sir, by your patience : if I heard you rightly, 185  
The Duke hath put on a Religious life,  
And throwne into neglect the pompous Court.

*2. Bro.* He hath.

*Iaq.* To him will I : out of these conuertites,  
There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd : 190  
you to your former Honor, I bequeath

179. *share*] F<sub>1</sub>. *have* Walker, so quoted, *Vers.* 40.

180. *states*] '*states* Coll.

191. [To the Duke] Rowe.

*bequeath*] *bequeath*; F<sub>2</sub>. *bequeath*, Rowe.

allusion to 'shrewd days and nights,' here in the last words of the Duke, recalls to us the first, when he could smile at the churlish chiding of the winter's wind.—ED.

180. *states*] WHITE: That is, of course, their *estates*. Dyce would read '*states*,' *i. e.* conditions. DYCE (ed. iii): I certainly do read '*states*,' but as certainly I understand that reading to mean *estates*. Can Grant White for a moment suppose that when Theobald, Hanmer, Capell, Malone, Staunton, &c. printed (and rightly), as I do, '*states*,' without a mark of elision, they understood it to mean *conditions*? [See line 168.]

185. Sir] CAPELL: To the duke; putting himself, without ceremony, between him and de Boys, and then addressing the latter: and the subject of this address is the most admirable expedient for Jaques to make his exit in character that ever human wit could have hit upon; nor can the drama afford an example in which Horace's *servetur ad imum* has been better observ'd than in this instance.

187. *pompous*] Of course, in its original true meaning, full of pomp.

189. *conuertites*] Cotgrave: Covers [a misprint for *Convers*]: vn con. A conuertite; one that hath turned to the Faith; or is woon vnto religious profession; or hath abandoned a loose, to follow a godlie, a vicious to lead a vertuous, life.

191. *you to your . . . Honor*] That this apparent inversion, whereby the Duke is bequeathed to his crown, puzzled the compositors, is clear from the punctuation, revealing, as it does, their attempts to grapple with the meaning. The compositor of the Second Folio was more successful, and has been universally followed. Schmidt, in the closing pages of his *Lexicon* (p. 1424), has given a list of passages, of which the present is one, where he says, 'the whole relation of ideas is inverted.' It is likely that he is correct in thus interpreting the present passage. It is, however, not impossible that the inversion is here intentional. There may be a covert, cynical intimation to the Duke that his crown is more substantial than he, that he is a mere chattel to be passed by bequest; and, therefore, Jaques so phrases it that instead of bequeathing a legacy to a legatee he bequeaths a legatee to a legacy.—ED.

191. *bequeath*] WRIGHT: Loosely used in the sense of 'leave,' as above, line

your patience, and your vertue, well deferues it. 192  
 you to a loue, that your true faith doth merit :  
 you to your land, and loue, and great allies :  
 you to a long, and well-deferued bed : 195  
 And you to wrangling, for thy louing voyage  
 Is but for two moneths victuall'd : So to your pleasures,  
 I am for other, then for dancing measures.

*Du. Se.* Stay, *Jaques*, stay.

*Iaq.* To see no pastime, I : what you would haue, 200  
 Ile stay to know, at your abandon'd caue. *Exit.*

192. *deferues*] *deserve* Pope+, Coll.  
 Dyce iii, Huds.

193. [To *Orl.*] Rowe.

194. [To *Orl.*] Rowe.

195. [To *Sil.*] Rowe.

196. [To the Clown] Rowe.

197. *moneths*] *months* F<sub>4</sub>.

167. Properly, like the A. S. *becwœpan*, it signifies only to give by will, and is applied to personal property. This passage is not quoted by those who insist upon Shakespeare's intimate technical knowledge of law. [But we must remember that Jaques was about to join the Duke, who by 'putting on a religious life' became dead to the world. By the use of this very word 'bequeath' Jaques intimates to us that he too will become the same.—ED.]

192. *deserues*] For this singular after two nominatives, see Abbott, § 336, if necessary; or Shakespeare, *passim*.

201. STEEVENS: Amid this general festivity, the reader may be sorry to take his leave of Jaques, who appears to have no share in it, and remains behind unreconciled to society. He has, however, filled with a gloomy sensibility the space allotted to him in the play, and to the last preserves that respect which is due to him as a consistent character and an amiable, though solitary, moralist. It may be observed, with scarce less concern, that Shakespeare has, on this occasion, forgot old Adam, the servant of Orlando, whose fidelity should have entitled him to notice at the end of the piece, as well as to that happiness which he would naturally have found, in the return of fortune to his master. FARMER: It is the more remarkable that old Adam is forgotten; since, at the end of the novel, Lodge makes him 'captaine of the king's guard.' [Or, in other words, William Shakespeare was not Thomas Lodge.—ED.] MAGINN (p. 90): Whether he would or not, Jaques departs from the stage with the grace and easy elegance of a gentleman in heart and manners. He joins his old antagonist, the usurping Duke, in his fallen fortunes; he had spurned him in his prosperity; his restored friend he bequeaths to his former honour, deserved by his patience and his virtue,—he compliments Oliver on his restoration to his land, and love, and great allies,—wishes Silvius joy of his long-sought and well-earned marriage,—cracks upon Touchstone one of those good-humoured jests to which men of the world on the eve of marriage must laughingly submit,—and makes his bow. MOBERLY: It is remarkable that Jaques himself had been convicted by the Duke of being a 'convertite,' whose new-born morality was not likely to do much good to the world. Thus, therefore, he ends as he began; learning from profligacy, and cherishing as if it were wisdom, that contempt of mankind and their affairs which came to Hamlet only through misery, and was hated by him as a fresh misery. He has failed to learn the

*Du. Se.* Proceed, proceed : wee'l begin these rights, 202  
As we do trust, they'l end in true delights. *Exit*

*Ref.* It is not the fashion to see the Ladie the Epi-  
logue : but it is no more vnhandsome, then to see the 205  
Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs  
no bush, 'tis true, that a good play needes no Epilogue. 207

202. *wee'l*] Wh. i. *we will* Ff et cet.  
*rights*] Ff. *rites* Rowe.

203. *trust, they'l end*] *trust they'll*  
*end*, Pope.

203. *As*] *And* Var. '03, '13, '21, Cald.  
Knt.

*Exit*] Om. Ff et seq. A Dance.  
Cap.

203. Epilogue. Theob. ii.

lessons either of prosperity or of adversity; has, to the last, eyes for nothing but the meanness of human nature; and is, to the last, the type of the man characterised in Bacon's striking sentence : 'He that is prudent may seek to have a desire; for he, who does not strive after something with eagerness finds everything burdensome and tedious.'

203. *As*] In Reed's Variorum of 1803 this appears as *And*. It is probably a mere misprint, but its vitality is surprising.—ED.

203. *Exit*] COLLIER: The universal modern stage-direction here [see Text. Notes] is 'a dance,' which probably followed the Duke's speech. . . . There seems no sufficient reason why the Duke should go out before the conclusion of the Epilogue—nevertheless, according to the custom of our old stage, he may have done so. [Apparently, he did not do it in 1632. See Text. Notes.—ED.] WHITE: It appears that this 'Exit' is an accidental repetition of that intended for Jaques just above.

204. *not the fashion*] G. S. B. (*The Prologue and Epilogue*, &c. p. 13): The dramatists of the early age of our drama did not begin (habitually, at least) to assign their Prologues and Epilogues to the characters of the play so soon as we should suppose from the instances of such a practice which we find in *As You Like It*, *The Tempest*, and in several other plays of Shakespeare. Some contemporaries of Shakespeare, no doubt, adopted the practice; but, though by the time of Congreve and Wycherley, and even of Dryden, it had become usual, it was rather the exception than the rule in the sixteenth century. . . . The next decided novelty, as regards the character of the person deputed to speak the Prologue, was introduced in 1609, when a female character (not a woman, of course, as women had not begun to act at this time, but a boy-actor personating a female) spoke the Prologue to *Every Woman in her Humour*. The stage-directions are: 'Enter Flavia, as a Prologue'; and, having entered, she says, 'Gentles of both sexes, and of all sorts, I am sent to bid ye welcome. I am but instead of a Prologue, for a she-Prologue is as rare as a usurer's alms.' So also Rosalind feels bound to justify what was not yet an established usage. . . . Not long after the introduction of Killigrew's and D'Avenant's actresses at the Restoration, we find women, instead of boys, in female characters, speaking both Prologues and Epilogues. Nell Gwynne, Mrs Mountford, and Mrs Bracegirdle became particularly noted for their art in this respect, and one or other of them was often selected for the purpose by Dryden and his fellow-dramatists.

207. *bush*] STEEVENS: It appears formerly to have been the custom to hang a tuft of ivy at the door of a vintner. I suppose ivy was chosen rather than any other plant, as it has relation to Bacchus. So in Gascoigne's *Glass of Government*, 1575:



Yet to good wine they do vse good bufhes : and good 208  
 playes proue the better by the helpe of good Epilogues:  
 What a cafe am I in then, that am neither a good Epi- 210

'Now a days the good wyne needeth none ivye garland.' Again in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600: Green ivy-bushes at the vintners' doors. RITSON: The practice is still observed in Warwickshire and the adjoining counties at statute-hirings, wakes, &c. by people who sell ale at no other time. HALLIWELL: Chaucer alludes to the bush, and its customary position appended to an ale-stake or sign-post, when he speaks of 'A garland hadde he sette upon his hede As gret as it were for an alestake.'—*Prologue*, 668. [The allusions to this custom are endless.—ED.] H. C. HART (*Sh. Soc. Trans.* 1877-9, Part iii, p. 461): Holly and ivy would no doubt, from their freshness and greenness, have been used from the earliest period as symbols of rejoicing; but in reference to wine, ivy bears a further meaning, without a knowledge of which the real force of the proverb is, I believe, lost. This may be proved from abundant sources, but the following will suffice: 'In their feasting, they would sometimes separate the water from the wine that was therewith mixed, as Cato teacheth "de re rustica" (c. 3), and Pliny (l. 16, c. 35) with an ivie cup would wash the wine in a bason full of water, then take it out again with a funnel pure as ever.'—*Rabelais*, Bk. i, ch. 24, Ozell's Trans. And again, 'after that; how would you part the water from the wine and purify them both in that case? I understand you well enough, your meaning is that I must do it with an Ivy Funnel.'—*Ib.* Bk. iii, ch. 52. And Gervase Markham: 'If it came to pass that wine have water in it, and that we find it to be so, . . . cause a vessel of ivie wood to be made, and put therein such quantitie of wine as it will hold, the water will come forth presently, and the wine will abide pure and neate.'—*The Countrie Farme*, Bk. vi, ch. 16. Hence the meaning of the proverb would appear to be that good (that is to say, pure or neat) wine would not, like diluted wine, require ivy to make it drinkable; otherwise the saying means no more than that humanity has wit enough to find its way to a good thing without being directed, which is neither a very pointed, nor yet a very true, remark. But that this was the meaning of the proverb we are not without actual proof, thus: 'The common saying is, that an ivie bush is hanged at the Taverne-dore to declare the wine within; But the nice searchers of curious questions affirme this the secret cause, for that that tree by his native property fashioned into a drinking vessel plainly describeth unto the eye the subtille art of the vintner in mingling licors, which else would lightly deceive the thirsty drinker's taste.'—*Accedens of Armorie*, Gerard Leigh, 1591: Richard Argol to the Reader. . . . In Ray's *Proverbs* may be found its Italian, French, Latin, and Spanish equivalents..

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*them* Steev. '93.

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## [If I were a Woman]

players, who had been expelled from their owne countrey, and those women, did attempt, thereby giving just offence to all vertuous and well-disposed persons in this town, to act a certain lascivious and unchaste comedye, in the French tonge at the Blackfryers. Glad I am to saye they were hissed, hooted, and pippin-pelted from the stage, so as I do not thinke they will soone be ready to trie the same againe.' Brande was mistaken in supposing that their failure would deter them from renewing their attempt. A fortnight later they again appeared 'for a daye' at the Red Bull. More than three weeks elapsed before they ventured once more to face an English audience, when they chose the Fortune playhouse. But failure attended them here as elsewhere, and the Master of the Revels remitted half his fee on a representation of the unprofitableness of the speculation. 'Some stress,' adds Collier, in a foot-note, 'has been recently laid upon a MS in the British Museum, dated 1582, as showing that, even then, an actress had appeared in London; but it only means that a boy "without a voice" had unsuccessfully played the part of a "virgin" at the theatre in that year.' PECK (*Memoirs of Milton*, p. 233) suggests that the ladies may have acted at Court before women appeared in public, and hence may have arisen any allusions which precede in date the year when we know with certainty that women first took part in public performances. WARD (ii, 422) says that 'in the masks at Court ladies constantly took part as performers; so that when in Christmas, 1632-3, the Queen with her ladies acted in a Pastoral at Somerset House, there was no real novelty in the proceeding.' LANGBAIN (p. 117), speaking of *King John and Matilda*, a Tragedy, 'printed in quarto, Lond. 1655,' says that it was published by 'Andrew Penny-cuicke, who acted the part of *Matilda*, Women in those times not having appear'd on the stage.' It seems not unlikely that in this, as in other things, the change was gradual, and it is extremely probable that it arose from necessity. During the eighteen years, from 1642 to 1660, while the theatres were suppressed, the young boys who had been trained to act as women had grown to man's estate, with valanced faces. The incongruity, therefore, between the actor and his part must have been monstrous. As Jordan, in 1662, said:

For to speak truth, men act, that are between  
Forty and fifty, wenches of fifteen;  
With bone so large, and nerve so incompliant,  
When you call Desdemona—enter Giant.'

Of course, reform was necessary, and what innovation could be more natural than that women should assume the roles of women? Accordingly, very soon after the re-opening of the theatres, possibly at the very re-opening, or within a few months at least, we find Pepys (as noted by Wright) thus recording: 'January 3, 1660. To the Theatre, where was acted "Beggar's Bush," it being very well done; and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage.' Again, 'Feb. 12, 1660-1. By water to Salisbury Court play-house, where not liking to sit, we went out again, and by coach to the Theatre, and there saw "The Scornful Lady," now done by a woman, which makes the play appear much better than ever it did to me.' It needs no great penetration to see that a change which made a 'play please much better than ever it did' before was likely to become permanent. It is, I believe, generally conceded that the first play in which it was openly announced that women would take part is *Othello*, for which a Prologue heralding the fact was printed in 1662,

man, I would kisse as many of you as had beards that 220  
 pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that  
 I defi'de not : And I am fure, as many as haue good  
 beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind  
 offer, when I make curt'sie, bid me farewell. *Exit.* 224

## FINIS.

224. *curt'sie*] *my curtesy* Ktly.

224. *Exit.*] *Exeunt. Ff. Exeunt Omnes. Pope.*

and from which some lines have just been quoted. Who was the first performer of Desdemona remains in doubt. Dyce (*Shirley's Works*, v, 353) found evidence, though he does not give it, which satisfied him that it was Mrs Hughs. Malone (*Var.* '21, iii, 126) says that it is 'the received tradition that Mrs Saunderson was the first English actress.' (See *Othello*, p. 397, of this edition, where the subject is more fully discussed.)—ED.

221. *lik'd me*] See Schmidt, s. v. 2, for many other instances of this use in the sense of *to please*.

222. *defi'de*] NARES: To reject, refuse; renounce.

224. *farewell*] BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE (April, 1833): But Rosalind,—she is the Star, the Evening and the Morning Star,—setting and rising in that visionary, sylvan world,—and we leave her,—unobscured,—but from our eyes hidden,—in that immortal umbrage.

# APPENDIX





## APPENDIX

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### THE TEXT

THE TEXT of this play is derived from the First Folio of 1623; no copy of it in a separate form, or Quarto in shape, is known to exist. That its publication in such a form was at one time intended, we learn from *The Stationers' Registers*.

The early volumes of these *Registers* are designated by the letters of the alphabet. The volume C, containing entries of books from 1595 to 1620, has in the beginning a couple of leaves containing sundry somewhat promiscuous notes, the earliest dated August, 1595, and the last, May, 1615; in all about sixteen or seventeen in number. With two or three exceptions all these notes, when they refer to the entries of books, contain a *caveat*, or warning that permission to print is not accorded unless upon better proof of ownership than the printer offers at the time the note is made. In the mean time the printer is restrained or 'staied' from issuing the book. These two leaves look, in fact, like a 'Blotter,' or a rough 'Check-list' to help the clerk's or the Master Warden's memory in the granting of future entries; and, moreover, it looks as if the clerk had begun this especial list at the top of the third page, and after two or three entries had gone back to the first. With the exception of the very first note of all, at the top of the first page, which is dated 1596, and does not refer to the printing of books, but is merely a memorandum of a business detail of the Stationers' Company, every item on the first and second pages is of a date subsequent to that at the top of the third page. This detail, trivial though it be, is not unimportant if we learn from it with what carelessness all these items were set down, and consequently how much uncertainty in the matter of chronology must attend every entry on these leaves where the exact date is not explicitly set forth—a misfortune which happens to be true of the item containing the title of the present play. It is among these irregular items on this fly-leaf, as it were, of the *Register* that the memorandum containing the title of *As You Like It* is to be found, and it is dateless.

The last entry at the foot of the second page (Arber's *Transcript*, iii, 36) is of a ballad, 'to be stayed,' of the 'Erle of Essex going to Cales'; its date is 'vltimo maij [1603].' The top of the third page begins, and continues as follows: [Be it observed that the entry to Thomas Thorp and William Aspley, which follows the *As You Like It* item, and is here reprinted merely to show the way in which that item falls in with the others on the page, is quoted by Malone as of the 23 *January*, an error (that is, if Arber's Reprint is correct) quite insignificant, it is true, but which has been followed by Halliwell, Stokes, and all other later editors who have referred to the item]:

'my lord chamberlens menns plaies Entred  
viz

27 may 1600

To master

Robertes

27 May

To hym

A morall of clothe breches and velvet hose

Allarum to London/

4 Augusti

As you like yt/a booke

Henry the Ffift/a booke

Euery man in his humour/a booke

The commedie of muche A doo about-nothing  
a booke/

} to be staied

23 Junij/1603

Thomas Thorp

william Aspley

This is to be their copy gettinge authority for it,' &c.

It is to be noticed that there is, as I have already mentioned, no date in the margin opposite this *As You Like It* item, nor any date following 'August.' Malone (*Var.* '21, vol. ii, p. 367) says that 'it is extremely probable that this "4 of August" was of the year 1600; which, standing a little higher on the paper, the clerk of the Stationers' Company might have thought unnecessary to be repeated,' especially, too, if, as I have suggested, these leaves were a mere rough check-list for his own use and behoof. But the Registers themselves, further on, supply us with evidence which is abundantly satisfactory that this is the August of the year 1600. On the 14th of August in the '42 Regime' (*i. e.* 1600) we find that certain books were entered to Thomas Pavyer (Arber, iii, 169), and among them is 'The historye of Henry the Vth with the battell of Agencourt.' 'These Copyes followinge,' says the entry, 'beinge thinges formerlye printed and sett over to the sayd Thomas Pavyer.' On the same day in this month of August Master Burby and Walter Burre entered 'a booke called Euery man in his humour.' And nine days later, on the 23d, there was 'entred' to Andrew Wyse and William Aspley 'Two bookes. the one called Muche a Doo about nothinge. The other the second parte of the history of king Henry iiiijth with the humours of Sir John Ffallstaff: Wrytten by master Shakespere.'

Unfortunately, no mention can elsewhere be found of *As You Like It*. But the appearance in 1600 of the other plays settles the date of the August item in 'the check-list,' and we may be sure that in that year the present comedy existed, in some shape or other.

There still remains to be considered in the *As You Like It* item that mysterious little sentence 'to be staied.' On this we may exercise our ingenuity to our heart's content; the field of our conjectures need be neither a desert nor unpeopled.

COLLIER (*Introduction to Much Ado about Nothing*) supposes that 'the object of the "stay" probably was to prevent the publication of *Henry V*, *Every Man in his Humour*, and *Much Ado* by any other stationers than Wise and Aspley.'

With this supposition STAUNTON agrees, and adds that 'as the three other "books"

'were issued by them in a quarto form, probabilities are in favour of the fourth having been so published also. At all events, there are sufficient grounds for hope that a quarto edition may some day come to light.'

WRIGHT: 'We can only conjecture that *As You Like It* was not subsequently entered, because the announcement of its publication may have been premature and the play may not have been ready. [To this conjecture Wright is led, because] even in the form in which it has come down to us there are marks of hasty work, which seem to indicate that it was hurriedly finished. For instance, the name of Jaques is given to the second son of Sir Rowland de Boys at the beginning of the play, and then when he really appears in the last scene he is called in the Folios "second Brother," to avoid confounding him with the melancholy Jaques. Again, in the First Act there is a certain confusion between Celia and Rosalind which is not at all due to the printer, and gives me the impression that Shakespeare himself, writing in haste, may not have clearly distinguished between the daughter and niece of the usurping Duke. I refer especially to I, ii, 78, 79: "*Clo.* One that old *Fred-ericke* your Father loues. *Ros.* My Fathers loue is enough to honor him," &c. Theobald was the first to see that the last speaker must be Celia and not Rosalind, while Capell proposed to substitute *Ferdinand* for 'Frederick' in the Clown's speech, supposing the former to be the name of Rosalind's father. It may be said, of course, that this is a mere printer's blunder, and I cannot assert that it may not have been. But it would be too hard upon the printer to attribute to him the slip in Le Beau's answer (I, ii, 271) to Orlando's inquiry, which of the two was daughter of the Duke: "But yet indeede the taller is his daughter," when it is evident from the next scene (I, iii, 121) that Rosalind is the taller. Again, Orlando's rapturous exclamation, "O heavenly Rosalind!" comes in rather oddly. His familiarity with her name, which has not been mentioned in his presence, is certainly not quite consistent with his making inquiry of Le Beau, which shewed that up to that time he had known nothing about her. Nor is Touchstone, the motley-minded gentleman, one that had been a courtier, whose dry humour had a piquancy even for the worn-out Jaques, at all what we are prepared to expect from the early description of him as "the clownish fool" or "the roynish clown." I scarcely know whether to attribute to the printer or to the author's rapidity of composition the substitution of "Juno" for *Venus* in I, iii, 78. But it must be admitted that in the last scene of all there is a good deal which, to say the least of it, is not in Shakespeare's best manner, and conveys the impression that the play was finished without much care.'

FLEAY, in his *Introduction to Shakespearian Study*, 1877 (p. 24), says that this "staying" was probably carried out, because the play was still acting at the Globe; and in his *Life and Work of Shakespeare*, 1886, he somewhat modifies this opinion. On p. 40, speaking of the 'staying' of the plays mentioned in the *As You Like It* item, he says: 'They were probably suspected of being libellous, and reserved for further examination. Since the "war of the theatres" was at its height, they may have been restrained as not having obtained the consent of the Chamberlain, on behalf of his company, to their publication. . . . *As You Like It* was not allowed to appear, the company probably objecting that it had only been on the stage for one year.' And again on p. 140: 'I think [the staying] likely to have been caused by the supposed satirical nature of the plays.'

Wright's conjecture would carry conviction, if, in the course of time, after the 'staying,' a Quarto had actually appeared bearing all these marks of haste which Wright detects in the play as we now have it; then all these oversights would make assur-

ance double sure, and from this proven haste we might be not unreasonably certain that it was to gain time and thwart injurious stealth that the booke had been 'staied.' But no Quarto appeared at all, complete or incomplete; and for twenty-three years the play carried these marks which Wright, and with much probability, attributes to haste. Rapid, miraculously rapid, the composition of *As You Like It* must have been, but the connection is not so obvious between this rapidity of execution on Shakespeare's part and a refusal to permit the play to be printed on the Warden's part. If the play could be acted, an unscrupulous printer might suppose it could be printed, and make the attempt to enter it at Stationers' Hall; and if the author or legitimate owner had power enough to 'stay' the printing of this play and the others for a time, he would have, one would think, enough power to stay their printing altogether. But, as we see, the 'stay' was of the shortest in the case of *Henry V*. The prohibition lasted only ten days; on 14th of August, Thomas Payer received permission to print that play; and nine days after that, Andrew Wyse received permission to print *Much Ado*.

It is this same expeditious removal of the caveat which is also fatal, it seems to me, to Fleay's conjecture that the plays were 'staied' because they were satirical or libellous. However libellous *Every Man in his Humour* or *Henry V* might be, I cannot recall a single accusation of libel or of even keen satire in *As You Like It*, except the one or two accusations of satire against Jonson, which Tieck urges; and these charges were born and died in the learned German's brain. Certainly, Fleay himself specifies no libel in this play. And yet this is the very play of all where the 'stay' is permanent. The libellous or satirical character ceased to be operative in the case of all the others within the month.

Of course, in cases like the present, where all our speculations must be, necessarily, of the vaguest and most shadowy character, it is easy to criticise and pick flaws. All the influences at work in connection with the printing of Shakespeare's plays we do not know and probably never shall know. Accordingly, in this realm of pure speculation a critic is a chartered libertine, and he may take up with any theory he may chance to meet. Wherefore, in the exercise of this right, I scarcely shrink from suggesting that one of the causes of all this 'staying' (I have hinted at another one in 'The Source of the Plot'), and at the bottom of all this entanglement over the printing of *As You Like It*, was James Roberts. If we look back at the entries in the *Stationers' Registers*, we shall see that his is the last name before the *As You Like It* item set down as an applicant for an entry; and the same needlessness which deterred the clerk from repeating, on this informal sheet, the date of the year, deterred him from repeating in the margin opposite the titles of these new 'bookes' the name of the applicant; who was (is it not probable?) this very same James Roberts. Now, this James Roberts was far from being one of the best of the Stationers, at least if we can judge from the fact that he came more than once under the ban of the Wardens and was fined by them. Perhaps it was that he violated the professional etiquette of the Stationers, which forbade a trespass on a neighbour's manor even when that neighbour had merely a prescriptive right to his manor and did not hold it by Letters Patent. The right to print certain books and certain classes of books was secured by Letters Patent to certain printers; thus Letters Patent secured to Richard Tottell the exclusive right to print Law books, and to Tallis to print Music, and to Bowes to print Playing Cards, &c., &c., and to James Roberts, this same James Roberts, the right to print Almanackes and Pronostycacions.' But there were no Letters Patent guarding the

right to print 'plaie bookes'; only prescription could confer that, and courtesy guard it, especially as this branch of the trade may not have been in the best repute. Now, it looks much as if James Roberts felt at times that his horizon of Almanackes and Pronostycacions was too restricted. (He held the privilege for only twenty-one years, and the term had more than half expired in 1600.) He once made an attempt on the Queen's Printer's realm of Catechisms, and was promptly repressed by the Master Wardens of the Stationers' Company, and fined. Next he seems to have turned his attention to the stage, and clasped itching palms with some of my Lord Chamberlain's men. In a mysterious way he gained possession of a copy of *The Merchant of Venice*, and would have incontinently printed it, had not the Wardens 'staied' it, and staied it for two years too, at the end of which time James sold his copy to young 'Thomas haies,' and at once proceeded to print a second and better copy for himself. Clearly, James Roberts was what the Yankees would call 'smart,' or rather, in the true Yankee pronunciation, which gives a more admiring tone to it, 'smah't.' I believe he had made some friends with the mammon of unrighteousness among my Lord Chamberlain's men, and by underhand dealings obtained possession of stage copies of sundry plays of Shakespeare which happened to be unusually popular. His name does not appear often in the *Registers* in these years. After he was foiled in his attempt to print *The Merchant of Venice* in 1598, he made one other entry towards the close of that year, and succeeded in getting permission to print Marston's *Satires*. Then in March of the next year he tried to enter a translation of Stephan's *Herodotus*, but was 'staied.' Again in the following October he was permitted to print a *History of Don Frederigo*, but with the permission was coupled the very unusual condition that he should print 'only one impression and pay six pence in the pound to the use of the poore'; manifestly, James Roberts was in ill repute. His next venture was in May, when he tried to enter 'A morall of Clothe breches and velvet hose, As yt is Acted by my lord Chamberlens servantes,' but there follows the proviso 'that he is not to putt it in prynte Without further and better Authority.' Two days later, on the 29th of May, he again tried to enter a book: 'the Allarum to London,' and again there follows the inevitable caveat 'that yt be not printed without further Authoritie.' These two items, which appear in their proper order in the main body of the *Registers*, the clerk, as I suppose, briefly jotted down on the blank page at the beginning of the book, as a reminder to keep his eye on James Roberts. When, therefore, on the 4th of August, James Roberts brought forward four more plays that were performed by 'my lord chamberlen's menn,' the clerk noted them down on his fly-leaf under the others, and did not take the trouble to repeat James Roberts's name, which was already there in the margin opposite the 'Clothe breches and velvet hose,' but added (what was almost the synonym of James Roberts) 'to be staied.'

This it was, the bad reputation of James Roberts, which caused the printing of these plays when first offered to be forbidden. Be it remembered that all this, on my part, is merely conjecture. What the circumstances were which, within the month, gave to Thomas Pavyer and Andrew Wyse and others the privilege of printing these very plays, we do not know, and cannot know unless some new sources of information are discovered. We must remember that Heminge and Condell, when they issued the First Folio, denounced every one of these printers as 'injurious imposters,' who had abused the public with 'stolne and surreptitious copies.' Where the line was among the printers, which the Master Wardens of the Stationers drew, blessing some and banning others, we cannot know. Only it looks as though where

all were bad James Roberts was somehow among the worst, and that to his unsavory reputation is due the fact that we have no Quarto edition of *As You Like It*.

Staunton expressed the hope that a Quarto might yet be discovered. But I fear the hope is groundless. When Master Blounte and Isaack Jaggard received permission in 1623 to print the First Folio, a list of plays was made of such as 'are not formerly entred to other men,' that is, of such of which there were no Quarto copies. In this list stands *As You Like It*.

The conclusion, therefore, is safe that the only Text we shall ever have for this play is that of the First Folio, and we may well congratulate ourselves that it is, on the whole, unusually good.

The only voice dissenting from this opinion in regard to the excellence of the First Folio is that of JOSEPH HUNTER, and his voice is very dissenting indeed. 'The text 'has come down to us,' he says (i, 331), 'in a state of very gross corruption. Sometimes speeches are assigned to the wrong characters. Sometimes the corruptions 'are in particular passages. There are within the compass of this play at least twenty 'passages in which the corruption is so decided that no one would for a moment think 'of defending the reading: and there are about fifteen where the probability of corruption is so great that the most scrupulous editor would think it his duty, if not to 'substitute a better text, yet to remark in his notes the text as delivered to us and the 'text as it probably should be.' I am afraid that the excellent Hunter has here said more in a minute than he could stand to in a month. We might reasonably expect that after this prologue, which roars so loud of gross corruption and thunders in the index, he would help us bravely to a purer text in the fifteen or twenty passages which he had in mind. But, omitting his notes purely illustrative, in which he is always happy, bringing forth for us, from the stores of his great learning, things new and old,—omitting these, his notes on the text, as such, amount to four in number, and of these four, two sustain and uphold the Folio.

KNIGHT'S opinion is that 'the text of the original Folio is, upon the whole, a very 'correct one;' and GRANT WHITE, much more emphatic in his praise, says that 'the 'text of *As You Like It* exists in great purity in the original Folio. Few of its corruptions are due to any other cause than the lack of proof-reading; and those few 'it is not beyond the power of conjectural criticism to rectify.' Of the two extremes, I think, Grant White is nearer the truth than Hunter. Every student, however, with the Textual Notes in the present edition before him, can solve the question for himself, and with decidedly more profit than if it were solved for him. Those who can find any pleasure in such a task will make the examination for themselves; and for those who do not care for it, it would be a waste of time to prepare it.

HALLIWELL (p. 261) notes the somewhat singular fact that 'a copy of the First 'Folio many years in the possession of the late James Baker of King's Arms Yard, contains two cancelled leaves of *As You Like It* in sheet R, or rather two leaves, each 'of which has been cancelled on account of one of the pages being wrongly printed. 'The first is a cancel of sig. R, comprising pp. 193, 194, the first page being erroneously given as 203, and the signature as R 2. The second is the last leaf of the 'sheet, pp. 203, 204, the second page of which is misprinted 194. There do not 'appear to be any textual variations in consequence of these cancels, which are chiefly 'curious as showing that the work received some corrections while in the process of

'being passed through the press. In another copy of the First Folio, at p. 204, col. 1, the Clown's speech, "a ripe age," is given to Orlando, and William's speech, 'immediately following it, is assigned to the Clown.' I am inclined to think that what Halliwell has here attributed to two copies is true of only one. The 'Baker copy' to which he refers is now in the *Lenox Library* in New York; it is the celebrated copy which is supposed to be dated 1622 instead of 1623; and it is on the cancelled page 204, misprinted 194, of this copy that the Clown's speech, 'A ripe age,' &c. is given to Orlando, and William's speech given to the Clown; so that to this extent there were textual variations in consequence of these cancels, and they are the only ones, in this play, mentioned by Lenox (p. 36) in his printed collation.

In all copies, I believe, p. 189 is misprinted 187; and on p. 197 the running title is *As You Like It*.

Practically, the text of the Four Folios is one and the same. The discrepancies between the First and the Fourth are mainly such as we might expect in the changes of the language within the dates of publication. In the last century Steevens professed to give to the Second Folio a preference over the First. But I doubt if this preference sprang from any very deep conviction; I am not sure that Steevens did not profess it mainly for the sake of annoying Malone, whose 'learning and perspicacity' Steevens extolled chiefly for the purpose, I am afraid, of calling him in the same sentence his 'Hibernian coadjutor,' a cruel little stab at one who had tried to obliterate his nationality, it is said, by dropping, with the letter *y*, the accent on the final vowel of his name. In the present play there are two or three instances where unquestionably the Second Folio corrects the First. For instance, Oliver says (IV, iii, 150): 'I briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke'; this trifling typographical error is corrected in the Second Folio to '*In* brief he,' &c. Again, in line 163 of the same speech, Oliver says 'this napkin died in this blood,' where the Second Folio reads 'died in *his* blood.' But these are insignificant, and not beyond the chance corrections of a good compositor, who, however, overshot the mark when he changed Rosalind's words (IV, iii, 71) from 'false strains' to 'false *strings*,' and did even worse for Orlando, when one of the finest sentences in the whole play was converted into limitless bombast. 'I will chide no breather in the world,' says Orlando in the Second Folio, 'but myself, against whom I know *no* faults.' It is a little singular that what is always in the First Folio 'Monsieur' is in the Second and following Folios, *Mounsieur*. Whether this indicates a change in general pronunciation from Elizabeth's time to Charles the First's, or is merely peculiar to one compositor, I do not know.

The evidences of haste in this play, which Wright points out, such as the same name for two characters, the use of 'Juno' for *Venus*, and the like, are chargeable, I am afraid, to the author rather than to the printer. The conclusion then remains unshaken that in the First Folio we have an unusually pure text, and that in this, as in everything else about this delightful comedy, it is exactly *As You Like It*.

## DATE OF COMPOSITION

THE DATE OF THE COMPOSITION of a Play may be approximated by External and by Internal evidence. External evidence, which is generally documentary, gives us a date *before* which a play must have existed in some shape or other, and Internal evidence, which consists of allusions, in the play itself, direct or indirect, to contemporary events, gives us a date *after* which the play must have been written.

First, the External evidence in the case of *As You Like It* is the provisional entry in the *Stationers' Registers*, which was discovered by Steevens. Although no publication of the play followed this entry on the 4th of August, 1600, yet this record has been accepted, not unnaturally, as sufficient proof that the play in some shape or other was in existence at that date. WRIGHT thinks that 'the play was probably written 'in the course of the same year,' and conjectures that the reason why it was not afterward entered for publication, in due form, is that 'the announcement of its publication may have been premature and the play may not have been ready.' With the exception of Capell (who knew nothing of this entry in the *Stationers' Registers*), and, perhaps, of Knight, no editor oversteps the date of this year, but all concede that the latest limit for the Date of Composition is 1600. Other External evidence, than this in the *Stationers' Registers*, there is none.

For the earliest limit we must look to Internal evidence, with which the Play itself must supply us. From this source, however, we gain nothing either satisfactory or decisive, at least so decisive as to carry instant conviction. Before Steevens had discovered the memorandum in the *Stationers' Registers*, CAPELL conjectured that the Date of Composition was about 1607, and on two grounds: first, because at about that date 'the foolery of masques was predominant;' and secondly, because in Jaques's 'lean and slippered Pantaloon' he found an allusion to an obscure play of that date, called *The Travels of Three English Brothers*, wherein Will Kempe proposes to act the part of 'an old Pantaloune.' This is a good illustration of the small reliance which is in general to be placed on this Internal evidence. Had not the entry in the *Stationers' Registers* been subsequently discovered, probably no arguments could have conclusively disproved this far-fetched conjecture of Capell's.

In another piece of Internal evidence Capell was more successful. He discovered the 'dead Shepherd' to be Marlowe, whose saw: 'Who ever loved that loved not at 'first sight,' Phebe found to be of might. (Capell has not received the credit of this discovery; it is always accorded to Malone. Capell gives, on p. 66 of his 'School,' the extract containing this line from *Hero and Leander*.) Marlowe's poem was published in 1598. It was entered in the *Stationers' Registers* on the second of March, in that year. This seems to afford the earliest date *after* which the play was written, thus narrowing down the range to the years 1598, 1599, and 1600. Some slight doubt, however, can be cast on 1598 as the very earliest date. Marlowe died in 1593; and in the five years that passed before his *Hero and Leander*, with Chapman's conclusion, was printed, it is not impossible that Shakespeare may have read the line before it was published,—nay, even before Marlowe's death, while the poem was still in manuscript in Marlowe's hands. It is generally conceded that Lodge must have read the *Tale of Gamelyn* in some manuscript. Why may not Shakespeare, as Malone surmises, have thus read *Hero and Leander*, or, as Halliwell suggests, have heard it recited? I cannot say that I think either supposition likely. The mere fact that the quotation is put in the mouth of Phebe implies that the poem, at that time, was well known and popular, and would be recognised by the audience. Still, these



are suppositions which all have a right to make, and that we can make them, or others like them, in regard to allusions thus detected in this play, helps to reveal the unsure, shifting character of Internal evidence.

Again in Orlando's verses: 'From the *East to farthest Ind*, No jewel is like Rosalind; Her worth being mounted on the wind Through *all the World* bears Rosalind.' CHALMERS (p. 382) sees 'obvious allusions to the frequent voyages for distant discovery, which seem to have ended, for a time, in 1596.' Again, on p. 383, Chalmers continues: 'It seems to be more than probable that the intrigues at Court, which became apparent to every eye, after the return of Essex from Ireland, on the 28th of September, 1599, may have extorted the sarcasm of the Duke's question: "Are not these woods *More free from peril* than the *envious Court*?"' 'If there be any allusion,' Chalmers goes on to say, 'in these reflections, to the fall of Essex, who was sequestered from Court soon after his arrival, the epoch of *As You Like It* must be fixed in the winter of 1599. There can be no doubt that it was imitated by Drayton in his *Owl*, which was first published in 1604.'

Again, the negative proof is adduced that if the play had been acted before 1598, FRANCIS MERES would have enumerated it, with the others which he mentions, in his well-known reference to Shakespeare. Cuthbert Burbie entered the *Palladis Tamia* on the 7th of September, 1598; of course Meres must have written it before that date, and although it does seem highly improbable that Meres should have mentioned such a play as *The Comedy of Errors* or *Titus Andronicus*, and omitted *As You Like It*, yet we must remember that Meres did not undertake to give a complete list; it is to be presumed that only the most popular plays are there given, and if the play had only just then been brought out, its popularity could hardly have been sufficiently tested. Moreover, Meres's list of the plays of Shakespeare is longer than his list of any other poet, and he may not have cared to swell it.

Again, in Rosalind's words, 'I will weep for nothing like Diana in the fountain,' WHALLEY detected an allusion to a statue of Diana set up on the Eleanor Cross in Cheapside, 'with water prilling from her naked breast' (see notes on IV, i, 147). According to HALLIWELL, Stowe, in his edition of 1598, described this statue as perfect and in use; but in his edition of 1603 Stowe says that the statue is 'now decayed.' 'It is evident, therefore,' says Halliwell, 'that if Shakespeare alludes to the Cheapside fountain, the words of Rosalind must have been penned somewhere between the year 1596, when it was erected, and 1603, when it had been allowed to go to ruin. At the same time, it should be remembered that the image of a fountain-figure weeping was an exceedingly common one, and that Diana was a favorite subject with the sculptors for such an object.'

I think Shakespeare is entitled to more respect, to say the very least, than to suppose that in Rosalind's words he made any allusion to the Cheapside Diana. If that statue was perfectly familiar to his audience, and in running order, it is almost inconceivable that any hearer in that audience could ever have associated, for one single instant, this statue with Rosalind's *weeping*, or that any amount of poetic license can so ludicrously defy the laws of physiology.

Again, WRIGHT says (p. vi), 'there may possibly be a reference in V, ii, 71 ("By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician") to the severe statute against witchcraft which was passed in the first year of James the First's reign [1603]. Again, in IV, i, 180 ("by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous") we might imagine the Act to Restrain the Abuses of Players (3 Jac. I, chap. 21, 1605) to be pointed at. But both these would give dates too late, and they may

'easily have been added at some subsequent representation of the play, which was 'mainly composed, as I think, in the year 1600, and after the other plays which are 'mentioned with it in the entry at Stationers' Hall.'

TIECK is positive in his date of the composition. In his *Notes* (p. 308) he speaks of this comedy as 'the most daring and defiant of all Shakespeare's comedies; here 'Shakespeare, with his palms and lions and snakes, laughs at time and place, and 'derides all rules of composition; nay, the very rules which he himself devised and 'elsewhere practises he here parodies, and wends his wild and wanton way to make a 'pure, free, joyous Comedy, which was assuredly first performed in the summer of '1599. Therefore shortly after *Twelfth Night*.' Even if Tieck be correct in his conclusion, and other critics have adopted the same year, 1599, yet the reasons which have led him to it are, to say the least, fanciful. Tieck's knowledge of our early drama was remarkable, very remarkable for a foreigner and at that early date, in the first quarter of this century, but he can scarcely be accepted as a safe guide now. He had no drama nor early literature at home to study, and so was driven, as his countrymen ever since have been driven, to study those of other nations. In the present case he discovered that 'B. Jonson, in *Every Man Out of his Humour*, ridicules 'the freedom from all rules which Shakespeare displayed in *As You Like It*.' This ridicule was infused not only into the *Prologue*, where it is pointedly said that 'Art hath an enemy called Ignorance,' but throughout the running commentary in the play itself the rules which ought to govern comedy are pedantically laid down. 'The play 'was a failure,' says Tieck, 'and so in the year 1600 Jonson brought out another comedy, *Cynthia's Revels*, wherein he spoke even more offensively of himself as the great 'reformer of the stage,' and throughout, so says Tieck, referred to Shakespeare; but pre-eminently in the Epilogue, where Jonson vaunts himself, and, in contemptuous disregard of his audience, says of his own work: 'By — 'tis good, and if you like 't you may.' 'The title of his play,' says Tieck, 'which was not perhaps, at first, *As You Like It*, Shakespeare intended as a jest on Jonson's boastfulness and braggart 'treatment of his audiences. In effect, Shakespeare says: "If you like it, and as you "like it, it is a comedy. It is not so in itself, but only after you, the spectators, have "so pronounced it by your applause."' It is almost needless to call attention to the visionary supposition to which Tieck is forced to resort in order to support his theory, —viz.: that this comedy bore originally a different name; without some such postulate his dates will not fadge. Tieck asserts that *Every Man Out of his Humour* was 'a 'failure, which greatly irritated its author'; a sequence entirely credible when 'B. 'Jonson's' temperament is remembered; but that the play was a failure escaped the research of Gifford, who says of it: 'its merits are unquestionable; but I know not 'its success.'

W. W. LLOYD suspects that 'Shakespeare's creation of Rosalind followed that of 'Portia, and pretty closely'; it undoubtedly followed Portia, but if the date of *The Merchant of Venice* be about 1596, and if the line from Marlowe be taken from the volume published in 1598, then at least two very busy years must have separated the Forest of Arden from the Garden of Belmont.

MOBERLY says: 'This charming comedy was probably represented in 1599, the 'year when Essex was Lord Lieutenant in Ireland, and when a new Spanish Armada 'was expected. . . . A period which may be called that of Shakespeare's highest 'genius. He was then thirty-five years old; his powers of thought were maturing, 'and his language was pure, manly, and simple in the highest degree.'

FLEAY also adopts this year, 1599, as that wherein this comedy was written. The

Globe Theatre was opened in the spring of that year, and among the plays produced after the opening was *Henry V*, 'and soon after in this year *As You Like It*.'—*Shakespeare's Life and Work*, p. 138. Again, on p. 208, Fleay says, 'The date may, I think, be still more exactly fixed from I, ii, 84, "the little wit that fools have was "silenced," which alludes probably to the burning of satirical books by public authority 1st of June, 1599. Every indication points to the latter part of 1599 as the date of production. . . . The comparison of the world to a stage in II, vii, suggests a date subsequent to the building of The Globe, with its motto, *Totus mundus agit histrionem*; and the introduction of a fool proper, in place of a comic clown, such as is found in all the anterior comedies, confirms this: the "fools" only occur in plays subsequent to Kempe's leaving the company.' I have no great faith in the allusion to the burning of the satirical books, but that the change from 'clowns' to 'fools' should follow the retirement from my lord Chamberlain's men of Will Kempe, the pre-eminent 'clown,' is one of those shrewd, happy inferences which Fleay's thorough and through familiarity with the stage-history of Shakespeare's day enables him at times to make, with so much force.

To the two kinds of evidence, External and Internal, concerning the Date of Composition there may be added a third,—viz. : that derived from a close scrutiny and comparison of the metre of the different plays. It is assumed that certain peculiarities of style or methods of poetic treatment will mark the growth of the dramatist, and that, in general, the Seven Ages will prove true of the inner as of the outer man. This idea had been floating dimly in men's minds ever since it was first put forth by Edwards in his criticism of Warburton, in the last century. But it attracted little attention, despite the pleas put forth in its behalf by such fine minds as Spedding in England and Herzberg in Germany, until the *New Shakspeare Society* arose and Fleay came to the fore with his laborious results of years of silent study. Since then a fierce light has beat on 'weak endings' and 'light endings,' on 'end-stopped lines' and 'pauses,' until now we have all of Shakespeare's plays as elaborately, if not as accurately, tabulated and calculated as the Ephemerides of the *Nautical Almanac*. If the results have not been quite commensurate with the outlay, it is not for a moment to be thought that the time for all the workers has been lost. Like the magic book of the physician Douban in the Arabian Tale, by merely turning the leaves of Shakespeare a subtle charm is imparted and absorbed. If in the first flush of accomplished work the advocates of this new test somewhat exaggerated their claims for its accuracy, surely with Burke, who could 'pardon some things to the spirit of Liberty,' we may pardon some things to the zeal for Shakespeare. And we should surely remember such temperate words as these of Dr INGRAM's, which we may accept as a summary of the best thought on the subject: 'I quite recognise the necessity of subordinating verse-tests in general to the ripe conclusions of the higher criticism, if these two sorts of evidence should ever be found at variance. But I believe that the more thoroughly the former are understood, and the more scientifically they are used, the more they will be found in accordance with the best æsthetic judgements. What appears to me surprising is, not that the verse-tests should sometimes appear to sanction wrong conclusions, but that they should, to such a remarkable extent, agree amongst themselves, and harmonize with every other mode of investigation which can be applied to the same questions.'

BATHURST, who was the first, I believe, to apply systematically to all the plays the test of metre as a means of determining their chronology, says (p. 76): '*As You Like*

<sup>1</sup>It is in a more advanced style of metre than *Much Ado* [which was printed in 1600], see, particularly, the speech of Jaques about the Fool, Orlando's speech, 'If you have,' &c. Double endings not unusual. Rhymes at the end of speeches occur. One speech is in alternate rhymes, III, i. The "Seven Ages" are well known. The verse there broken, though it is an enumerative passage. Weak endings: "Swearing that we || Are mere usurpers." "For 'tis || The royal disposition of that "beast" The speeches often end on a half-line, which is, I believe, always regularly taken up This is perfectly the reverse of an historical or political play. I would put it as early as possible. So say 1598 or 1599.

INGRAM, however, places it, according to its proportion of 'Light and Weak Endings,' after *Much Ado* In his List (*New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1874, Series I, p. 450) *Much Ado* is No. 14, *As You Like It*, No 15, and *Twelfth Night*, No 16 *The Merchant of Venice* is No. 9 This would put the date of *As You Like It* well into 1600, and to that extent confirms Wright's conjecture.

FURNIVALL divides all the plays into 'Periods,' and the 'Periods' into 'Groups.' This play is placed in 'the Second Period,' and in a Group of 'Three Sunny- or Sweet-Time Comedies: *Much Ado* (1599-1600); *As You Like It* (1600); *Twelfth Night* (1601).'

DOWDEN divides the Histories, Comedies, and Tragedies into Early, Middle, and Later each, and subdivides into Groups. The same three plays, just enumerated, he places in a Group of 'Musical Sadness,' with Jaques as a link to the next Group of 'Discordant Sadness

To recapitulate.

The Date of Composition of *As You Like It* is assigned by

COLLIER of 'summer of'	1598
DYCE . . . . .	? 1598
NEIL . . . . .	1598
BATHURST, GRANT WHITE . . . . .	1598 or 1599
HUDSON 'between' . . . . .	1598 and 1599
MALONE, SKOTTOWE, STAUNTON, HALLIWELL, COWDEN-CLARKE, MOBERLY, ROLFE, FLEAY . . . . .	1599
REV JOHN HUNTER . . . . .	1599 or 1600
CHALMERS, DRAKE, WRIGHT, FURNIVALL . . . . .	1600
KNIGHT . . . . .	1600 or 1601
CAPELL . . . . .	1607

In conclusion, there is on this Date of the Composition a happy unanimity, which centres about the close of the year 1599; if a few months carry it back into 1598, or carry it forward almost to 1601, surely we need not be more clamorous than a parrot against rain over such trifles. As I have said before, and shall repeat until I change my opinion, the whole subject is one which to my temperament has absolutely no relation whatsoever to the play itself or to the enjoyment thereof. An exact knowledge, to the very day of the week, or of the month, when Shakespeare wrote it, can no more heighten the charm of Rosalind's loveliness and wit than would the knowledge of the cost per yard of her doublet and hose. Does ever a question concerning the Date of Composition arise in our thoughts when we are sitting at the play? Still, it would be a very grey, sombre world if we all thought alike, and undoubtedly to

many minds of far higher reach than mine the Date of the Composition has charms: for such as seek information about it, in the foregoing pages a full and, I trust, impartial account of what has been written thereon will be found.

## SOURCE OF THE PLOT

IN 1754 DR ZACHARY GREY (*Critical, Historical, and Explanatory Notes on Shakespeare*, vol. i, p. 156) wrote: 'Several passages in this play were certainly borrowed from the *Coke's Tale of Gamelyn* in Chaucer,' and thereupon proceeded to give an abstract of this *Tale of Gamelyn*, reciting the passages wherein Shakespeare had followed Chaucer, as Grey supposed

Some time after, both CAPELL and FARMER, in the same year, 1767, announced what was more nearly the truth, that *As You Like It* was founded, not on the *Tale of Gamelyn*, but on a novel by Lodge.

CAPELL, in the *Introduction* to his edition (p. 50), writes as follows: 'A novel or (rather) pastoral romance, intitled "Euphues' *Golden Legacy*," written in a very fantastical style by Dr THOMAS LODGE, and by him first publish'd in the year 1590, in quarto, is the foundation of *As you like it*. Besides the fable, which is pretty exactly follow'd, the out-lines of certain principal characters may be observ'd in the novel; and some expressions of the novelist (few, indeed, and of no great moment) seem to have taken possession of Shakespeare's memory, and thence crept into the play.'

Dr FARMER's note is to be found in his *Essay On the Learning of Shakespeare* (one cannot but think, from the style and contents of this Essay, that a more exact title would have been *On the Learning of Richard Farmer, and the Ignorance of William Shakespeare*). On p. 15 the essayist says: '*As You Like It* was "certainly borrowed," if we believe Dr Grey and Mr Upton, from the *Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*, which, by the way, was not printed till a century afterwards; when, in truth, the old Bard, who was no hunter of M.S.S., contented himself with Dr Lodge's '*Rosalynd* or *Euphues' Golden Legacy*.'

STEEVENS supplemented Farmer's remark with: 'Shakespeare has followed Lodge's *Novel* more exactly than is his general custom when he is indebted to such worthless originals; and has sketched some of his principal characters and borrowed a few expressions from it. His imitations, &c., however, are in general too insignificant to merit transcription. It should be observed that the characters of Jacques, the Clown, and Audrey are entirely of the poet's own formation.'

This judgement of Steevens stirred COLLIER's indignation; in the *Poetical Decameron* (vol. ii, p. 176, ed. 1820) Collier exclaims, in reference to it, 'Steevens was a tasteless pedant, and nothing better could be expected from him.'

KNIGHT, too, was no less angered, and after quoting the remark of Steevens, which I have just given, bursts forth: 'All this is very unscrupulous, ignorant, and tasteless. Lodge's *Rosalynd* is not a worthless original; Shakspeare's imitations of it are not insignificant. Lodge's *Novel* is, in many respects, however quaint and pedantic, informed with a bright poetical spirit, and possesses a pastoral charm which may occasionally be compared with the best parts of Sidney's *Arcadia*.'

When COLLIER reprinted *Rosalynde* in his *Shakespeare Library*, he again replies to Steevens: 'Comparing *Rosalynde* with *As You Like It*, the former may indeed be

'termed "worthless," inasmuch as Shakespeare's play is so immeasurably superior to it; . . . but placing Lodge's *Novel* by the side of other productions of the same class, we cannot hesitate to declare it a very amusing and varied composition, full of agreeable and graceful invention (for we are aware of no foreign authority for any of the incidents) [Does "foreign authority" exclude the *Tale of Gamelyn*?—Ed.], and with much natural force and simplicity in the style of the narrative. That it is here and there disfigured by the faults of the time, by forced conceits, by lowness of allusion and expression, and sometimes by inconsistency and want of decorum in the characters, cannot be denied. There are errors which the judgement and genius of Shakespeare taught him to avoid; but the admitted extent and nature of his general obligations to Lodge afford a high tribute to the excellence of that "original," which Steevens pronounced "worthless." It may be almost doubted whether he had even taken the trouble to read carefully that performance upon which he delivered so dogmatical and definitive a condemnation.'

GRANT WHITE rates Lodge's *Novel* differently. 'Although,' he says (ed. i), 'there is this identity in the plots of the tale and the comedy, Shakespeare's creative power appears none the less remarkably in the latter. The personages in the two works have nothing in common but their names and the functions which they perform. In the tale they are without character, and exist but to go through certain motions and utter certain formally constructed Complaints and Passions. The ladies quote Latin in a style and with a copiousness which would delight a Women's Rights Convention, and quench, in any man of flesh and blood the ardor of that love which is the right most prized of woman. Rosalind, for instance, musing upon her dawning passion for Rosader and his poverty, says: "Doth not Horace tell thee what methode is to be used in love? *Querenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.*" There was a model for the traits and language of Shakespeare's Rosalind!'

Nor did age mellow White's judgement. In his second edition he reiterates: 'The comedy is, in fact, a mere dramatization of the tale—an adaptation it would now be called—the personages, the incidents, most of the names, and even some of the language, being found in Lodge's *Novel*. The chief difference between the two—more remarkable, even, than that one is a tale and the other a drama—is that the ambitious tale is one of the dullest and dreariest of all the obscure literary performances that have come down to us from past ages, and the comedy, written as journey-work by a playwright to please a miscellaneous audience, is the one bright, immortal woodland poem of the world.'

DYCE (ed. iii): 'If Steevens somewhat undervalues [Lodge's *Rosalynde*], Mr Collier greatly overrates it.'

W. C. HAZLITT, on the other hand, in his reprint of Collier's *Shakespeare Library*, says: 'It appears to me that Mr Collier states the matter fairly enough.'

'Never,' says CAMPBELL, 'was the prolixity and pedantry of a prosaic narrative transmuted by genius into such magical poetry. In the days of James I, George Heriot, the Edinburgh merchant, who built a hospital still bearing his name, is said to have made his fortune by purchasing for a trifle a quantity of sand that had been brought as ballast by a ship from Africa. As it was dry, he suspected from its weight that it contained gold, and he succeeded in filtering a treasure from it. Shakespeare, like Heriot, took the dry and heavy sand of Lodge and made gold out of it.'

As we have seen, Steevens, by his supercilious reference to Lodge, stirred Knight's anger, and Dr Farmer was equally unfortunate when he said that 'the old bard was

'no hunter of MSS.' 'Thus,' exclaims KNIGHT, "'the old bard," meaning Shakespeare, did not take the trouble of doing, or was incapable of doing, what another 'old bard (first a player and afterwards a naval surgeon) did with great care—consult 'the manuscript copy' of the *Tale of Gamelyn*. Thereupon, Knight undertakes to show that both Shakespeare and Lodge made use of the *Tale of Gamelyn*. That Lodge was indebted to *Gamelyn* will be, I think, conceded by all, but Shakespeare's indebtedness to that source is founded by Knight on three incidents wherein Lodge and Shakespeare do not agree, and wherein Shakespeare took the hint, so Knight thinks, from *Gamelyn*: First, Lodge represents Rosader (pronounced, by the way, with the accent on the first syllable: Rósader) as having had bequeathed to him the largest share of his father's estate. That to Orlando should have been devised the smallest, Knight maintains is due to the hint which Shakespeare took from the deliberations of the old Knight's friends in *Gamelyn*. To this difference in treatment Knight thinks is due the entirely different conception of the two characters, Rosader and Orlando. Secondly, in *Gamelyn*, the old man, whose sons are fatally injured by the Wrestler, 'bigan bitterly his hondes for to wrynge.' In Lodge's *Novel* the father 'never changed his countenance.' Wherefore, when Shakespeare represents the old father as making 'pitiful dole' over his boys, Knight detects therein the direct traces of *Gamelyn*. Thirdly, in Lodge, when the Champion approaches Rosader, he simply gives him 'a shake by the shoulder'; in *As You Like It* he mocks Orlando with taunting speeches; and so in *Gamelyn* he starts towards the youth, 'and sayde "who "is thy fader, and who is thy sire? For sothe thou art a gret fool, that thou come "hire."'

The force of these proofs is, I think, weakened by the following considerations: Had the largest share of the father's estate been bequeathed, contrary to English custom, to the youngest son, Orlando, Oliver's jealousy and envy would not have been motiveless; it would have been scarcely unnatural. Secondly, the bitter lamentations of a father over the violent deaths of his sons, or, thirdly, the mocking jeers of a braggart, are none of them of so unusual or of so extraordinary a character that Shakespeare need have hunted round for authority or suggestion.

In *The New Shakspere Society's Transactions* (Part ii, p. 277, 1882) W. G. STONE compares *As You Like It* and *Rosalynde*. In addition to Knight's three points of resemblance between *Gamelyn* and Orlando, Stone, in this good essay, detects 'five 'other parallelisms, more or less clear,' as follows: 'After his father's death, Johan, 'Gamelyn's eldest brother, "clothed him [Gamelyn] and fed him yvel and eek wrothe "' [see l. 73, *post*]. Orlando complains to Adam that Oliver's "horses . . . are faire "' "with their feeding, . . . hee lets mee feede with his Hindes." Lodge only says, 'generally, that Saladyne made "Rosader his foote boy for the space of two or three "' "yeares, keeping him in such servile subjection, as if he had been the sonne of any "' "country vassal." When Oliver called Orlando a "villaine," the latter replied: "I "' "am no villaine: I am the yongest sonne of Sir Rowland de Boys, he was my father, "' "and he is thrice a villaine that saies such a father begot villaines." Gamelyn "' answered the epithet "gadelyng," thus: "I am no worse gadelyng ne no worse "' "wight, But born of a lady and gotten of a knight" (ll. 107, 108). As Gamelyn "' rode away to the wrestling-match, Johan [hoped] "He mighte breke his nekke in "' "that wrastlyng" (l. 194). In commending Orlando to Charles's "discretion," "' Oliver said: "I had as lief thou didst breake his necke as his finger." The wrestler "' thus taunted Gamelyn: "Come thou ones in myn hond, schalt thou never the" (l. 234). Duke Frederick said: "You shall trie but one fall." Charles answered:

"No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second." Lastly, the forest of Arden and that to which Gamelyn and Adam betook themselves are described by the same adjective. Adam remarked: "That lever me were keyes for "to to bere, Then walken in this *wilde woode* my clothes for to tere." [See *post*.] Compare "And to the skirts of this *wilde Wood* he [Duke Frederick] came."

I cannot say that I think these five additional instances carry much weight. The phrases common to the Tale and the Drama are in no respect either unusual or striking. It is only fair to add that the author of the paper by no means insists on their parallelism, and that they are given only incidentally to the main purpose of his Essay, which, as I have stated, is a comparison between Shakespeare and Lodge.

W. W. LLOYD, whose *Critical Essays* form by far the most valuable portion of Singer's second edition, shares to some extent Knight's belief that Shakespeare had at least read *Gamelyn*. On p. 114 he says: 'There can be no doubt that [Lodge's *Novel*] was carefully gone through by the poet, and it is not improbable that he had also in his hands the *Tale of Gamelyn*. Still, in this case, as in others, we must not rashly conclude that we possess all the sources. We have only negative proof that Shakespeare was the first to dramatise *Rosalynde*, and in those days of originality we shall make a great mistake if in eagerness to elevate Shakespeare we disable the inventive resources of his predecessors and contemporaries. Hence we tread but on uncertain ground when in comparing novel and play we too broadly assume that the improvements in the latter are necessarily more than adoptions from another source, an intermediate mind. Still, duly guarded, the value of comparison remains; the glory of Shakespeare rests in any case not on the taste or judgement of particular alterations, but on the completeness with which, among multitudes of alternatives, he has gone right where he might so easily have been tempted wrong; and in the comparison of the finished work with the remoter rudiment, however many links of intermediate development are lost, the attention is invariably guided to the spirit in which irregularities were corrected, relief supplied, and crudity or coarseness refined or suppressed.'

There is no evidence in *As You Like It* which is to me at all conclusive that Shakespeare drew any the smallest inspiration from *The Tale of Gamelyn*. The atmospheres of the two works are heavenwide apart, and as for mere verbal repetitions, it is not impossible that a number of phrases might be found common to *As You Like It* and the *Book of Job*. As between Lodge and Shakespeare, however, the case is different; there can be no doubt that the *Novel* is interwoven in the drama, but whether by Shakespeare's hand, or, as Lloyd suggests, by another's, who can tell? Whether Shakespeare went directly to the *Novel* itself, or gilded with his heavenly alchemy some pale, colorless drama which had been tried and failed, but whose dramatic capabilities Shakespeare's keen eye detected, I find it impossible to decide. The trivial blemishes in *As You Like It* which have been ascribed with probability, by Wright and others, to haste on Shakespeare's part, may be attributed, it seems to me, quite as plausibly to the outcroppings of the original play, which Shakespeare remodelled, and their presence would still be due, more or less, to haste. Among these, there is one, however, for which, I think, haste is hardly a sufficient explanation, and this is, the character of Touchstone. If there is one quality in which Shakespeare is forever Shakespeare, it is in the unity of his characters, in their thorough individuality, in their absolute truth to themselves. A hundred and fifty years ago Pope said that to prefix names to the speeches in Shakespeare's plays was almost superfluous; the



speeches themselves unerringly proclaimed the speakers. We also know that either before the entrance of an important character, or very soon after, Shakespeare is wont to give either a prelude or a keynote, as it were, of that character, and with this keynote we all know how absolutely every subsequent trait or utterance is in harmony. If, then, this test be applied to Touchstone (or, why not say, this touchstone to Touchstone), will his character from first to last stand it? Is the 'clownish fool' and the 'roynish clown' of the First Act, with his bald jests of knights and pancakes, the Touchstone of the Fifth Act, who had trod a measure, flattered a lady, been politic with his friend and smooth with his enemy? Is the simpleton of the First Act, 'Nature's natural' as he is in truth, the same with the Touchstone who can cite Ovid and quarrel in print, by the book? Are there not here two separate characters? These two clowns cannot be one and the same. The true Touchstone we meet for the first time in the Forest of Arden, and although when Jaques speaks of him we have already seen him and heard him, yet it is Jaques who gives us the keynote of his character; and in the Touchstone of the last Act we recognise our old acquaintance, who solemnly pondered that 'from hour to hour we ripe and ripe, and then from hour to 'hour we rot and rot, and thereby hangs a tale.'

However rapid may have been Shakespeare's composition, I cannot suppose—it is to me unthinkable—that from the very first instant each character was not present before him in perfect symmetry and absolute completeness. For any discrepancy, therefore, any distortion in the character of Touchstone, haste in composition is hardly, I think, an adequate explanation, and I humbly suggest one of two courses as a possible solution: First, either we have, in the Clown of the Second Scene of the play, the genuine roynish fool of the original old play which Shakespeare rewrote, and who here crops out, perhaps through an oversight (here, at least, due to haste), or perhaps purposely retained to please the groundlings; or else, secondly, that the Clown who cracks his joke about beards and mustard was not Touchstone, but a separate and very different character, and who should never have been called Touchstone. Theobald, be it observed, was the first (and this, too, not till his second edition) to call this Clown Touchstone. He is our sole authority for it. This Clown Rosalind threatens with the whip—would she ever have thus menaced Touchstone?

Although this latter suggestion will relieve Touchstone's character from inconsistency,—an inconsistency which all must have felt, and to which Wright expressly calls attention,—yet the other trifling blemishes remain, such as styling Rosalind at one time the 'shorter,' and at another time the 'taller,' or speaking of 'Juno's swans,' &c. For these, I think, we must fall back on the explanation that they are the survivals of the older play. Theobald's error in nomenclature (that is, in calling the Clown of the Second Scene Touchstone) may account for the most serious of all; but for the others, I think, we can account by supposing that there was an older drama, which was intermediate between our *As You Like It* and Lodge's *Novel*.

Moreover, the weakness which we all feel here and there in the last scene, in passages which, as Wright fitly says, 'are not, to say the least, in Shakespeare's best 'manner,'—all these imperfections will be readily accounted for if we suppose them to be remnants of the old play, which Shakespeare was either too hurried, or too indifferent, to erase. The chiefest objection to this lies in the uncritical method which is herein implied, whereby we attribute, as a rule, whatever is good to Shakespeare, and whatever is less good to some one else. Still, I think, the rule may be, for the nonce, applied with due propriety to the close of this play.

Furthermore, is there not a mystery hanging over the staying of *As You Like It*

by the Wardens of the Stationers' Company? It is not utterly beyond the pale of possibility that a clue to the mystery might be found in a clashing of pecuniary interests between the owners of the old play and of the new, and which was never set at rest until the ownership of both passed into the same hands before the First Folio was entered on the *Stationers' Registers* and permitted to be printed.

The student will find elaborate comparisons between Lodge's *Novel* and this play in the *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, vol. vi, pp. 226-249, by DELIUS; also an extremely valuable analysis of the *Tale of Gamelyn*, in the *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, vol. xxi, pp. 69-148, by ZUPITZA; and again in the *New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, Part ii, pp. 277-293, 1882, by W. G. STONE, wherein the writer 'examines Shakspeare's treatment of Lodge's *Rosalynde* from a negative point of view; and instead of showing 'his agreement therewith, dwells upon his divergence therefrom in varying the plot 'and in modifying the characters.' All these valuable Essays are designed for the benefit of those who have no access to the originals, and it is needful here merely to give their titles. In reprinting on the following pages both *The Tale of Gamelyn* and Lodge's *Rosalynde*, the original material is supplied from which the student, with best profit to himself, can make his own deductions and comparisons.

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#### THE TALE OF GAMELYN

*The Tale of Gamelyn* is here reprinted from SKEAT's admirable edition (*Clarendon Press Series*, Oxford, 1884). The following few facts, all that are germane to this play, are wholly derived from that editor's excellent *Introduction*, and as much as possible in his very words: We may roughly date the *Tale of Gamelyn* near the middle of the fourteenth century. It so happens that all the copies of it which have been preserved occur in MSS of the *Canterbury Tales*; in three of the best MSS, however, it does not appear; but when it does appear it is always in the same place, *i. e.* in the gap left in Chaucer's work by his omission to finish the composition (or, more probably, the revision) of the *Cook's Tale*. There is, in fact, no connection between *Gamelyn* and any work of Chaucer, and no reason for connecting it with the *Cook's Tale* in particular, beyond the mere accident that the gap here found in Chaucer's work gave an opportunity for introducing it. 'I cannot but protest,' says Skeat, 'against the stupidity of the botcher whose hand wrote above it "The Cokes Tale of Gamelyn." That was done because it happened to be found *next after* 'the Cook's Tale, which, instead of being about Gamelyn, is about Perkin the reveller, 'an idle apprentice.'

It so happens that none of the black-letter editions of Chaucer contain the *Tale*, which was, in fact, never printed till 1721, but MSS of Chaucer circulated among readers, and in this way Thomas Lodge became acquainted with it. He certainly made use of a MS, which gave the name of the old Knight as Sir John of Burdeaux; a Cambridge MS is the only one known to Skeat which has the spelling *burdeauxs*. Whence Lodge obtained the latter part of his *Rosalynde* does not appear, but it is not improbable that he had it from some Italian novel. *Gamelyn* is remarkable as being a story without a heroine; no female name is even mentioned in it, and it is only in the fifth line from the end that we are told that the hero 'wedded a wife both good and fair.' Hence it is not surprising that Lodge thought it necessary to expand the story, and to provide a Rosalind for his Rosader.

The footnotes are wholly taken from Skeat's *Notes and Glossary*. In reprinting, the only liberty I have taken is to change the character ȝ into y at the beginning, and into g<sup>h</sup> in the middle, of a word.

LITHETH, and lesteneth · and herkeneth aright, 1  
 And ye schulle here a talkyng · of a doughty knight;  
 Sire Iohan of Boundys · was his righte name, 3  
 He cowde of norture ynough · and mochil of game. 4  
 Thre sones the knight hadde · that with his body he wan;  
 The eldest was a moche schrewe · and sone he bygan. 6  
 His bretheren loued wel here fader · and of him were agast, 7  
 The eldest deserved his fadres curs · and had it at the last.  
 The goode knight his fader · lyuede so yore, 9  
 That deth was comen him to · and handled him ful sore.

But his chief anxiety was for his children's future. He, therefore, sent for some wise knights to come and help him dispose of his property; and charged them to divide his land evenly, and not to forget Gamelyn, his young son. The knights having learned his wishes,

Tho lete they the knight lyen · that was nought in hele, 41  
 And wenten in-to counseil · his landes for to dele; 42  
 For to delen hem alle · to oon, that was her thought 43  
 And for Gamelyn was yongest · he schulde haue nought.  
 Al the lond that ther was · they dalten it in two, 45  
 And leten Gamelyn the yonge · withoute londe go,  
 And ech of hem seyde · to other full lowde,  
 His bretheren might yve him lond · whan he good cowde. 48

When they reported this division to the knight, he liked it right nought, and told them to keep still, and he would deal out his land at his own will, as follows:

Johan, myn eldeste sone schal haue plowes fyue 57  
 That was my fadres heritage · whil he was on lyue 58  
 And my myddeleste sone · fyue plowes of lond;  
 That I halp for to gete · with my righte hond;  
 And al myn other purchas · of londes and of leedes, 61  
 That I byquethe to Gamelyn · and alle my goode steedes.

1. *Litheth*, Harken ye. The imperative plural.—3. *Boundys*. It is not clear what is meant by 'Boundys,' nor is there any clear indication of the supposed locality of the story. 'Boundys,' a place-name, is perhaps = bounds, marches, border-land; or possibly Bons, near Falaise in Normandy.—4. 'He was sufficiently instructed in right bringing up, and knew much about sport.'—5. *schrewe*, wicked man.—6. *sone he bygan*, viz. to make good his reputation.—7. *agast*, afraid (in a good sense).—9. *yore*, a long time.—41. 'Then they left the knight lying there, who was not in health'—42. *dele*, divide.—43. 'To apportion them all to one, that was their plan.'—44. *And for*, And because.—45. *dalten*, divided.—48. *whan he good cowde*, when he knew what was good, i. e. when he was old enough to know right from wrong; or, as we now say, when he came to years of discretion. Observe that the division of land here proposed was not final; the good knight, being still alive, altered it.—57. *plowes*, plough-lands. 'A plough of land was as much as could be ploughed with one plough.'—Wright, *ap*. Skeat.—58. *on lyue*, in life; alive.—61. *purchas*, i. e. purchases. Still applied, in law, to all property obtained otherwise than by descent.

Having thus disposed of his land, he lay stone still and died when his time came.  
When he was buried under the grass,

Sone the elder brother · gyled the yonge knaue ;	70
He took into his hond · his lond and his leede,	71
And Gamelyn himselfe · to clothen and to feede.	
He clothed him and fedde him · yuel and eek wrothe,	73
And leet his londes for-fare · and his houses bothe,	74
His parkes and his woodes · and dede nothing wel ;	
And seththen he it aboughte · on his faire fel.	76

Now Gamelyn waxed strong, so that neither man nor boy dared vex him.

Gamelyn stood on a day · in his brotheres yerde,	81
And bygan with his hond · to handlen his berde ;	
He thoughte on his londes · that layen vnsawe,	83
And his faire okes · that down were i-drawe ;	84
His parkes were i-broken · and his deer byreued.	85

Not a single good steed did he have left. Soon after his brother came up, and asked Gamelyn if the meat was ready, which enraged Gamelyn, who 'swore by goddes book Thou shalt go bake thyself; I will not be thy cook.' His brother is astonished at such language, and Gamelyn rehearses his grievances, *thou-ing* his brother instead of using the respectful *you*, and winds up with cursing him. Whereupon his quick-tempered brother replied :

'Stand stille, gadelyng · and hold right thy pees ;	102
Thou schalt be fayn for to haue · thy mete and thy wede ;	103
What spekest thou, Gamelyn · of lond other of leede ?'	104
Thanne seyde Gamelyn · the child that was ying,	105
'Cristes curs mot he haue · that clepeth me gadelyng !	
I am no worse gadelyng · ne no worse wight,	107
But born of a lady · and geten of a knight.'	

The brother dared not approach Gamelyn, but bade his men get staves to beat the boy, who, when he saw them, all thus armed, draw near, looked round for some means of defence, and his eye lit on a large pestle standing up against a wall ; this he seized, and looking like a wild lion he laid round him lustily, and soon had all the men lying in a heap. His brother, not relishing this turn of affairs, fled up into a loft and shut the door fast. Gamelyn looked everywhere for his brother, and finally espied him looking out at a window. Then began a parley which ended in the brother's coming down and making his peace, and promising that all of Gamelyn's inheritance should be restored, and more too if he wanted it. 'But the knight thoughte on tresown and Gamelyn on none, And wente and kiste his brother when they were at oon,' *i. e.* at one, *i. e.* reconciled. Alas, young Gamelyn, nothing he wist with what a false treason his brother him kissed !

70. *gyled*, beguiled the young boy.——71. *leede*, people, serfs.——73. *yuel and eek wrothe*, badly, nay abominably.——74. *leet his londes for-fare*, let his lands go to ruin.——76. 'And afterwards he paid for it in his fair skin.' We should now say, his recompense fell upon his own head.——81. *yerde*, yard, courtyard.——83. *vnsawe*, unsown.——84. *i-drawe*, pulled down to the ground.——85. *byreued*, stolen.——102. *gadelyng*, fellow ; a term of reproach. But observe that the sarcasm lies in the similarity of the sound of the word to Gamelyn. Hence Gamelyn's indignant reply.——103. 'Thou shalt be glad to get mere food and clothing.'——104. *other*, either.——105. *ying*, young.——107. *wight*, man.

Litheth and lesteneth · and holdeth your tonge	169
And ye schul heere talkyng · of Gamelyn the yonge.	
Ther was ther bysiden · cryed a wrastlyng,	171
And therfor ther was set vp · a ram and a ring;	
And Gamelyn was in wille · to wende therto	
For to preuen his might · what he cowthe do.	174
Brother,' seyde Gamelyn · 'by seynt Richer,	175
Thou most lene me to-nyght · a litel courser	176
That is freisch to the spores · on for to ryde;	177
I most on an erande · a litel her byside.'	178
By god!' seyde his brother · 'of steedes in my stalle	
Go and chese the the best · and spare non of alle	180
Of steedes or of coursers · that stonden hem bisyde;	
And tel me, goode brother · whider thou wolt ryde.'	
'Her byside, brother · is cryed a wrastlyng,	
And therfor schal be set vp · a ram and a ryng;	
Moche worschip it were · brother, to vs alle,	185
Might I the ram and the ryng · bring home to this halle.'	
A steede ther was sadeled · smertely and skeet;	187
Gamelyn did a paire spores · fast on his feet.	
He sette his foot in the styrop · the steede he bystrood,	
And toward the wrastelyng · the yonge child rood.	
Tho Gamelyn the yonge · was riden out at gat,	191
The false knight his brother · lokked it after that,	
And bysoughte Iesu Crist · that is heuen kyng,	
He mighte breke his nekke · in that wrastelyng.	
As sone as Gamelyn com · ther the place was,	195
He lighte doun of his steede · and stood on the gras,	
And ther he herd a frankeleyn · wayloway synge,	197
And bigan bitterly · his hondes for to wrynge.	
Goode man,' seyde Gamelyn · 'why makestow this fare?	199
Is ther no man that may · you helpe out of this care?	
Allas!' seyde this frankeleyn · 'that euer was I bore!	
For tweye stalworthe sones · I wene that I haue lore;	202
A champioun is in the place · that hath i-wrought me sorwe,	203
For he hath slayn my two sones · but-if god hem borwe,	204
I would yeue ten pound · by Iesu Crist! and more,	
With the nones I fand a man · to handelen him sore.'	206
'Goode man,' sayde Gamelyn · 'wilt thou wel doon,	207
Hold myn hors, whil my man · draweth of my schoon,	

171. *bysiden*, close by.—171. *cryed*, proclaimed.—174. *preuen*, test, shew.—174. *cowthe*, could.—175. *Richer*, Richard. His name still appears in our Prayer-books.—176. *lene*, loan.—177. *spores*, spurs.—178. *her byside*, close by here.—180. *chese*, choose.—185. *worschip*, honour.—187. *smertely and skeet*, quickly and swiftly.—191. *Tho*, when.—195. *ther*, where.—197. *wayloway*, wellaway. For Ang. Sax. *wé lá wé*, lit. 'woe! lo! woe!'—199. *makestow*, makest thou.—199. *fare*, behaviour.—202. *lore*, lost.—203. *sorwe*, sorrow.—204. *but-if*, &c., unless God be surety for them, *i. e.* ensure their recovery. The two are not slain, but greatly disabled.—206. *With the nones*, on the occasion that, provided that. For the *nones*, for the occasion, stands for *for then ones*, for the once; so here *with the nones* = with *then ones*, with the once.—207. *wilt thou*, &c., if thou wishest to do a kind deed.

And help my man to kepe · my clothes and my steede,	209
And I wil into place go · to loke if I may speede.'	
'By god!' sayde the frankeleyn · 'anon it schal be doon;	
I wil my-self be thy man and drawen of thy schoon,	
And wende thou into place Iesu Crist the speede,	
And drede not of thy clothes · nor of thy goode steede.'	214
Barfoot and vnget · Gamelyn in cam,	
Alle that weren in the place · heede of him they nam,	216
How he durste aunte him · of him to doon his might	217
That was so doughty champion · in wrastlyng and in fight.	
Vp sterte the champion · rapely anon,	219
Toward yonge Gamelyn · he bigan to goon,	
And sayde, 'who is thy fader · and who is thy sire?	
For sothe thou art a gret fool · that thou come hire!'	
Gamelyn answerde · the champion tho,	
'Thou knewe wel my fader · whil he couthe go,	224
Whiles he was on lyue · by seint Martyn!	
Sir Iohan of Boundys was his name · and I Gamelyn.'	
'Fellow,' seyde the champion · 'al-so mot I thryue,	227
I knew wel thy fader · whil he was on lyue;	
And thiself, Gamelyn · I wil that thou it heere,	
Whil thou were a yong boy · a moche schrewe thou were.'	230
Than seyde Gamelyn · and swere by Cristes ore	231
'Now I am older woxe · thou schalt fynde me a more!'	232
'Be god!' sayde the champion · 'welcome mote thou be!	
'Come thou ones in myn hond · schalt thou neuer the.'	234

The time was night and the moon was shining when the wrestling began. Many a trick did the champion try on Gamelyn, but in vain. Then said Gamelyn to the champion: 'I have withstood many tricks of thine, now you must try one or two of mine.' Whereupon, of all his tricks he showed him only one, 'and cast him on the left side, that three ribbes to brak.' And thereto one of his arms that gave a great crack. Then said the Franklin: 'Blessed be thou, Gamelyn, that ever thou wast born,' and being no longer in awe of the champion he scoffed at him for being beaten by so young a man. But the champion answered that Gamelyn was the master of all, and that never in his life had he been so roughly handled. And Gamelyn stood there shirtless, and dared any one to encounter him, satirically remarking that the champion did not appear to want any more. Not a soul came forward. At last two gentlemen, the overseers of the games, told Gamelyn to put on his shoes and stockings, for the fair was over. Then said Gamelyn: 'So mote I well fare, I have not yet sold out the half of my ware.' Whereupon the champion grimly spoke up: 'He is a fool that thereof buyeth, thou sellest so dear.' 'Fellow,' said the Franklin, 'why dost thou blame his ware? what thou boughtest thou hadst too cheap.' Then the wardens that were of that wrestling came and brought Gamelyn the ram and the ring,

214. *drede not of*, fear not for.—216. *nam*, took.—217. 'How he dared adventure himself, to prove his strength upon him that was so doughty a champion?'—219. *rapely anon*, quickly in a minute.—224. *whil he couthe go*, whilst he was able to go about.—227. *Fellow*, fellow (as a term of reproach).—227. *al-so mot I*, as I may.—230. *a moche schrewe*, &c., thou wast a great doer of mischief. Gamelyn retorts that he is now a *more*, i. e. a still greater doer of mischief.—231. *ore*, grace.—232. *woxe*, grown.—234. *the*, thrive.

and he went, with much joy, home in the morning. His brother saw him coming with a great rowte, and bade shut the gate, and hold him without. The porter of his lord was full sore agast, and started at once to the gate, and locked it fast.

[The chief points of resemblance between *As You Like It* and *The Tale of Gamelyn* here cease. In what remains only the name Adam, and Adam's flight with Gamelyn to a forest where they find outlaws feasting, can be at all considered common to both. I have been careful to retain, as far as possible, the phraseology of the original in the following abstract of the remaining six hundred lines of *The Tale*. It is of necessity brief, and gives merely an outline of the story, from which it can be seen that there are no situations, except possibly the forest-scene, wherein young Gamelyn could have served in the least as the direct prototype of Orlando.]

When Gamelyn, flushed with victory, returned home with the ram and the ring and a disorderly crew of friends, he found the gate shut against him. Whereupon he kicked the gate in, caught the porter, broke his neck, and threw him down a well. His friends were cordially invited by him to help themselves to meat, and for drink five tuns of wine were hospitably placed at their disposal. His brother meanwhile lay hid in a 'litel toret' of the castle and saw them 'wasting his good,' but 'durste he not speke.' This carousal lasted for eight days, then the guests took their leave, and when they had 'riden and i-goön, Gamelyn stood allone, friends had he noon.' His brother ventured then from his hiding-place, which he had apparently changed, though we are not told why, from the 'toret' to the 'selleer.' The treacherous knight forgave Gamelyn, and even went so far as to tell him that because 'of my body, brother, heir geten have I noon, I will make thee mine heir, I swear by St Johan.' Gamelyn was, of course, very grateful, but nothing wist of his brother's guile. Under the plea of an oath which he had made when from his hiding-place he had seen Gamelyn throw the porter down the well, the brother persuaded Gamelyn to be bound hand and foot, merely out of formality, that his oath should not be broken. But as soon as he was bound and securely fettered, his brother told everybody that Gamelyn was mad. For two days and two nights, without meat or drink, was the young fellow fastened to a post. Then he appealed privately to Adam, who was the spencer, or officer of the household who dispensed the provisions, to succour him, which Adam, the spencer, did, with food and drink. It was then agreed between them that Adam should unlock Gamelyn's fetters, and when the feasting and revelry was at its height, with all the Abbots and Priors, on Sunday, Gamelyn should make an appeal to all the men of holy Church for help, and if they refused he should break forth, and he with a good staff, and Adam with another, fight for freedom. And it so befell, the men of holy Church banned him instead of blessing him, whereupon he cast away his fetters and began to work, and with such good effect that there was none of them all that with his staff met but he made him overthrow, and quit them his debt. 'Gamelyn,' said Adam, 'do them but good; they are men of holy church, draw of them no blood, take heed of the tonsure, and do them no harms, but break both their legs, and after that their arms.' This provident advice was followed until at last Gamelyn got at his brother; him he struck in the neck, and also a little above the girdle, and bruised his backbone, and set him in the fetters. The sheriff was summoned by those who escaped, and when Gamelyn saw him and his posse approach he fled with Adam, so that when the sheriff got to the castle he found a nest, but no egg; however, he found the brother fettered, and anone sent for a doctor to heal his backbone.

Gamelyn and Adam meanwhile marched steadily into the wood; but the latter

took it ill, and at last said: 'I see now that it is better to be a spencer. It is far 'preferable keys for to bear than to walk in this wild wood my clothes for to tear.' 'Adam,' said Gamelyn, 'dismay thee right nought; many a good man's child into 'care is i-brought.' And as they were walking together they heard talking of men near by. Then Gamelyn under the wood looked aright, and seven score of young men he saw well a-dight, that is, accoutred; all sat at meat in a circle about. 'Adam,' said Gamelyn, 'now have we no doubt, after ill cometh good, through grace of God 'almight; me thinketh of meat and drink that I have a sight.' Adam looked then under wood-bough, and when he saw meat he was glad enow; for he hoped to God to have his share or deel, and he was sore alonged after a good meal. The master outlaw, after finding out who they were, bade them sit there adown for to take rest, and bade them eat and drink, and that of the best. In the course of time Gamelyn rose to be king of the outlaws. Meanwhile his false brother had risen to be sheriff, and caused Gamelyn to be proscribed as an outlaw and summoned to appear at the next sessions. 'Alas,' said Gamelyn, 'that ever I was so slack As not to break his 'neck, though I did break his back.' However, Gamelyn was thrust in prison. His brother Ote now appeared, and became surety for Gamelyn's appearance on the next court day. On that day Gamelyn entered the court with a band of his merry men, and finding that his false brother had suborned a jury to condemn to death his brother Ote, as a forfeit for his absence, he seized the Judge, the sheriff (his brother), and the jury, and banged them all. This act of summary justice seemed somehow to strike the king very favourably, for he not only made Ote a Justice, but Gamelyn a Chief Justice. The latter thus recovered his land and his serfs; brother Ote made him his heir, and Gamelyn wedded a wife both good and fair. And they lived together, while that Crist wold, Until Gamelyn was buried under the mold. And so shall we all; that none may flee: God bring us to the joy, that ever shall be.

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#### LODGE'S ROSALYNDE

THE TEXT of *Rosalynde* here given is from a copy issued by the *HUNTERIAN CLUB*, and placed, with alacrity, at my disposal by my kind friend, Mr ALEXANDER SMITH, of Glasgow. In the *Fifth Annual Report*, 1878, of this excellent Club, that has done, and is still doing, such fine work in its especial field, this issue of Lodge's *Novel* is thus spoken of: 'In regard to "*Rosalynde*," it may be noted that the first 'edition, 1590, has never until now been reprinted. For the use of the unique original '(unfortunately imperfect) in the Britwell library, the Club is indebted to the kindness 'of Mr S. Christie-Miller. The deficiency (Sig. R, 4 leaves) has been supplied from 'the second edition, 1592, in the collection of Mr Henry Huth.'

Marginal references are placed opposite those passages only which have been specifically mentioned by critics in the preceding Commentary on the Play.

The *Novel* is so long, and demands so many pages, that I have compressed its form, not its substance, in all possible ways, running into the text when practicable lines of poetry, titles of chapters, &c., &c., which in the original stand out in the page with generous margins. For the same reason I have not followed the original in printing every name in small capitals. Be it remembered, therefore, that the substance alone is here reproduced; the form is quite disregarded.



ROSALYNDE. || EUPHUES GOLDEN LE- || gacie : found after his death || *in his Cell at*  
*Sr- || lexedra. || Bequeathed to Philautus sonnes || nourfed vp with their || father in*  
*Eng- || land. || Fetcht from the Canaries. || By T. L. Gent. || LONDON, || Imprinted*  
*by Thomas Orwin for T. G. || and John Busbie. || 1590. ||*

TO THE RIGHT HO- || nourable and his most esteemed || *Lord the Lord of Hunfdon,*  
*Lord || Chamberlaine of her Maiefties || household, and Gouernor of her || Towne*  
*of Barwicke : || T. L. G. wifheth increafe || of all honourable ver- || tues. ||*

*SVch Romanes (right Honourable) as delighted in martiall exploytes, attempted their actions in the honour of Auguftus, becaufe he was a Patron of souldiers : and Virgil dignified him with his poems, as a Mæcenas of schollers; both ioyntly aduancing his royallie, as a Prince warlike and learned. Such as facryfice to Pallas, preſent her with bayes as ſhe is wiſe, and with armour as ſhe is valiant; obſeruing herein that excellent το περρον which dedicateth honours according to the perfection of the perſon. VVhen J entred (right honourable) with a deep inſight into the conſideration of theſe premiſſes, ſeeing your L. to be a Patron of all martiall men, and a Mæcenas of ſuch as applie themſelues to ſtudie; wearing with Pallas both the launce and the bay, and ayming with Auguſtus at the fauour of all, by the honourable vertues of your minde : being my ſelfe firſt a Student, and after falling from bookes to armes, euen vowed in all my thoughts dutifully to affect your L. Hauing with Capt : Clarke made a voyage to the Ilands of Terceras & the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour, J writ this booke; rough, as hatcht in the ſtormes of the Ocean, and feathered in the furies of many perillous ſeas. But as it is the worke of a ſouldier and a ſcholler, J preſumed to ſthrowde it vnder your Honors patronage, as one that is the fautor and fauourer of all vertuous actions; and whoſe honourable Loues growen from the generall applauſe of the whole Common wealth for your higher deſerts, may keep it fro the mallice of euery bitter tung. Other reaſons more particular (right Honorable) challenge in me a ſpeciall affection to your L. as being a ſcholler with your two noble ſonnes, Maſter Edmond Carew & M. Robert Carew, (two ſiens worthe of ſo honorable a tree, and a tree glorious in ſuch honourable fruite) as alſo being ſcholler in the Vniuerſitie vnder that learned and vertuous Knight Sir Edward Hobbie, when he was Batcheler in Arts, a mā as well lettered as well borne, and after the Etymologie of his name ſoaring as high as the wings of knowledge can mount him, happie euerie way, & the more fortunate, as bleſſed in the honor of ſo vertuous a Ladie. Thus (right honourable) the duetie that J owe to the ſonnes, chargeth me that all my affection be placed on the father; for where the braunches are ſo precious, the tree of force muſt be moſt excellent. Commiaunded and emboldened thus with the conſideration of theſe forepaſſed reaſons, to preſent my Booke to your Lordſhip; I humbly intreate, your Honour will vouch of my labours, and fauour a ſouldiers and a ſchollers pen with your gracious acceptance; who anſweres in affection what he wants in eloquence; ſo deuoted to your Honour, as his onely deſire is, to end his life vnder the fauour of ſo martiall and learned a Patron.*

*Reſting thus in hope of your Lordſhips courteſie, in deying the Patronage of my worke, J ceaſe : wiſhing you as many honourable fortunes as your Lordſhip can deſire, or I imagine.*

*Your Honours ſouldier  
 humbly affectionate :  
 Thomas Lodge.*

*To the Gentlemen Readers.*

GENTlemen, look not here to find anie sprigs of *Pallas* bay tree, nor to heare the humour of any amorous Lawreate, nor the pleasing vaine of anie eloquent Orator: *Nolo altum sapere*, they be matters aboue my capacitie; the Coblers checke shall neuer light on my head, *Ne futor ultra crepidam*, I will goe no further than the latchet, and then all is well. Heere you may perhaps find som leaues of *Venus* mirtle, but heauen down by a souldier with his curtlexe, not bought with I, iii, 124 the allurement of a filed tongue. To be briefe Gentlemen, roome for a souldier, & a failer, that giues you the fruits of his labors that he wrought in the *Ocean*, when euerie line was wet with a surge, & euerie humorous passion counter-checkt with a storme. If you like it, so: and yet I will be yours in duetie, if you bee mine in fauour. But if *Momus* or anie squint-eied asse that hath mightie eares to conceiue with *Midas*, and yet little reason to iudge; if hee come aboard our Barke to find fault with the tackling, when he knows not the shrowdes, Ile downe into the hold, and fetch out a rustie pollax, that sawe no funne this seauen yeare, and either well be bast him, or heaue the cockscombe ouer boord to feede cods. But courteous Gentlemen that fauour most, backbite none, & pardon what is ouerslipt, let such come & vvelcome, Ile into the Stevvards roome, & fetch them a kan of our best beurdage. VVell Gentlemen, you haue *Euphues Legacie*. I fetcht it as farre as the Ilands of *Terceras*, and therefore read it; cenfure vvith fauour, and iarevvell.

*Yours T.L.*

## Rosalynd.

THere dwelled adioyning to the citie of *Bourdeaux* a Knight of most honorable parentage, whom Fortune had graced with manie fauours, and Nature honored with fundrie exquisite qualities, so beautified with the excellence of both, as it was a question whether Fortune or Nature were more prodigall in deciphering the riches of their bounties. Wife hee was, as holding in his head a supreme concept of policie, reaching with Nestor into the depth of all ciuill gouernment; and to make his wife-dome more gracious, he had that *salem ingenij* and pleasant eloquence that was so highlie commended in Vlisses: his valour was no lesse than his wit, nor the stroake of his Launce no lesse forcible, than the sweetnesse of his tongue was perfwasiue: for he was for his courage chosen the principall of all the Knights of *Malta*. This hardie Knight thus enricht with Vertue and Honour, surnamed Sir Iohn of *Bourdeaux*, hauing passed the prime of his youth in fundrie batailles against the *Turkes*, at last (as the date of time hath his course) grew aged: his haire was siluer hued, and the map of age was figured on his forehead: Honour sat in the furrowes of his face, and many yeres were pourtraied in his wrinkled liniaments, that all men might perceiue his glasse was runne, and that Nature of necessity chalenged her due. Sir Iohn (that with the Phenix knewe the tearme of his life was now expyred, and could with the Swanne discover his end by her songs) hauing three sonnes by his wife Lynida, the verie pride of all his forepassed yeres, thought now (feeing death by constraint would compell him to leaue them) to bestowe vpon them such a Legacie as might bewray his loue, and increase their ensuing amitie. Calling therefore these yong Gentlemen before him in the prefence of all his fellowe Knights of *Malta*, he resolved to leaue them a memoriall of his fatherlie care, in setting downe a methode of their brotherlie dueties. Hauing therefore death in his lookes to mooue them to pitie, and teares in his eyes to paint out the depth of his passions, taking his eldest sonne by the hand, hee began thus.—Sir Iohn of *Bourdeaux* Legacie he gaue to his Sonnes.—

Oh my Sonnes, you see that Fate hath fet a period of my yeares, and Destinies haue determined the finall ende of my daies: the Palme tree waxeth away ward, for he stoopeth in his height, and my plumes are full of sicke feathers touched with age. I must to my graue that discharge all cares, and leaue you to the world that encreaseth many forowes: my siluer haire containeth great experience, and in the number of my yeares are pend downe the subtilties of Fortune. Therefore as I leaue you some fading pelfe to counterchecke pouertie, so I will bequeath you infallible precepts that shall leade you vnto vertue. First therefore vnto thee Saladyne the eldest, and therefore the chiefest pillar of my house, wherein should be ingrauen as well the excellence of thy fathers qualities, as the essentiall forme of his proportion, to thee I giue foureteene ploughlands, with all my Mannor houses and richest plate. Next vnto Fernandyn I bequeath twelue ploughlands. But vnto Rosader the yongest I giue my Horse, My Armour and my Launce, with sixteene ploughlands: for if the inward thoughts be discovered by outward shadowes, Rosader will exceed you all in bountie and honour. Thus (my Sonnes) haue I parted in your portions the substance of my wealth, wherein if you bee as prodigall to spend, as I haue been carefull to get, your friends will grieue to see you more waftfull than I was bountifull, and your foes smile that my fall did begin in your excesse. Let mine honour be the glasse of your actions, and the fame of my vertues the Loadstarre to direct the course of your pilgrimage. Ayme your deedes by my honorable endeouours, and shewe your felues siens worthe of so flourishing a tree: leaft as the birds Halcyones which exceede in whiteneffe, I hatch yong ones that surpass in blacknesse. Climbe not my sonnes; aspiring pride is a vapour that ascendeth hie, but soone turneth to a smoake: they which stare at the Starres, stumble vpon stones; and such as gaze at the Sunne (vnlesse they bee Eagle eyed) fall blinde. Soare not with the Hobbie, leaft you fall with the Larke; nor attempt not with Phaeton, leaft you drowne with Icarus. Fortune when she wils you to flie, tempers your plumes with waxe, and therefore either sit still and make no wing, or els beware the Sunne, and holde Dedalus axiome authentically (*medium tenere tutissimum*). Low shrubbes haue deepe rootes, and poore Cottages great patience. Fortune lookes euer vpward, and enuie aspireth to nestle with dignitie. Take heede my sonnes, the meane is sweetest melody; where strings high stretch, either soone cracke, or quicklie growe out of tune. Let your Countries care be your hearts content, and thinke that you are not borne for your felues, but to leuell your thoughts to be loyall to your Prince, careful for the Common weale, and faithfull to your friends; so shall *France* say, these men are as excellent in vertues, as they be exquisite in features. Oh my sonnes, a friend is a precious Iewell, within whose bofome you may vnloade your forowes and vnfolde your secretes, and hee either will releue with counsaile, or perswade with reason: but take heede in the choyce, the outward shew makes not the inward man, nor are the dimples in the face the Calenders of truth. When the Liquorice leafe looketh most drie, then it is most wet. When the shoares of *Lepanthus* are most quiet, then they forepoint a storme. The Baaran leafe the more faire it lookes, the more infectious it is, and in the sweetest words is oft hid the most trecherie. Therefore my sonnes, choose a friend as the Hiperborei do the mettals, seuer them from the ore with fire, & let them not bide the stamp before they be currant; so trie and then trust, let time be touchstone of friendship, & then friends faithfull lay them vp for Iewells. Be valiant my sonnes, for cowardise is the enimie to honour; but not too rash, for that is an extreame. Fortitude is the meane, and that is limited within bonds, and prescribed with circumstance. But aboue all, and with that he fetcht a deepe sigh, beware of Loue, for it is farre

more perilous than pleasant, and yet I tell you it allureth as ill as the Syrens. Oh my sonnes, fancie is a fickle thing, and beauties paintings are trickt vp with times colours, which being set to drie in the Sunne, perish with the same. Venus is a wanton, & though her lawes pretend libertie, yet there is nothing but losse and glistering miserie. Cupids wings are plumed with the feathers of vanitie, and his arrowes where they pearce, inforce nothing but deadly desires: a womans eye as it is precious to behold, so it is prejudiciall to gaze vpon; for as it affordeth delight, so it snareth vnto death. Trust not their fawning fauours, for their loues are like the breath of a man vpon steele, which no sooner lighteth on but it leapeth of, and their passions are as momentarie as the colours of a Polipe, which changeth at the sight of euerie obiect. My breath waxeth short and mine eyes dimme, the houre is come and I must away: therefore let this suffice, women are wantons, and yet men cannot want one: and therefore if you loue, choose her that hath her eyes of Adamant, that will turne only to one poynt; her heart of a Diamond, that will receiue but one forme; her tongue of a Sethin leafe, that neuer waggess but with a Southeast winde: and yet my sonnes, if she haue all these qualities, to be chaste, obedient, and silent; yet for that she is a woman, shalt thou finde in her sufficient vanities to counteruaile her uertues. Oh now my sonnes, euen now take these my last words as my latest Legacie, for my thrid is sponne, and my foote is in the graue: keepe my precepts as memorialls of your fathers counsailes, and let them bee lodged in the secretes of your hearts; for wifedome is better than wealth, and a golden sentence worth a world of treasure. In my fall see & marke my sonnes the follie of man, that being dust climbeth with Biases to reach at the Heauens, and readie euerie minute to dye, yet hopeth for an age of pleasures. Oh mans life is like lightning that is but a flash, and the longest date of his yeares but as a bauens blaze. Seeing then man is so mortall, bee carefull that thy life bee vertuous, that thy death may be full of admirable honours; so shalt thou challenge fame to bee thy fautor, and put obliuion to exile with thine honorable actions. But my Sonnes, leaue you should forget your fathers axiomes, take this scroule, wherein reade what your father dying, wils you to execute liuing. At this hee shrunk downe in his bed and gaue vp the ghost.

Iohn of Bourdeaux being thus dead, was greatlie lamented of his Sonnes and bewayled of his friends, especiallie of his fellowe Knights of *Malta*, who attended on his Funeralls, which were performed with great solemnitie. His Obsequies done, Saladyne caused next his Epitaph the contents of the scroule to be pourtraied out, which were to this effect.

The contents of the scedule which Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux gaue to his Sonnes.

*MY Sonnes, behold what portion I doo giue;  
I leaue you goods, but they are quicklie lost;  
I leaue aduice, to schoole you how to liue;  
I leaue you wit, but wonne with little cost:  
But keepe it well; for counsaile still is one,  
When Father, friends, and worldlie goods are gone.*

*In choice of thrift let honour be thy gaine,  
Winne it by vertue and by manly might;  
In dooing good esteeme thy toyle no paine,  
Protect the fatherlesse and widowes right:  
Fight for thy faith, thy Countrie and thy King,  
For why? this thrift will prooue a blessed thing.*

*In choice of wife, preferre the modest chaste,  
Lillies are faire in shew, but foule in smell;  
The sweetest lookes by age are soone defast:  
Then chooseth thy wife by wit and living well.  
Who brings thee wealth and many faults withall,  
Presents thee honie, mixt with bitter gall.*

*In choice of friends, beware of light believe,  
A painted tongue may shroud a subttill heart;  
The Syrens teares doo threaten mickle grieve,  
Foresee my sonne, for feare of sodaine smart:  
Chuse in thy wants: and he that friends thee then,  
When richer growne, befriend him thou agen.*

*Learne of the Ant in sommer to provide;  
Drive with the Bee the Droane from out thy hieue;  
Builde like the Swallowe in the sommer tide;  
Spare not too much (my sonne) but sparing thrive:  
Be poore in follie, rich in all but sinne:  
So by thy death thy glorie shall beginne.*

Saladine hauing thus set vp the Scedule, and hangd about his Fathers hearfe many passionate Poems, that *France* might suppose him to be passing sorrowfull, he clad himselfe and his Brothers all in black, & in such sable futes discoursed his griefe: but as the Hiena when she mournes is then most guilefull, so Saladine vnder this shew of griefe shadowed a heart full of contented thoughtes: the Tyger though hee hide his claws, will at last discouer his rapine: the Lions lookes are not the mappes of his meaning, nor a mans phisnomie is not the display of his secrets. Fire cannot bee hid in the straw, nor the nature of man so concealed, but at last it will haue his course: nourtur and art may doo much, but that *Natura naturans* which by propagation is ingrafted in the heart, will be at last perforce predominant according to the olde verse. *Naturam expellas furca licet, tamen usque recurret.* So fared it with Saladyne, for after a months mourning was past, he fell to consideration of his Fathers testament, how he had bequeathed more to his younger brothers than himselfe, that Rosader was his Fathers darling, but now vnder his tuition, that as yet they were not come to yeres, & he being their gardin, might (if not defraud them of their due) yet make such hauock of their legacies and lands, as they should be a great deale the lighter: whereupon hee began thus to meditate with himselfe — *Saladynes meditation with himselfe.* — Saladyne, how art thou disquieted in thy thoughts, & perplexed with a world of restless passions, hauing thy minde troubled with the tenour of thy Fathers testament, and thy heart fiered with the hope of present preferment & by the one, thou art counsaile to content thee with thy fortunes; by the other, perswaded to aspire to higher wealth. Riches (Saladyne) is a great royalty, & there is no sweeter phisick than store. Auicen like a foole forgot in his Aphorismes to say, that golde was the most precious restorative, and that treasure was the most excellent medecine of the minde. Oh Saladyne, what were thy Fathers precepts breathed into the winde? hast thou so soone forgotte his principles? did he not warne thee from coueting without honor, and climbing without vertue & did hee not forbid thee to aime at any action that should not be honourable & what will bee more preiudiciall to thy credit, than the carelesse ruine of thy brothers welfare & why shouldst not thou bee the pillar of thy brothers prosperitie; and wilt thou become the subuersion of their fortunes & is there

any sweeter thing than concord, or a more precious Iewel then amity? are you not sons of one Father, siens of one tree, birds of one nest? and wilt thou become so vnnaturall as to rob them, whome thou shouldst relieue? No Saladyne, intreate them with fauours, and intertaine them with loue; so shalt thou haue thy conscience cleare and thy renowne excellent. Tush, what words are these bafe foole; farre vnfit (if thou be wise) for thy humour. What though thy Father at his death talked of many friuolous matters, as one that doated for age, and raved in his sicknesse: shal his words be axioms, and his talke be so authentically, that thou wilt (to obserue them) preiudice thy selfe? No no Saladyne, sick mens wills that are parole, and haue neither hand nor seale, are like the lawes of a Citie written in dust; which are broken with the blast of euerie winde. What man thy Father is dead, and hee can neither helpe thy fortunes, nor measure thy actions: therefore burie his words with his carkasse, and bee wise for thy selfe. What, tis not so olde as true: *Non sapit, qui sibi non sapit*. Thy Brother is young, keepe him now in awe, make him not check mate with thy selfe: for *Nimia familiarit as contemptum parit*. Let him knowe little, so shall he not be able to execute much; suppress his wittes with a bafe estate, and though hee be a Gentleman by nature yet forme him a new, and make him a peasant by nourture: so shalt thou keepe him as a slaue, and raig thy selfe sole Lord ouer al thy Fathers possessions. As for Fernandyne thy middle brother he is a scholer, and hath no minde but on Aristotle, let him reade on Galen while thou rifest with gold, and pore on his booke til thou doost purchase lands: wit is great wealth, if hee haue learning it is enough; and so let all rest.

In this humour was Saladyne making his brother Rosader his foote boy, for the space of two or three yeares, keeping him in such seruile subiection, as if hee had been the sonne of any countrey vassall. The yong Gentleman bare al with patience, til on a day walking in the garde by himself, he began to consider how he was the son of Iohn of *Bourdeaux*, a knight renowned for many victories, & a Gentlemā famozed for his vertues, how contrarie to the testament of his father, he was not only kept from his land, and intreated as a seruant, but smothered in such secret slauerie, as he might not attaine to any honourable actions. Ah quoth he to himselfe (nature working these effectuell passions) why should I that am a Gentleman borne, passe my time in such vnnaturall drudgerie? were it not better either in *Paris* to become a scholler, or in the court a courtier, or in the field a souldier, than to liue a foote boy to my own brother: nature hath lent me wit to cōceiue, but my brother denied me arte to contemplate: I haue strength to performe any honorable exployte, but no libertie to accomplish my vertuous indeuours: those good partes that God hath bestowed vpon me, the enuie of my brother dooth smother in obscuritie: the harder is my fortune, and the more his frowardnesse. With that casting vp his hand he felt haire on his face, and perceiuing his beard to bud, for choler hee began to blush, and swore to himselfe he would bee no more subiect to such slauerie. As thus he was ruminating of his melancholie passions, in came Saladyne with his men, and seeing his brother in a browne studie, and to forget his wonted reuerence, thought to I, i, 52 shake him out of his dumps thus. Sirha (quoth hee) what is your heart on your halfe penie, or are you saying a Dirge for your fathers soule? what is my dinner readie? At this question Rosader turning his head afcance, and bending his browes as if anger there had ploughed the furrowes of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire, he made this replie. Doeft thou aske me (Saladyne) for thy Cates? aske some of thy Churles who are fit for such an office: I am thine equall by nature, though not by birth; and though thou hast more Cardes in the bunch, I haue as many trumps

in my hands as thy selfe. Let me question with thee, why thou hast feld my Woods, fpoyled my Manner houses, and made hauock of such vtensals as my father bequeathed vnto me? I tell thee Saladyne, either answere me as a brother, or I will trouble thee as an enemye.

At this replie of Rosaders, Saladyne smiled as laughing at his presumption, & frowned as checking his follie: hee therefore tooke him vp thus shortly. What sirha, well I see earlie pickes the tree that will prooue a thorne: hath my familiar conuerling with you made you coy, or my good looks drawne you to be thus contemptuous? I can quickly remedie such a fault, and I will bende the tree while it is a wand: In faith (sir boy) I haue a snaffle for such a headströg colt. You I, i, 53  
firs lay holde on him and binde him, and then I will giue him a cooling carde for his choller. This made Rosader halfe mad, that stepping to a great rake that stood in the garden, he laide such loades vpon his brothers men that he hurt some of them, and made the rest of them run away. Saladyne seeing Rosader so resolute, and with his resolution so valiant, thought his heeles his best safetie, and tooke him to a loafst adioyning to the garden, whether Rosader pursued him hotlie. Saladyne afraide of his brothers furie, cried out to him thus. Rosader bee not so rash, I am thy brother and thine elder, and if I haue done thee wrong Ile make thee amends: reuenge not anger in blood, for so shalt thou staine the vertue of olde Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux: say wherein thou art discontent and thou shalt be satisfied. Brothers frownes ought not to be periods of wrath: what man looke not so fowerlie, I knowe we shall be friends, and better friends than we haue been. For, *Amanium ira amoris redint egratio est.*

These wordes appeased the choller of Rosader, (for hee was of a milde and courteous nature) so that he laide downe his weapons, and vpon the faith of a Gentleman assured his brother he would offer him no prejudice: wherevpon Saladyne came downe, and after a little parley they imbraced each other and became friends, and Saladyne promising Rosader the restitution of al his lands, and what fauour els (quoth he) any waies my abilitie or the nature of a brother may performe. Vpon these sugred recöciliations they went into the house arme in arme together, to the great content of all the old seruants of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux. Thus continued the pad hidden in the strawe, till it chaunced that Torismond King of France had appoynted for his pleasure a day of Wraftling and of Tournament to busie his Commons heads, least being idle their thoughts should runne vpon more serious matters, and call to remembrance their old banished King; a Champion there was to stand against all compers a Norman, a man of tall stature and of great strength; so valiant, that in many such conflicts he alwaies bare away the victorie, not onely ouerthrowing them which he incountred, but often with the weight of his bodie killing them outright. Saladyne hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fall to the ground, but to take oportunitie by the forehead: first by secrete meanes conuened with the Norman, and procured him with rich rewards to sweare, that if Rosader came within his clawes he should neuer more returne to quarrell with Saladyne for his possessions. The Norman desirous of pelfe, as (*Quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum.*) taking great gifts for little Gods, tooke the crownes of Saladyne to performe the stratagem. Hauing thus the Champion tied to his vilanous determination by oath, he profecuted the intent of his purpose thus. Hee went to young Rosader, (who in all his thoughts reacht at honour, and gazed no lower than vertue commaunded him) and began to tell him of this Tournament and Wraftling, how the King should be there, and all the chiefe Peeres of France, with all the beautifull damosels of the

Countrey: now brother (quoth he) for the honor of Sir Iohn of *Bordeaux* our renowned father, to famous that house that neuer hath been found without men approoued in Cheualrie, shewe thy resolution to be peremptorie. For my selfe thou knowest though I am eldest by birth, yet neuer hauing attempted any deedes of Armes, I am yongest to performe any Martiall exploytes, knowing better **I, i, 54** how to suruey my lands, than to charge my Launce: my brother Fernandyne he is at *Paris* poring on a fewe papers, hauing more insight into Sophistrie and principles of Philosophie, than any warlike indeuours: but thou Rosader the youngest in yeares, but the eldest in valour, art a man of strength and darest doo what honour allowes thee; take thou my fathers Launce, his Sword, and his Horse, and hie thee to the Tournament, and either there valiantlie crack a speare; or trie with the Norman for the palme of actiuitie. The words of Saladyne were but spurres to a free horse; for hee had scarce vttered them, ere Rosader tooke him in his armes, taking his proffer so kindly, that he promised in what he might to requite his courtesie. The next morowe was the day of the Tournament, and Rosader was so desirous to shew his heroycall thoughts, that he past the night with little sleepe: but assoone as Phœbus had vailed the Curteine of the night, and made Aurora blush with giuing her the *bezoles labors* in her siluer Couch, he gat him vp; and taking his leaue of his brother, mounted himselfe towards the place appoynted, thinking every mile ten leagues till he came there. But leauing him so desirous of the iourney: to Torismond the King of *France*, who hauing by force banished Gerismond their lawfull King that liued as an outlaw in the Forrest of *Arden*, fought now by all meanes to keepe the *French* busied with all sportes that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemne Tournament, whereunto he in most solemne manner reforted, accompanied with the twelue Peeres of *France*, who rather for feare than loue graced him with the shewe of their dutifull fauours: to feede their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare and gliftring obiects, he had appoynted his owne daughter Alinda to be there, & the faire Rosalynd daughter vnto Gerismond, with all the beautifull damofels that were famous for their features in all *France*. Thus in that place did Loue and Warre triumph in a simparchie: for such as were Martiall, might vse their Launce to bee renowned for the excellence of their Cheualrie; and such as were amorous, might glut themselues with gazing on the beauties of most heauenly creatures. As euerie mans eye had his feuerall suruey, and fancie was partiall in their lookes, yet all in generall applauded the admirable riches that Nature bestowed on the face of Rosalynd: for vpon her cheekes there seemed a battaile betweene the Graces, who should bestow most fauours to make her excellent. The blush that gloried Luna when she kist the shepheard on the hills of *Latos* was not tainted with such a pleasant dye, as the Vermilion flourish on the siluer hue of Rosalynds countenance; her eyes were like those lampes that make the wealthie couert of the Heauens more gorgeous, sparkling fauour and disdaine; courteous and yet coye, as if in them Venus had placed all her amoretts, and Diana all her chastitie. The tramells of her hayre, foulded in a call of golde, so farre surpast the burnisht glister of the mettall, as the Sunne dooth the meaneft Starre in brightness: the tresses that foldes in the browes of Apollo were not halfe so rich to the sight; for in her haire it seemed loue had laide her selfe in ambush, to intrappe the proudest eye that durst gaze vpon their excellence: what should I neede to decipher her particular beauties, when by the censure of all she was the paragon of all earthly perfection. This Rosalynd sat I say with Alinda as a beholder of these sportes, and made the Cavaliers crack their lances with more courage: many deedes of Knight-



hoode that day were performed, and many prizes were giuen according to their feuerall deferts: at last when the tournament ceased, the wrangling began; and the Norman presented himselfe as a challenger against all comers; but he looked like Hercules when he aduauſt himselfe against Achelous; so that the furie of his countenance amased all that durst attempt to incounter with him in any deede of actiuite: till at last a lustie Francklin of the Countrie came with two tall men that were his Sonnes of good lyniaments and comely personage: the eldest of these dooing his obeyfance to the King entered the lyst, and presented himselfe to the Norman, who straight coapt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glorie of his strength, roused himselfe with such furie, that not onely hee gaue him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage: which the younger brother seeing, lept presently into the place, and thirftie after the reuenge, assailed the Norman with such valour, that at the first incounter hee brought him to his knees: which repulst so the Norman, that recouering himselfe, feare of disgrace doubling his strength, hee stept so steernely to the young Francklin, that taking him vp in his armes he threw him against the ground so violently, that he broake his neck, and so ended his dayes with his brother. At this vnlookt for massacre, the people murmured, and were all in a deepe passion of pittie; but the Francklin, Father vnto these, neuer changed his countenance; but as a ma of a couragious resolution, tooke vp the bodies of his Sonnes without any shew of outward discontent. All this while stooode Rosader and sawe this tragedie: who noting the vndoubted vertue of the Francklins minde, alighted of from his horse, and presentlie sat downe on the grasse, and commaunded his boy to pull off his bootes, making him readie to trie the strength of this Champion; being furnished as he would, hee clapt the Francklin on the shoulder and saide thus. Bolde yeoman whose sonnes haue ended the tearme of their yeares with honour, for that I see thou scornest fortune with patience, and thwartest the iniurie of fate with content, in brooking the death of thy Sonnes: stand a while and either see mee make a third in their tragedie, or else reuenge their fall with an honourable triumph; the Francklin seeing so goodlie a Gentleman to giue him such courteous comfort, gaue him hartie thanks, with promise to pray for his happie successe. With that Rosader vailed bonnet to the King, and lightlie lept within the lists, where noting more the companie than the combatant, hee cast his eye vpon the troupe of Ladies that glistered there like the starres of heauen, but at last Loue willing to make him as amorous as he was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalynd, whose admirable beautie so inueagled the eye of Rosader, that forgetting himselfe, he stooode and fed his lookes on the fauour of Rosalynds face, which she perceiuing, blusht: which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellence, that the bashfull red of Aurora at the sight of vnacquainted Phaeton was not halfe so glorious: The Norman seeing this young Gentleman fettered in the lookes of the Ladies, draue him out of his *memento* with a shake by the shoulder; Rosader looking back with an angrie frowne, as if he had been wakened from some pleasant dreame, discouered to all by the furie of his countenance that he was a man of some high thoughts: but when they all noted his youth, and the sweetenesse of his visage, with a generall applause of fauours, they grieved that so goodly a young man should venture in so base an action: but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprife, they wisht him to be graced with the palme of victorie. After Rosader was thus called out of his *memento* by the Norman, hee roughlie clapt to him with so fierce an incounter, that they both fell to the ground, and with the violence of the fall were forced to breathe: in which space the Norman called to minde by all tokens, that this was hee whom Saladyne

before the gates, to heare what successe his brother Rosader should haue, assuring him self of his death, and deuising how w<sup>t</sup> dissimuled sorrow, to celebrate his funeralls; as he was in this thought, hee cast vp his eye, & saw where Rosader returned with the garlande on his heade, as hauing won the prize, accompanied with a crew of boone companions; greeued at this, hee stepped in and shut the gate. Rosader seeing this, and not looking for such vnkinde intertaynement, blusht at the disgrace, and yet smothering his grieft with a smile, he turned to the Gentlemen, and desired them to holde his brother excused, for hee did not this vpon any malicious intent or nigardize, but being brought vp in the countrie, he absented him selfe, as not finding his nature fit for such youthfull companie. Thus hee sought to shadow abuses proffred him by his brother, but in wayne, for he could by no meanes be suffered to enter: whereupon hee ran his foote against the doore, and brake it open; drawing his sworde and entring bouldly into the Hall, where hee founde none (for all were fled) but one Adam Spencer an English man, who had been an olde and trustie seruant to Sir Iohn of *Bourdeaux*: he for the loue he bare to his deceased Maister, fauored the part of Rosader, and gaue him and his such intertaynement as he coulede. Rosader gaue him thanks, and looking about, seeing the hall empty, saide, Gentlemen, you are welcome, frolicke and be merie, you shall be sure to haue Wine enough, whatsoeuer your fare be, I tell you Caualliers my brother hath in his house, fise tunne of wine, and as long as that lasteth, I bestrewe him that spares his liquor. With that he burst open the butterie dore, and with the helpe of Adam Spencer, couered the Tables, and set downe whatsoeuer he could finde in the house, but what they wanted in meate, Rosader supplied with drinke, yet had they royall cheere, and withall such a hartie welcome, as would haue made the courtest meates, seeme delicates. After they had feasted and frolickt it twife or thrise with an vpsey freeze, they all tooke their leaues of Rosader and departed. Assoone as they were gone Rosader growing impatient of the abuse, drewe his sworde, and swore to be reuenged on the discourteous Saladyne: yet by the meanes of Adam Spencer, who sought to continue friendship and amitie betwixt the brethren, and through the flattering submission of Saladyne, they were once agayne reconciled, & put vp all fore passed iniuries, with a peaceable agreement, liuing together for a good space in such brotherly loue, as did not onely reioyce the seruants, but made all the Gentlemen and bordring neighbours glad of such friendlie concord. Saladyne hiding fire in the straw, and concealing a poysoned hate in a peaceable countenance, yet deferring the intent of his wrath till fitter opportunitie, he shewed him selfe a great fauorer of his brothers vertuous endeours: where leauing them in this happie league, let vs returne to Rosalynd.

Rosalynd returning home from the triumph, after she waxed solitarie, loue presented her with the Idea of Rosaders perfection, and taking her at discouert, strooke her so deepe, as she felt her selfe grow passing passionate: she began to call to minde the comelineffe of his person, the honor of his parents, and the vertues that excelling both, made him so gracious in the eies of euerie one. Sucking in thus the hony of loue, by imprinting in her thoughtes his rare qualities, she began to furfit with the contemplation of his vertuous conditions, but when she cald to remembrance her present estate, and the hardnesse of her fortunes, desire began to shrink, & fancy to vale bonnet, that betweene a *Chaos* of confused thoughtes, she began to debate with her selfe in this manner.—Rosalynds passion.—Infortunate Rosalynd, whose misfortunes are more than thy yeeres, and whose passions are greater than thy patience. The blossomes of thy youth, are mixt with the frostes of enuie, and the hope of thy ensuing frutes, perish in the bud. Thy father is by Torismond banisht from the

crowne, & thou the vnhappie daughter of a King detained captiue, liuing as disquieted in thy thoughts, as thy father discontented in his exile. Ah Rosalynd what cares wait vpo a crown, what griefes are incident to dignitie? what sorrowes haunt royal Pal-laces? The greatest seas haue the forest stormes, the highest birth subiect to the most bale, and of al trees the Cedars sooneft shake with the winde: small Currents are euer calme, lowe valleyes not scorcht in any lightnings, nor base men tyed to anye balefull preiudice. Fortune flies, & if she touch pouertie, it is with her heele, rather disdainyng their want with a frowne, than enuyng their wealth with disparagement. Oh Rosalynd, hadst thou been borne lowe, thou hadst not fallen so high; and yet being great of blood, thine honour is more, if thou brookest misfortune with patience. Suppose I contrary fortune with content, yet Fates vnwilling to haue me any way happie, haue forced loue to set my thoughts on fire with fancie. Loue Rosalind & becommeth it women in distresse to thinke of loue? Tush, desire hath no respect of persons, Cupid is blinde and shooteth at randon, as soone hitting a rag, as a robe, and percing assoone the bosome of a Captiue, as the breast of a Libertine. Thou speakest it poore Rosalynd by experience, for being euerie way distrest, surcharged with cares, and ouergrowne with forrowes, yet amidst the heape of all these mishaps, loue hath lodged in thy hart the perfection of young Rosader, a man euery way absolute as well for his inward life, as for his outward lyniaments, able to content the eye with beauty, and the eare with the report of his vertue. But consider Rosalind his fortunes, and thy present estate, thou art poore and without patrimonie, and yet the daughter of a Prince, he a younger brother, and voide of such possessions as eyther might maintayne thy dignities, or reuenge thy fathers iniuries. And hast thou not learned this of other Ladies, that louers cannot liue by lookes; that womens eares are sooner content with a dram of giue me, than a pound of heare me; that Gould is sweeter than eloquence; that loue is a fire, & wealth is the fewell; that Venus Coffers, should be euer full. Then Rosalynd, seeing Rosader is poore, thinke him lesse beautifull, because he is in want, and account his vertues but qualities of course, for that hee is not indued with wealth. Doth not Horace tell thee what methode is to be vsed in loue, *Querenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus*.

Tush Rosalynd, be not ouer rash; leape not before thou looke; eyther loue such a one as may with his landes purchase thy liberty, or els loue not at all. Choose not a fayre face with an emptie purse, but say as most women vse to say, *Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras*.

Why Rosalynd, can such base thoughts harbour in such high beauties? Can the degree of a Princes, the daughter of Gerismond harbour such seruile conceites, as to prize gold more than honor, or to measure a Gentleman by his wealth, not by his vertues. No Rosalynd, blush at thy base resolution, and say if thou louest, either Rosader or none: and why? because Rosader is both beautifull and vertuous. Smiling to her selfe to thinke of her new entertayned passions, taking vp her Lute that lay by her, she warbled out this dittie.

Rosalynnds Madrigal.

*Loue in my bosome like a Bee  
doth sucke his swete:  
Now with his wings he playes with me,  
now with his feete.  
Within mine eies he makes his nest,  
His bed amidst my tender breast,*

*My kisses are his daily feast;  
And yet he robs me of my rest.  
Ah wanton, will ye ?*

*And if I sleepe, then pearceheth he  
with pretie flight,  
And makes his pillow of my knee  
the liuelong night.  
Strike I my lute he tunes the string,  
He musicke playes if so I sing,  
He lends me euerie louche thing;  
Yet cruell he my heart doth sting.  
Whist wanton still ye ?*

*Els I with roses euerie day  
will whip you hence;  
And binde you when you long to play,  
for your offence.  
He shut mine eyes to keepe you in,  
He make you fast it for your sinne,  
He count your power not worth a pinne;  
Ahlas what hereby shall I winne,  
If he gainsay me ?*

*What if I beate the wanton boy  
with manie a rod ?  
He will repay me with annoy,  
because a God.  
Then sit thou safely on my knee,  
And let thy bowre my bosome be :  
Lurke in mine eyes I like of thee :  
Oh Cupid so thou pitie me.  
Spare not but play thee.*

Scarce had Rosalynde ended her Madrigale, before Torismond came in with his daughter Alinda, and manie of the Peeres of *France*, who were enamoured of her beautie : which Torismond perceiuing, fearing least her perfection might be the beginning of his preiudice, and the hope of his fruite ende in the beginning of her blof-somes, hee thought to banish her from the Court : for quoth he to himselfe, her face is so full of fauour, that it pleades pitie in the eye of euerie man ; her beautie is so heavenly and deuine, that she will prooue to me as Helen did to Priam : some one of the Peeres will ayme at her loue, ende the marriage, and then in his wiues right attempt the kingdom. To preuent therefore had I wist in all these actions, she tarries not about the Court, but shall (as an exile) either wander to her father, or els seeke other fortunes. In this humour, with a stearne countenance full of wrath, hee breathed out this censure vnto her before the Peeres, that charged her that that night shee were not feene about the Court : for (quoth he) I haue heard of thy aspiring speeches, and intended treasons. This doome was strange vnto Rosalynde, and presently covered with the shield of her innocence, shee boldly brake out in reuerend termes to haue cleared her selfe : but Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durst his Lordes plead for Rosalynde, although her beautie had made some of them

passionate, seeing the figure of wrath portraied in his brow. Standing thus all mute, and Rosalynde amazed, Alinda who loued her more than her selfe, with grieve in her heart, & teares in her eyes, falling downe on her knees, began to intreate her father thus:—Alindas oration to her father in defence of faire Rosalynde.—If (mightie Torismond) I offende in pleading for my friend, let the law of amitie craue pardon for my boldnes; for where there is depth of affection, there friendship alloweth a priuiledge. Rosalynde and I haue beene fostered vp from our infancies, and nursed vnder the harbour of our conuerling together with such priuate familiarities, that custome had wrought an vnion of our nature, and the sympathie of our affections such a secrete loue, that we haue two bodies, and one soule. Then meruaile not (great Torismond) if seeing my friend distrest, I finde my selfe perplexed with a thousand forrowes: for her vertuous and honourable thoughts (which are the glories that maketh women excellent) they be such, as may challenge loue, and race out suspition: her obedience to your Maiestie, I referre to the censure of your owne eye, that since her fathers exile hath smothered all griefes with patience, and in the absence of nature, hath honoured you with all dutie, as her owne Father by nouriture: not in word vittering anie discontent, nor in thought (as farre as coniecture may reach) hammering on reuenge; onely in all her actions seeking to please you, & to winne my fauour. Her wisedome, silence, chastitie, and other such rich qualities, I need not decypher: onely it rests for me to conclude in one word, that she is innocent. If then, Fortune who triumphs in varietie of miseries, hath presented some enuious person (as minister of her intended stratagem) to taint Rosalynde with anie surmise of treason, let him be brought to her face, and confirme his accusation by witnesses; which prooued, let her die, and Alinda will execute the maffacre. If none can auouch anie confirmed relation of her intent, vse Iustice my Lord, it is the glorie of a King, and let her liue in your wonted fauour: for if you banish her, my selfe as copartner of her hard fortunes, will participate in exile some part of her extremities.

Torismond (at this speach of Alinda) couered his face with such a frowne, as Tyrannie seemed to sit triumphant in his forehead, and checkt her vp with such taunts, as made the Lords (that onlie were hearers) to tremble. Proude girle (quoth he) hath my lookes made thee so light of tung, or my fauours encouraged thee to be so forward, that thou darest presume to preach after thy father? Hath not my yeares more experience than thy youth, and the winter of mine age deeper insight into ciuill policie, than the prime of thy flourishing daies? The olde Eion auoides the toyles where the yong one leapes into the net: the care of age is prouident and foresees much: suspition is a vertue, where a man holds his enemy in his bosome. Thou fonde girle measurest all by present affection, & as thy heart loues thy thoughts censure: but if thou knewest that in liking Rosalynd thou hatchest vp a bird to pecke out thine owne eyes, thou wouldst intreate as much for her I, iii, 83 absence, as now thou delightest in her presence. But why do I alleadge policie to thee? fit you downe hufwife and fall to your needle: if idlenesse make you so wanton, or libertie so malipert, I can quicklie tie you to a sharper taske: and you (maide) this night be packing either into *Arden* to your father, or whether best it shall content your humour, but in the Court you shall not abide. This rigorous replie of Torismond nothing amazed Alinda, for still she prosecuted her plea in the defence of Rosalynd, wishing her father (if his censure might not be reuerst) that he would appoint her partner of her exile; which if he refused to doo, either she would (by some secret meanes) steale out and followe her, or els end her daies with some desperate kinde of death. When Torismond heard his daughter so resolute, his heart

was so hardened againſt her, that he ſet downe a definitiue and peremptorie ſentence that they ſhould both be baniſhed: which preſentlie was done. The Tyrant rather chooſing to hazard the loſſe of his only child, than any waies to put in queſtion the ſtate of his kingdome: ſo ſuſpicious and feareful is the conſcience of an uſurper. Well, although his Lords perſwaded him to retaine his owne daughter, yet his reſolution might not bee reuerſt, but both of them muſt away from the court without either more companie or delay. In he went with great melancholie, and left theſe two Ladies alone. Roſalynd waxed very ſad, and ſat downe and wept. Alinda ſhe ſmiled, and ſitting by her friende began thus to comfort her.—Alinda ſ comfort to perplexed Roſalynd.—Why how now Roſalynd, diſmaide with a frowne of contrarie fortune? Haue I not oft heard thee ſay that high minds were diſcouered in fortunes contempt, and heroycall ſcene in the depth of extremities? Thou wert wont to tell others that complained of diſtreſſe, that the ſweeteſt ſalue for miſerie was patience; and the onlie medicine for want, that precious implaiſter of content: being ſuch a good Phyiſition to others, wilt thou not miniſter receipts to thy ſelfe? But perchance thou wilt ſay: *Conſulenti nunquam caput doluit.*

Why, then, if the patients that are ſicke of this diſeaſe can finde in themſelues neither reaſon to perſwade, nor arte to cure; yet (Roſalynd) admit of the counſaile of a friend, and applie the ſalues that may appeaſe thy paſſions. If thou grieueſt that beeing the daughter of a Prince, and enuie thwarteth thee with ſuch hard exigents, thinke that royaltie is a faire marke; that Crownes haue croſſes when mirth is in Cottages; that the fairer the Roſe is, the ſooner it is bitten with Catterpillars; the more orient the Pearle is, the more apt to take a blemiſh; and the greateſt birth, as it hath moſt honour, ſo it hath much enuie. If then Fortune aimeth at the faireſt, be patient Roſalynd; for firſt by thine exile thou goeſt to thy father; nature is higher priſed than wealth, & the loue of ones parents ought to bee more precious than all dignities: why then doth my Roſalynd grieue at the frowne of Toriſmond, who by offering her a preiudice, proffers her a greater pleaſure? and more (mad laſſe) to be melancholie, when thou haſt with thee Alinda a friend, who will be a faithfull copartner of al thy miſfortunes, who hath left her father to followe thee, and chooſeth rather to brooke all extremities than to forſake thy preſence. What Roſalynd: *Solamen miſeris ſocios habuiſſe doloris.*

Cheerelie woman, as wee haue been bedfellowes in royaltie, we will be fellowe mates in pouertie: I will euer bee thy Alinda, and thou ſhalt euer reſt to me Roſalynd: ſo ſhall the world canonize our frienſhip, and ſpeake of Roſalynd and Alinda, as they did of Pilades and Oreſtes. And if euer Fortune ſmile and wee returne to our former honour, then folding our ſelues in the ſweete of our frienſhip, wee ſhall merelie ſay (calling to minde our forepaſſed miſeries); *Olim hæc meminiffe iuuabit.*

At this Roſalynd began to comfort her; and after ſhee had wept a fewe kind teares in the boſome of her Alinda, ſhe gaue her heartie thanks, and then they ſat them downe to conſult how they ſhould trauell. Alinda grieued at nothing but that they might haue no man in their companie: ſaying, it would be their greateſt preiudice in that two women went wandring without either guide or attendant. Tuſh (quoth Roſalynd) art thou a woman, and haſt not a ſodaine ſhift to preuent a miſfortune? I (thou ſeeſt) am of a tall ſtature, and would very I, iii, 121 well become the perſon and apparell of a page, thou ſhalt bee my Miſtris, and I will play the man ſo properly, that (truſt me) in what company ſo euer I come I will not be diſcouered; I will buy mee a ſuite, and haue my rapier very handſomely at my ſide, and if any knaue offer wrong, your page will ſhew him the point of his

weapon. At this Alinda smiled, and vpon this they agreed, and presentlie gathered vp all their Jewels, which they trussed vp in a Casket, and Rosalynd in all haist provided her of roabes, and Alinda (from her royall weedes) put her selfe in more homelie attire. Thus fitted to the purpose, away goe these two friends, hauing now changed their names, Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd I, iii, 131 Ganimede: they trauailed along the Vineyards, and by many by-waies; at last got to the Forrest side, where they trauailed by the space of two or three daies without seeing anie creature, being often in danger of wild beafts, and payned with many passionate sorrowes. Now the black Oxe began to tread on their feete, and Alinda thought of her wonted royaltie: but when she cast her eyes on her Rosalynd, she thought euerie danger a step to honour. Passing thus on along, about midday they came to a Fountaine, compact with a groue of Cipresse trees, so cunninglie and curiouflike planted, as if some Goddesse had intreated Nature in that place to make her an Arbour. By this Fountaine sat Aliena and her Ganimede, and forth they pulled such victualls as they had, and fed as merilie as if they had been in *Paris* with all the Kings delicates: Aliena onely grieuing that they could not so much as meete with a shepheard to discourse them the way to some place where they might make their abode. At last Ganimede casting vp his eye espied where on a tree was ingrauen certaine verses: which alsoone as he espied, he cried out; bee of good cheere Mistris, I spie the figures of men; for here in these trees be ingrauen certaine verses of shepheards, or some other swaines that inhabite here about. With that Aliena start vp ioyfull to heare these newes; and looked, where they found carued in the barke of a Pine tree this passion.

Montanus passion.

*Hadst thou been borne whereas perpetuall cold  
Makes Tanais hard, and mountaines siluer old:  
Had I complain'd vnto a marble stone;  
Or to the fouds beuraide my bitter mone,  
I then could beare the burden of my grieve.  
But euen the pride of Countries at thy birth,  
Whil' st heauens did smile did new aray the earth  
with flowers chiefe.  
Yet thou the flower of beautie blessed borne,  
Hast pretie lookes, but all attir'd in scorne.  
Had I the power to weepe sweet Mirrhas teares;  
Or by my plaints to pearce repining eares;  
Hadst thou the heart to smile at my complaint;  
To scorne the woes that doth my heart attain,  
I then could beare the burden of my grieve.  
But not my teares, but truth with thee preuailes,  
And seeming sowe my sorrowes thee assailes:  
yet small reliefe.  
For if thou wilt thou art of marble hard;  
And if thou please my suite shall soone be heard.*

No doubt (quoth Aliena) this poesie is the passion of some perplexed shepheard, that being enamoured of some faire and beautifull Shepheardesse, suffered some sharpe repulse, and therefore complained of the crueltie of his Mistris. You may see (quoth

Ganimede) what mad cattell you women be, whose hearts sometimes are made of Adamant that will touch with no impressiō; and sometime of wave that is fit for euene forme: they delight to be courted, and then they glorie to seeme coy; and when they are most desired then they freefe with disdaine: and this fault is so common to the sex, that you see it painted out in the shepheards passions, who found his Mistris as froward as he was enamoured. And I pray you (quoth Aliena) if your roabes were off, what mettall are you made of that you are so satyricall against women? Is it not a foule bird defiles the owne nest? Beware IV, i, 195 (Ganimede) that Rosader heare you not; if he doo, perchance you will make him leape so far from loue, that he wil anger euery vain in your hart. Thus (quoth Ganimede) I keepe decorum, I speake now as I am Alienias page, not as I am Gerismonds daughter: for put me but into a petticoate, and I will stand in defiance to the vttermost that women are courteous, constant, vertuous, and what not. Stay there (quoth Aliena) and no more words; for yonder be Characters grauen vpon the barke of the tall Beech tree: let vs see (quoth Ganimede): and with that they read a fancie written to this effect.

*First shall the heauens want starrie light;  
The seas be robbed of their waues;  
The day want sunne, and sunne want bright;  
The night want shade, the dead men graues;  
The Aprill, flowers and leafe and tree,  
Before I false my faith to thee.*

*First shall the tops of highest hills  
By humble plaines be ouerpride;  
And Poets scorne the Muses quills,  
And fish forsake the water glide;  
And Iris loose her coloured weed,  
Before I faile thee at thy need.*

*First direfull hate shall turne to peace,  
And loue relent in deepe disdaine;  
And death his fatall stroake shall cease,  
And enuie pittie euery paine;  
And pleasure mourne, and sorowe smile,  
Before I talke of any guile.*

*First time shall stay his staylesse race,  
And winter blesse his browes with corne;  
And snow bemoysten Iulies face;  
And winter spring, and sommer mourne,  
Before my pen by helpe of fame,  
Cease to recite thy sacred name.*

Montanus.

No doubt (quoth Ganimede) this protestation grewe from one full of passions. I am of that mind too (quoth Aliena) but see I pray, when poore women seeke to keepe themselves chaste, how men woo them with many fained promises, alluring with sweet words as the Syrens, and after proouing as trothlesse as AEneas. Thus promised Demophoon to his Phillis, but who at last grewe more false? The reason was (quoth Ganimede) that they were womens sonnes, and tooke that fault of their mother; for if man had growen from man, as Adam did from the earth, men had neuer been



troubled with inconstancie. Leau off (quoth Aliena) to taunt thus bitterly, or els  
 He pul off your pages apparell and whip you (as Venus doth her wantons) with net-  
 tles. So you will (quoth Ganymede) perswade me to flattrie, and that needs not: but  
 come (seeing we haue found heere by this Fount the tract of Shepheards by their  
 Madrigals and Roundelaies) let vs forward; for either we shall finde some foldes,  
 sheepcoates, or els some cottages wherein for a day or two to rest. Content (quoth  
 Aliena) and with that they rose vp, and marched forward till towards the euen: and  
 then comming into a faire valley (compassed with mountaines, whereon grewe many  
 pleasant shrubbs) they might descrie where two flocks of sheepe did feede. Then  
 looking about, they might perceiue where an old shepheard sat (and with him a yong  
 swaine) vnder a couert most pleasantlie scituated. The ground where they sat was  
 diaped with Floras riches, as if she ment to wrap Tellus in the glorie of her vest-  
 ments: round about in the forme of an Amphitheater were most curiously planted  
 Pine trees, interseamed with Limons and Citrons, which with the thickeesse of their  
 boughes so shadowed the place, that Phcebus could not prie into the secret of that  
 Arbour; so vnited were the tops with so thicke a clofure, that Venus might there in  
 her iollitie haue dallied vnsene with her deereft paramour. Fast by (to make the  
 place more gorgeous) was there a Fount so Christalline and cleere, that it seemed  
 Diana with her Driades and Hemadriades had that spring, as the secrete of all their  
 bathings. In this glorious Arbour sat these two shepheards (seeing their sheepe feede)  
 playing on their pipes many pleasant tunes, and from musick and melodie falling into  
 much amorous chat: drawing more nigh wee might descrie the countenance of the  
 one to be full of forowe, his face to be the verie pourtraiture of discontent, and his  
 eyes full of woes, that liuing he seemed to dye: wee (to heare what these were) stole  
 priuillie behind the thicke, where we ouerheard this discourse.

A pleasant Eglog betweene Montanus and Coridon.

Coridon.

*Say shepheards boy, what makes thee greet so sore?  
 Why leaues thy pipe his pleasure and delight?  
 Yong are thy yeares, thy cheekes with roses dight:  
 Then sing for ioy (sweet swaine) and sigh no more.  
 This milke white Poppie and this climbing Pine  
 Both promise shade; then sit thee downe and sing,  
 And make these woods with pleasant notes to ring,  
 Till Phcebus daine all Westward to decline.*

Montanus.

*Ah (Coridon) vnmeet is melodie  
 To him whom proud contempt hath ouerborne:  
 Slaine are my ioyes by Phcebes bitter ycorne,  
 Farre hence my weale and nere my iopardie.  
 Loues burning brand is couched in my brest,  
 Making a Phoenix of my faintfull hart:  
 And though his furie doo inforce my smart,  
 Ay blyth am I to honour his behest.  
 Preparate to woes since so my Phcebe wills,  
 My looke dismaid since Phoebe will disdain:  
 I banish blisse and welcome home my paine;  
 So streame my teares as showers from Alpine hills.*

*In errors maske I blindfolds iudgements eye,  
J fether reason in the snares of lust,  
J seeme secure, yet know not how to trust:  
J liue by that, which makes me liuing die.*

*Deuoyd of rest, companion of distresse,  
Plague to myselfe, consumed by my thought;  
How may my voyce or pipe in tune be brought?  
Since I am reft of solace and delight.*

Coridon.

*Ah Lorrell lad, what makes thee Herry loue?  
A sugred harme, a poyson full of pleasure,  
A painted shrine ful-fild with rotten treasure,  
A heauen in shew, a hell to them that proue.*

*Againe, in seeming shadowed still with want,  
A broken staffe which follie doth upholde,  
A flower that fades with euerie frostie colde,  
An orient rose sprong from a wythred plant.*

*A minutes ioy to gaine a world of greefe,  
A subtile net to snare the idle minde,  
A seeing Scorpion, yet in seeming blinde,  
A poore reioyce, a plague without releefe.*

*For thy Montanus follow mine arreede,  
(Whom age hath taught the traynes that fancie vseth)  
Leaue foolish loue; for beautie wit abuseth,  
And drownes (by follie) vertues springing seede.*

Montanus.

*So blames the childe the flame, because it burnes;  
And bird the snare, because it doth intrap;  
And fooles true loue, because of sorrie hap;  
And saylers curffe the ship that ouerturnes:*

*But would the childe forbear to play with flame,  
And birdes beware to trust the fowlers ginne,  
And fooles foresee before they fall and sinne,  
And maisters guide their ships in better frame;*

*The childe would praise the fire, because it warmes;  
The birds reioyce, to see the fowler faile;  
And fooles preuent, before their plagues preuaile;  
And saylers blesse the barke that saues from harmes.*

*Ah Coridon, though manie be thy yeares,  
And crooked elde hath some experience left;  
Yet is thy minde of iudgement quite bereft  
In view of loue, whose power in me appeares.*

*The ploughman little wots to turne the pen,  
Or bookeman skills to guide the ploughmans cart,  
Nor can the cobbler count the tearmes of Art,  
Nor base men iudge the thoughts of mightie men;*

*Nor wythered age (vnmeete for beauties guide,  
Vncapable of loues impression)  
Discourse of that, whose choyce possession  
May neuer to so base a man be tied.*

*But I (whom nature makes of tender molde,  
And youth most pliant yeeldes to fancies fire)  
Doo builde my haue and heauen on sweete desire,  
On sweete desire more deere to me than golde.*

*Thinke I of loue, & how my lines aspire?  
How hast the Muses to imbrace my browes,  
And hem my temples in with lawrell bowes,  
And fill my braines with chaste and holy fire?*

*Then leaue my lines their homely equipage,  
Mounted beyond the circle of the Sunne;  
Amas'd I read the stile when I haue done,  
And Herry Loue that sent that heauenly rage.*

*Of Phoebe then, of Phoebe then I sing,  
Drawing the puritie of all the spheares,  
The pride of earth, or what in heauen appeares,  
Her honoured face and fame to light to bring.*

*In fluent numbers and in pleasant vaines,  
I rob both sea and earth of all their state,  
To praise her parts: I charme both time and fate,  
To blesse the Nymph that yieldes me loue sickle paines.*

*My sheepe are turned to thoughts, whom froward will  
Guides in the restlesse Laboryneth of loue,  
Feare lends them pasture wherefoere they moue,  
And by their death their life renueth still.*

*Hy sheephooke is my pen, mine oaten reede  
My paper, where my manie woes are written;  
Thus silly swaine (with loue and fancie bitten)  
I trace the plaines of paine in wofull weede.*

*Yet are my cares, my broken sleepes, my teares,  
My dreames, my doubts, for Phoebe sweete to me:  
Who wayteth heauen in sorrowes vale must be,  
And glorie shines where danger most appeares.*

*Then Coridon although I blythe me not,  
Blame me not man, since sorrow is my sweete;  
So willeth Loue, and Phoebe thinkes it meete,  
And kinde Montanus liketh well his lot.*

Coridon.

*Oh staylesse youth, by error so misguided;  
Where will prescribeth lawes to perfect wits,  
Where reason mournes, and blame in triumph sits,  
And follie poysoneth all that time provided.*

*With wilfull blindnesse bearded, prepaide to shame,  
Prone to neglect Occasion when she smiles :  
Alas that Loue (by fond and froward guiles)  
Should make thee tract the path to endlesse blame.*

*Ah (my Montanus) cursed is the charme  
That hath bewitched so thy youthfull eyes ·  
Leaue off in time to like these vanities;  
Be forward to thy good, and fly thy harme.*

*As manie bees as Hibla daily shields,  
As manie frie as fleete on Oceans face,  
As manie heards as on the earth doo trace,  
As manie flowres as decke the fragrant fields,*

*As manie starres as glorious heauen containes,  
As manie stormes as wayward winter weepes,  
As manie plagues as hell inclosed keepes;  
So manie greefes in loue, so manie paines.*

*Suspitions, thoughts, desires, opinions, praiers,  
Mislikes, misdeedes, fond ioyes, and fained peace,  
Illusions, dreames, great paines, and small increase,  
Vowes, hopes, acceptance, scornes, and deepe depaires,*

*Truce, warre, and woe doo waite at beauties gate;  
Time lost, lament, reports, and priuie grudge,  
And last, fierce Loue is but a partiall Iudge,  
Who yeeldes for seruice shame, for friendship hate,*

Montanus.

*All Adder-like I stop mine eares (fond swaine)  
So charme no more; for I will neuer change.  
Call home thy flockes in time that stragling range :  
For loe, the Sunne declineth hence amaine.*

Terentius.

*In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia, induciæ, inimicitia, bellum, pax rursum : incerta  
hæc si tu postules, ratione certa fieri nihilo plus agas, quam si des operam, ut cum  
ratione insanias.*

The shepheards hauing thus ended their Eglogue, Aliena slept with Ganimedee from behinde the thicket: at whose sodaine sight the shepheards arofe, and Aliena saluted them thus; Shepheards all haile, (for such wee deeme you by your flockes) and Louers, good lucke; (for such you seeme by your passions) our eyes being wittenesse of the one, and our eares of the other. Although not by Loue, yet by Fortune, I am a distressed Gentlewoman, as sorrowful as you are passionate, and as full of woes as you of perplexed thoughts: wandring this way in a Forrest vnknownen, onely I and my Page, wearied with trauaile would faine haue some place of rest. May you appoint vs anie place of quiet harbour, (be it neuer so meane) I shall be thankfull to you, contented in my selfe, and gratefull to whofoeuer shall bee mine hoste. Coridon hearing the Gentlewoman speak so courteously returned her mildly and reuerentlie this aunswere.

Faire Mistres, we returne you as heartie a welcome, as you gaue vs a courteous

salute. A shepheard I am, & this a louer, as watchful to please his wench, as to feed his sheep: full of fancies, and therefore (say I) full of follies. Exhort him I may, but perswade him I cannot; for Loue admits neither of counsaile, nor reason. But leauing him to his passions, if you be distrest, I am sorrowfull such a faire creature is crost w<sup>th</sup> calamitie: pray for you I may, but releue you I cannot: marry, if you want lodging, if you vouch to shrowd your selues in a shepheards cottage, my house (for this night) shalbe your harbour. Aliena thankt Coridon greatly, and presently fate her downe and Ganymede by her. Coridon looking earnestly vpon her, and with a curious suruey viewing all her perfections, applauded (in his thought) her excellence, and pitying her distresse, was desirous to heare the cause of her misfortuncs, began to question with her thus.

If I should not (faire Damofell) occasionate offence, or renue your griefes by rubbing the scarre, I would faine craue so much fauour, as to know the cause of your misfortune: and why, and whether you wander with your page in so dangerous a Forrest. Aliena (that was as courteous as she was faire) made this reply; Shepheard, a friendlie demaund ought neuer to be offensive, and questions of courtesie carrie priuiledged pardons in their foreheads. Know therefore, to discouer my fortunes were to renue my sorrowes, and I should by discoursing my mishaps, but rake fier out of the cinders. Therefore let this suffice (gentle shepheard) my distresse is as great as my trauell is dangerous, and I wander in this Forrest, to light on some cottage where I and my Page may dwell: for I meane to buy some farme, and a flocke of sheepe, and so become a shepheardeesse, meaning to liue low, and content me with a countrey life: for I haue heard the swaynes say, that they drunke without suspition, & slept without care. Marry Mistres (quoth Coridon) if you meane so you came in a good time, for my landflood intends to sell both the farme I till, and the flocke I keepe, & cheap you may haue them for readie money: and for a shepheards life (oh Mistresse) did you but liue a while in their content, you would saye the Court were rather a place of sorrowe, than of solace. Here (Mistresse) shall not Fortune thwart you, but in meane misfortunes, as the losse of a few sheepe, which, as it breedes no beggerie, so it can bee no extreame preiudice: the next yeare may mend al with a fresh increase. Enuie stirres not vs, wee couet not to climbe, our desires mount not aboue our degrees, nor our thoughts aboue our fortunes. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor doo our homely couches know broken slumbers: as we exceede not in diet, so we haue enough to satisfie: and Mistres I haue so much Latin, *Satis est quod sufficit*.

By my troth shepheard (quoth Aliena) thou makest me in loue with your countrey life, and therefore sende for thy Landflood, and I will buy thy farme and thy flockes, & thou shalt still (vnder me) be ouerseer of them both: onely for pleasure sake I and my Page will serue you, lead the flocks to the field, and folde them: thus will I liue quiet, vnknownen, and contented. This newes so gladded the hart of Coridon, that he should not be put out of his farme, that (putting off his shepheards bonnet) he did her all the reuerence that he might. But all this while fate Montanus in a muse thinking of the crueltie of his Phoebe, whom he woed long, but was in no hope to winne. Ganymede who still had the remembrance of Rosader in his thoughts, tooke delight to see the poore shepheard passionate, laughing at loue that in all his actions was so imperious. At last when shee had noted his teares that stole downe his cheekes, and his sighes that broake from the center of his heart, pitying his lament, she demaunded of Coridon why the young shepheard looked so sorrowfull? Oh sir (quoth he) the boy is in loue. Why (quoth Ganymede) can shepheards loue? I (quoth Montanus) and ouerloue, els shouldst not thou see me so peniue. Loue (I tell thee)

is as precious in a shepheards eye as in the lookes of a King, and we countrey fwaynes intertain fancie with as great delight, as the proudest courtier doth affection. Oppor-  
tunitie (that is the sweetest freind to Venus) harboureth in our cottages, and loyaltie  
(the chiefeft fealtie that Cupid requires) is found more among shepheards than higher  
degrees. Then aske not if such silly fwaynes can loue? What is the cause then,  
quoth Ganimede, that Loue being so sweete to thee, thou lookest so sorrowfull? Be-  
cause, quoth Montanus, the partie beloued is froward: and hauing courtesie in her  
lookes, holdeth difdaine in her tongues ende. What hath she then quoth Aliena, in  
her heart? Desire (I hope Madame) quoth he: or els my hope lost, despaire in Loue  
were death. As thus they chatted, the Sunne being readie to set, and they not hauing  
folded their sheepe, Coridon requested she would sit there with her Page, till Montanus  
and he lodged their sheepe for that night. You shall goe quoth Aliena, but first I will  
intreate Montanus to sing some amorous Sonnet, that hee made when he hath been  
deeply passionate. That I will quoth Montanus: and with that he began thus.

Montanus Sonnet.

Phoebe fate  
Sweete she fate,  
Sweete fate Phoebe when I saw her,  
White her brow,  
Coy her eye:  
Brow and eye how much you please me?  
Words I spent,  
Sighes I sent,  
Sighes and words could neuer draw her.  
Oh my loue  
Thou art lost,  
Since no sight could euer ease thee  
Phoebe fat  
By a fount;  
Sitting by a fount I spide her  
Sweet her touch,  
Rare her voyce;  
Touch and voice what may distaine you?  
As she sung,  
I did sigh,  
And by sighs whilst that I tride her.  
Oh mine eyes  
You did loose  
Her first sight whose want did paine you.  
Phoebes locks  
White as wooll,  
Yet were Phoebes locks more whiter  
Phoebes eyes  
Dowelike mild,  
Dowelike eyes both mild and cruell.  
Montan sweares  
In your lampes  
He will die for to delight her.

Phoebe yeeld,  
Or I die;

*Shall true hearts be fancies fuell?*

Montanus had no sooner ended his sonnet, but Coridon with a lowe courtesie rose vp and went with his fellow and shut their sheepe in the foldes: and after returning to Aliena and Ganimede, conducted them home wearie to his poore Cottage. By the way there was much good chat with Montanus about his loues; he resoluing Aliena that Phoebe was the fairest Shepherdice in all France, and that in his eye her beautie was equall with the Nimphs. But (quoth hee) as of all stoncs the Diamond is most cleereft, and yet most hard for the Lapidory to cut; as of all flowers the Rose is the fairest, and yet guarded with the sharpest prickles: so of all our Countrey Lasses Phoebe is the brightest, but the most coy of all to stoope vnto desire. But let her take heede quoth he, I haue heard of Narcissus, who for his high disdaine against Loue, perished in the follie of his owne loue. With this they were at Coridons cottage, where Montanus parted from them, and they went in to rest. Alinda and Ganimede glad of so contented a shelter, made merrie with the poore fwayne: and though they had but countrey fare and course lodging, yet their welcome was so great, and their cares so litle, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had been in the court of Torismond. The next morne they lay long in bed, as wearied with the toyle of vnaccustomed trauaile: but assoone as they got vp, Aliena resolued there to set vp her rest, and by the helpe of Coridon II, iv, 97 swept a barga ne with his Landlord, and so became Mistres of the farme & the flocke: her selfe putting on the attire of a shepheardesse, and Ganimede of a yong fwayne: euerie day leading forth her flocks with such delight, that she held her exile happie, and thought no content to the blisse of a Countrey cottage. Leauing her thus famous amongst the shepheards of *Arden*, againe to Saladyne.

When Saladyne had a long while concealed a secret resolution of reuenge, and could no longer hide fire in the flax, nor oyle in the flame; (for enuie is like lightning, that will appeare in the darkest fogge). It chaunced on a morning verie early he calde vp certaine of his seruants, and went with them to the chamber of Rosader, which being open, he entred with his crue, and surprised his brother beeing a sleepe, and bound him in fetters, and in the midst of his hall chained him to a poast. Rosader amazed at this straunge chaunce, began to reason with his brother about the cause of this fodaine extremitie, wherein he had wrongd & what fault he had committed worthie so sharpe a penance. Saladyne answered him onely with a looke of disdaine, & went his way, leauing poore Rosader in a deepe perplexitie. Who (thus abused) fell into fundrie passions, but no meanes of releefe could be had: wherevpon (for anger) he grew into a discontented melancholy. In which humour he continued two or three dayes without meate: infomuch, that seeing his brother would giue him no foode, he fell into despaire of his life. Which Adam Spencer the olde seruaut of Sir Iohn of *Bourdeaux* seeing, touched with the duetie and loue he ought to his olde Master, felt a remorse in his conscience of his sonnes mishap: and therefore, although Saladyne had giuen a generall charge to his seruants, that none of them vppon paine of death shoulde giue either meate or drinke to Rosader, yet Adam Spencer in the night arose secretly, and brought him such victualls as hee could provide, and vnlockt him and set him at libertie. After Rosader had well feasted himselfe, and felt he was loose, straight his thoughts aymed at reuenge, and now (all being a sleepe) hee woulde haue quit Saladyne with the methode of his owne mischief. But Adam

Spencer perswaded him to the contrarie, with theſe reaſons; Sir quoth he, be content, for this night go againe into your olde fetters, ſo ſhall you trie the faith of friends, and ſaue the life of an olde ſeruant. To morrow hath your brother inuited al your kindred and allyes to a ſolempne breakfast, onely to ſee you, telling them all, that you are mad, & ſaine to be tied to a poaſt. Aſſone as they come, make complaint to them of the abuſe profered you by Saladyne. If they redreſſe you, why ſo: but if they paſſe ouer your plaints *sicco pede*, and holde with the violence of your brother before your innocence, then thus: I will leaue you vnlockt that you may breake out at your pleaſure, and at the ende of the hall ſhall you ſee ſtand a couple of good pol-laxes, one for you, and another for me. When I giue you a wink, ſhake off your chaynes, and let vs play the men, and make hauocke amongſt them, driue them out of the houſe and maintaine poſſeſſion by force of armes, till the King hath made a redreſſe of your abuſes. Theſe wordes of Adam Spencer ſo perswaded Rosader, that he went to the place of his puniſhment, and ſtood there while the next morning. About the time appoynted, came all the gueſts bidden by Saladyne, whom he intreated with courteous and curious intertainment, as they al perceiued their wel-come to be great. The tables in the hal where Rosader was tyed, were couered, and Saladyne bringing in his gueſts together, ſhewed them where his brother was bound, and was inchainde as a man lunaticke. Rosader made replie, and with ſome inuectiues made complaints of the wrongs profered him by Saladyne, deſiring they would in pitie ſeeke ſome meanes for his reliefe. But in vaine, they had ſtopt their eares with Viſſes, that were his words neuer ſo forceable, he breathed onely his paſſions into the winde. They careleſſe, ſat down with Saladyne to dinner, being verie frolicke and pleaſant, waſhing their heads well with wine. At laſt, when the fume of the grape had entred peale meale into their braines, they began in ſatyricall ſpeeches to raile againſt Rosader: which Adam Spencer no longer brooking, gaue the ſigne, and Rosader ſhaking off his chaines got a pollax in his hand, and flew amongſt them with ſuch violence and fury, that he hurt manie, ſlew ſome, and draue his brother and all the reſt quite out of the houſe. Seeing the coaſt cleare, he ſhut the doores, and being ſore an hungred, and feeling ſuch good victuals, he ſate him downe with Adam Spencer and ſuch good fellows as he knew were honeſt men, and there feaſted themſelues with ſuch prouiſion as Saladyne had prepared for his friēds. After they had taken their repaſt, Rosader rampierd vp the houſe, leaſt vpon a ſodaine his brother ſhould raiſe ſome crue of his tenaunts, and ſurpriſe them vnawares. But Saladyne tooke a contrarie courſe, and went to the Sheriffe of the ſhyre and made complaint of Rosader, who giuing credite to Saladyne, in a determind reſolution to reuenge the Gentlemans wrongs, tooke with him ſiue and twentie tall men, and made a vowe, either to breake into the houſe and take Rosader, or els to coope him in till he made him yeelde by ſamine. In this determination, gathering a crue together he went forward to ſet Saladyne in his former eſtate. Newes of this was brought vnto Rosader, who ſmiling at the cowardize of his brother, brookt all the iniuries of Fortune with patience, expecting the comming of the Sheriffe. As he walkt vpon the battlements of the houſe, he deſcryed where Saladyne and he drew neare, with a troupe of luſtie gallants. At this he ſmilde, and calde vp Adam Spencer, and ſhewed him the enuious treacherie of his brother, and the folly of the Sheriffe to bee ſo credulous: now Adam, quoth he, what ſhall I doo? It reſts for me, either to yeelde vp the houſe to my brother and ſeeke a reconcilement, or els iſſue out, and breake through the companie with courage, for coopt in like a coward I will not bee. If I ſubmit (ah Adam) I diſhonour my ſelfe, and that is worſe than death; for by ſuch



open disgraces the fame of men growes odious: if I issue out amongst them, fortune may fauour me, and I may escape with life; but suppose the worst: if I be slaine, then my death shall be honourable to me, and so inequall a reuenge infamous to Saladyne. Why then Master forward and feare not, out amongst them, they bee but faint hearted lozells, and for Adam Spencer, if he die not at your foote, say he is a daftard. These words cheered vp so the hart of yong Rosader, that he thought himselfe sufficient for them all, & therefore prepared weapons for him and Adam Spencer, and were readie to intertaine the Sheriffe: for no sooner came Saladyne and he to the gates, but Rosader vnlookt for leapt out and assailed them, wounded manie of them, and caused the rest to giue backe, so that Adam and hee broke through the prease in despite of them all, and tooke theyr way towards the Forrest of *Arden*. This repulse so set the Sheriffes heart on fire to reuenge, that he straight rayed all the countrey, and made Hue and Crie after them. But Rosader and Adam knowing full well the secrete wayes that led through the vineyards, stole away priuely through the prouince of *Bourdeaux*, & escaped safe to the Forrest of *Arden*. Being come thether, they were glad they had so good a harbour: but Fortune (who is like the Camelion) variable with euerie obiekt, & constant in nothing but inconstancie, thought to make them myrrours of hei mutabilitie, and therefore still crost them thus contrarily. Thinking still to passe on by the bywaies to get to *Lions*, they chaunced on a path that led into the thicke of the Forrest, where they wandred fve or sixe dayes without meat, that they were almost famished, finding neither shepheard nor cottage to relieue them: and hunger growing on so extreame, Adam Spencer (being olde) began first to faint, and sitting him downe on a hill, and looking about him, espied where Rosader laye as feeble and as ill perplexed: which sight made him shedde teares, and to fall into these bitter tearmes.—Adam Spencers speech—Oh how the life of man may well be compared to the state of the Ocean seas, that for euerie calme hath a thousand stormes: resembling the Rose tree, that for a few faire flowers, hath a multitude of sharpe prickles: all our pleasures ende in paine, and our highest delights, are crossed with deepest discontents. The ioyes of man, as they are few, so are they momentarie, scarce ripe before they are rotten; and wythering in the blossome, either parched with the heate of enuie, or fortune. Fortune, oh inconstant friend, that in all thy deedes are froward and fickle, delighting in the pouertie of the lowest, and the ouerthrow of the highest, to decypher thy inconstancie. Thou standst vpon a gloabe, and thy wings are plumed with times feathers, that thou maist euer be restless; thou art double faced like Ianus, carying frownes in the one to threaten, and smiles in the other to betray; thou profferest an Eele, and perfourmest a Scorpion; and where thy greatest fauours be, there is the feare of the extreamest misfortunes; so variable are all thy actions. But why Adam doost thou exclaime against fortune? she laughs at the plaints of the distressed; and there is nothing more pleasing vnto her, than to heare fooles boast in her fading allurements, or sorrowfull men to discover the sower of their passions. Glut her not Adam then with content, but thwart her with brooking all mishappes with patience. For there is no greater checke to the pride of fortune, than with a resolute courage to passe ouer her crosses without care. Thou art olde Adam, and thy haire wax white, the III, ii, 174  
 Palme tree is already full of bloomes, and in the furrowes of thy face appeares the Kalenders of death? Wert thou blessed by fortune thy yeares could not be manie, nor the date of thy life long: then sith Nature must haue her due, what is it for thee to resigne her debt a little before the day. Ah, it is not this which griueth mee: nor doo I care what mishaps Fortune can wage against me: but

the sight of Rosader, that galleth vnto the quicke. When I remember the worships of his house, the honour of his fathers, and the vertues of himselfe; then doo I say, that fortune and the fates are most iniurious, to censure so hard extreames, against a youth of so great hope. Oh Rosader, thou art in the flower of thine age, and in the pride of thy yeares, buxome and full of May. Nature hath prodigally enriched thee with her fauours, and vertue made thee the myrrour of her excellence: and now through the decree of the vniust starres, to haue all these good partes nipped in the blade, and blemisht by the inconstancie of Fortune. Ah Rosader, could I helpe thee, my grieue were the lesse, and happie should my death be, if it might be the beginning of thy reliefe: but seeing we perish both in one extreame, it is a double sorrowe. What shall I do? preuent the sight of his further misfortune, with a present dispatch of mine owne life. Ah, despaire is a mercilesse sinne.

As he was readie to go forward in his passion, he looked earnestly on Rosader, and seeing him change colour, he rife vp and went to him, and holding his temples, saide, What cheere master? though all faile, let not the heart faint: the courage of a man is shewed in the resolution of his death. At these words Rosader lifted vp his eye, and looking on Adam Spencer began to weepe. Ah Adam quoth he, I sorrowe not to die, but I grieue at the manner of my death. Might I with my lance encounter the enimie, and so die in the field, it were honour, and content: might I (Adam) combat with some wilde beast, and perish as his pray, I wer satisfied; but to die with hunger, O Adam, it is the extreamest of all extreames. Master (quoth hee) you see wee are both in one predicament, and long I cannot liue without meate, seeing therefore we can find no foode, let the death of the one preferue the life of the other. I am olde, and ouerworne with age, you are young, and are the hope of many honours: let me then die, I will presently cut my veynes, & master with the warme blood relieue your fainting spirits: fucke on that till I ende, and you be comforted. With that Adam Spencer was readie to pull out his knife, when Rosader full of courage (though verie faint) rose vp, and wisht Adam Spencer to sit there till his retourne: for my minde giues me quoth he, I shall bring thee meate. With that, like a mad man he rose vp, and ranged vp and downe the woods, seeking to encounter some wilde beast with his rapier, that either he might carrie his friend Adam food, or els pledge his life in pawne of his loyaltye. It chaunced that day, that Gerismond the lawfull king of France banished by Torismond, who with a lustie crue of Outlawes liued in that forest, that day in honour of his Birth made a Feast to all his bolde yeomen, and frolickt it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table vnder the shadowe of lymon trees. To that place by chance Fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crue of braue men hauing store of that, for want of which he and Adam perished, he stept boldly to the boords end, and saluted the companie thus.

Whatsoere thou bee that art master of these lustie squiers, I salute thee as graciously, as a man in extreame distresse may; knowe that I and a fellow friend of mine, are heere famished in the Forrest for want of foode: perish we must vnlesse relieved by thy fauours. Therefore if thou be a Gentleman, giue meate to men, and to such men as are euerie way worthie of life; let the proudest squire that sittes at thy table, rife & incounter with me in anie honourable point of actiuitie what soeuer, and if he and thou proue me not a man, send me a way comfortlesse. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will haue amongst you with my sword; for rather will I die valiantly, than perish with so cowardly an extreame. Gerismond looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a Gentleman in so bitter a passion, was moued with so great pitie; that rising from the table, he tooke him by the hand and bad him

welcome, willing him to sit downe in his place, and in his roome not onely to eate his fill, but be Lord of the feast. Gramercie sir (quoth Rosader) but I haue a feeble friend that lies heereby famished almost for food, aged and therefore leffe able to abide the extremitie of hunger than my selfe, and dishonour it were for me to taste one crum, before I made him partner of my fortunes: therefore I will runne and fetch him, and then I will gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tells him the newes, who was glad of so happie fortune, but so feeble he was that hee could not goe: whereupon Rosader got him vp on his backe, and brought him to the place. Which when Gerismond & his men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship; and Rosader hauing Gerismonds place assigned him, would not sit there himselfe, but set downe Adam Spencer. Well to be shord, those hungrie squires fell to their victuals, and feasted themselues with good delicates, and great store of wine. Assoone as they had taken their repast, Gerismond (desirous to heare what hard fortune draue them into those bitter extreames) requested Rosader to discourse, (if it wer not anie way preiudiciall vnto him) the cause of his trauell. Rosader (desirous anie way to satisfie the courtesie of his fauourable host, (first beginning his *exordium* with a volley of sighes, and a few luke warme teares) prosecuted his discourse, & told him frō point to point all his fortunes; how he was the yongest Sonne of Sir Iohn of *Bourdeaux*, his name Rosader, how his brother fundrie times had wronged him, and lastly, how for beating the Sheriffe, and hurting his men, he fled; and this olde man (quoth he) whome I so much loue and honour, is furnamed Adam Spencer, an old seruant of my fathers, and one (that for his loue) neuer sayled me in all my misfortunes. When Gerismond hearde this, hee fell on the necke of Rosader, and next discoursing vnto him, how he was Gerismond their lawfull King exiled by Torismond, what familiaritie had euer been betwixt his father Sir Iohn of *Bourdeaux* and him, how faithful a subiect he liued, and how honourable he died; promising (for his sake) to giue both him and his friend such courteous intertainment, as his present estate could minister: and vpon this made him one of his forresters. Rosader seeing it was the King, craude pardon for his boldnesse, in that he did not doo him due reuerence, and humbly gaue him thanks for his fauourable courtesie. Gerismond not satisfied yet with newes, began to enquire if he had been lately in the court of Torismond, and whether he had seene his daughter Rosalynde, or no? At this, Rosader fetcht a deep sigh, and shedding manie teares, could not answere: yet at last, gathering his spirites together, hee reuealed vnto the King, how Rosalynde was banished, and how there was such a suppathie of affections betweene Alinda and her, that shee chose rather to be partaker of her exile, than to part fellowshippe: whereupon the vnnaturall King banished them both; and now they are wandred none knowes whether, neither could anie learne since their departure, the place of their abode. This newes driue the King into a great melancholy, that presently he arose from all the companie, and went into his priue chamber, so secret as the harbor of the woods would allow him. The companie was all dafht at these tidings, & Rosader and Adam Spencer hauing such opportunitie, went to take their rest. Where we leaue them, and returne againe to Torismond.

The flight of Rosader came to the eares of Torismond, who hearing that Saladyne was sole heire of the landes of Sir Iohn of *Bourdeaux*, desirous to possesse such faire reuenues, found iust occasion to quarrell with Saladyne, about the wrongs hee proffered to his brother: and therefore dispatching a Herehault, he sent for Saladyne in all poast hast. Who meruailing what the matter should be, began to examine his owne conscience, wherein he had offended his Highnesse: but imboldened with his innocence,

hee boldly went with the Herehault vnto the Court. Where affoone as hee came, hee was not admitted into the prefence of the King, but presently fent to prifon. This greatly amazed Saladyne, chiefly in that the Tayler had a ftraight charge ouer him, to fee that he fhould be clofe prifoner. Manie paffionate thoughts came in his head, till at laft he began to fall into confideration of his former follies, & to meditate with himfelfe. Leaning his head on his hand, and his elbowe on his knee, full of sorrow, grieve and difquieted paffions, he refolued into thefe tearmes.—Saladyne's complaint.—Unhappie Saladyne, whome folly hath led to thefe miffortunes, and wanton defires wrapt within the laborinth of thefe calamities. Are not the heauens doomers of mens deedes? And holdes not God a ballaunce in his fift, to reward with fauour, and reuenge with iuftice? Oh Saladyne, the faults of thy youth, as they were fond, fo were they foule; and not onely difcouering little nourtire, but blemifhing the excellence of nature. Whelpes of one II, vii, 102 lytter are euer moft louing, and brothers that are fonnes of one father, fhould liue in friendship without iarre. Oh Saladyne, fo it fhould bee: but thou haft with the deere fedde againft the winde, with the Crab ftroue againft the ftreame, and fought to peruert Nature by vnkindneffe. Rosaders wrongs, the wrongs of Rosader (Saladyne) cries for reuenge, his youth pleades to God to inflict fome penance vpon thee, his vertues are pleas that inforce writs of difpleafure to croffe thee: thou haft highly abufed thy kinde & naturall brother, and the heauens cannot spare to quite thee with punifhment. There is no fting to the worme of confcience, no hell to a minde toucht with guilt. Euerie wrong I offered him (called now to remembrance) wringeth a drop of bloud from my heart, euerie bad looke, euerie frowne pincheth me at the quicke, and faves Saladyne thou haft find againft Rosader. Be penitent, and affigne thy felfe fome penance to difcouer thy sorrow, and pacifie his wrath.

In the depth of his paffion, he was fent for to the King: who with a looke that threatned death entertained him, and demaunded of him where his brother was? Saladyne made aunfwere, that vpon fome ryot made againft the Sheriffe of the fhyre, he was fled from *Bourdeaux*, but he knew not whether. Nay villain (quoth he) I haue heard of the wrongs thou haft proffered thy brother fince the death of thy father, and by thy meanes haue I loft a moft braue and refolute Cheualier. Therefore, in Iuftice to punifh thee, I spare thy life for thy fathers fake, but banifh thee for euer from the Court and Countrey of *France*, and fee thy departere bee within tenne dayes, els truft me thou fhalt loofe thy head, & with that the King flew away in a rage, and left poore Saladyne greatly perplexed. Who grieuing at his exile, yet determined to beare it with patience, and in penance of his former follies to trauell abroad in euerie Coaft, till hee had founde out his Brother Rosader. With whom now I begin.

Rosader beeing thus preferred to the place of a Forefter by Gerismond, rooted out the remembrance of his brothers vnkindnes by continual exercife, trauerfing the groues and wilde Forrefts: partly to heare the melodie of the sweete birdes which recorded, and partly to fhewe his diligent indeauour in his mafters behalfe. Yet whatfoeuer he did, or howfoeuer he walked, the liuely Image of Rosalynde remained in memorie: on her sweete perfections he fedde his thoughts, prouing himfelfe like the Eagle a true borne bird, fince as the one is known by beholding the Sunne: fo was he by regarding excellent beautie. One day among the reft, finding a fit oportunitie and place conuenient, defirous to difcouer his woes to the woodes, hee engraued with his knife on the barke of a Myrtle tree, this pretie estimate of his Miftres perfection.

## Sonnetto.

*Of all chaste birdes the Phanix doth excell,  
 Of all strong beasts the Lion beares the bell,  
 Of all sweete flowers the Rose doth sweetest smell,  
 Of all faire maidens my Rosalynde is fairest.*

*Of all pure mettals golde is onely purest,  
 Of all high trees the Pine hath highest crest,  
 Of all soft sweetes I like my Mistres brest,  
 Of all chaste thoughts my Mistres thoughts are rarest.*

*Of all proud birds the Ægle pleaseth Ioue,  
 Of pretie fowles kinde Venus likes the Doue,  
 Of trees Minerua doth the Olive loue,  
 Of all sweete Nymphes I honour Rosalynde.*

*Of all her gifts her wisdomes pleaseth most,  
 Of all her graces vertue she doth boast:  
 For all these giftes my life and ioy is lost,  
 If Rosalynde proue cruell and unkinde.*

In these and such like passions, Rosader did euerie daye eternize the name of his Rosalynde: and this day especiallie when Aliena and Ganymede (inforced by the heate of the Sunne to seeke for shelter) by good fortune arriued in that place, where this amorous forrester registred his melancholy passions; they saw the sodaine change of his looks, his folded armes, his passionate sighes; they heard him often abruptly call on Rosalynde: who (poore soule) was as hotly burned as himselfe, but that she shrouded her paines in the cinders of honorable modestie. Whereupon, (guessing him to be in loue, and according to the nature of their sexe, being pitifull in that behalfe) they sodainly brake off his melancholy by their approach: and Ganymede shooke him out of his dumps thus.

What newes Forrester? hast thou wounded some deere, and lost him in the fall? Care not man for so small a losse, thy fees was but the skinne, **IV, ii, 12** the shoulder, and the hornes: tis hunters lucke, to ayme faire and misse: and a woodmans fortune to strike and yet goe without the game.

Thou art beyond the marke Ganymede, quoth Aliena, his passions are greater, and his sighs discouers more losse; perhaps in trauersing these thickets, he hath seen some beautifull Nymph, and is growen amorous. It maye bee so (quoth Ganymede) for heere he hath newly ingrauen some sonnet: come and see the discourse of the Forresters poems. Reading the sonnet ouer, and hearing him name Rosalynd, Aliena lookt on Ganymede and laught, and Ganymede looking backe on the Forrester, and seeing it was Rosader blusht, yet thinking to shroud all vnder hir pages apparell, she boldly returned to Rosader, and began thus.

I pray thee tell me Forrester, what is this Rosalynde, for whom thou pinest away in such passions? Is shee some Nymph that waites vpon Dianes traine, whose chastitie thou hast decyphred in such Epethites? Or is shee some shepheardeesse, that haunts these plaines, whose beautie hath so bewitched thy fancie, whose name thou shaddowest in couert vnder the figure of Rosalynde, as Ouid did Iulia vnder the name of Corinna? Or say mee for sooth, is it that Rosalynde, of whome we shepheards haue heard talke, shee Forrester, that is the Daughter of Gerismond, that once was King, and now an Outlaw in this Forrest of *Arden*. At this Rosader fetcht a deepe

figh, and said, It is shee, O gentle swayne, it is she, that Saint it is whom I serue, that Goddesse at whose shrine I doo bend all my deuotions: the most fairest of all faires, the Phenix of all that fexe, and the puritie of all earthly perfection. And why (gentle Forrester) if she bee so beautifull and thou so amorous, is there such a disagreement in thy thoughts? Happely she resembleth the rose, that is sweete but full of prickles? or the serpent Regius that hath scales as glorious as the Sunne, & a breath as infectious as the *Aconitum* is deadly? So thy Rosalynde, may be most amiable, and yet vnkinde; full of fauour, and yet froward: coy without wit, and disdainfull without reason.

O shepheard (quoth Rosader) knewest thou her personage graced with the excellence of all perfection, beeing a harbour wherein the Graces shroude their vertues: thou wouldest not breathe out such blasphemie against the beauteous Rosalynde. She is a Diamond, bright but not hard, yet of most chaste operation: a pearle so orient, that it can be stained with no blemish: a rose without prickles, and a Princeesse absolute aswell in beautie, as in vertue. But I, vnhappy I, haue let mine eye soare with the Eagle against so bright a Sunne, that I am quite blinde; I haue with Apollo enamoured my selfe of a Daphne, not (as shee) disdainfull, but farre more chaste than Daphne; I haue with Ixion laide my loue on Iuno, and shall (I feare) embrace nought but a clowde. Ah shepheard, I haue reacht at a star, my desires haue mounted aboue my degree, & my thoughts aboue my fortunes. I being a peasant haue ventred to gaze on a Princeesse, whose honors are too high to vouchsafe such base loues.

Why Forrester (quoth Ganymede) comfort thy selfe: be blythe and frolicke man, Loue fowfeth as low as she soareth high: Cupide shootes at a ragge assoone as at a roabe, and Venus eye that was so curious sparkled fauor on pole footed Vulcan. Feare not man, womens lookes are not tied to dignities feathers, nor make they curious esteeme, where the stone is found, but what is the vertue. Feare not Forrester, faint heart neuer wonne faire Ladie. But where liues Rosalynde now, at the Court?

Oh no (quoth Rosader) she liues I knowe not where, and that is my sorrow; banisht by Torismond, and that is my hell: for might I but find her sacred personage, & plead before the barre of her pitie the plaint of my passions, hope tells mee shee would grace me with some fauour; and that woulde suffice as a recompence of all my former miseries. Much haue I heard of thy Mistres excellence, and I know Forrester thou canst describe her at the full, as one that hast furuayd all her parts with a curious eye: then doo me that fauour, to tell mee what her perfections bee. That I will (quoth Rosader) for I glorie to make all eares wonder at my Mistres excellence. And with that he pulde a paper forth his bofome, wherein he read this.

Rosalyndes description.

*Like to the cleere in highest spheare  
Where all imperiall glorie shines,  
Of selfe same colour is her haire  
Whether unfolded or in twines:*

*Heigh ho faire Rosalynde.*

*Her eyes are Saphires set in snow,  
Refining heauen by euerie winke;  
The Gods doo feare when as they glow,  
And I doo tremble when I thinke.*

*Heigh ho, would she were mine.*

*Her cheekes are like the blushing cloudes  
That beautifies Auroras face,  
Or like the siluer crimson shrowde  
That Phœbus smiling lookes doth grace :*

*Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde*

*Her lippes are like two budded roses,  
Whom rankes of lillies neighbour nie,  
Within which bounds she balme incloses,  
Apt to intice a Deitie :*

III, ii, 97

*Heigh ho, would she were mine.*

*Her necke like to a stately towre,  
Where Loue himselſe imprisoned lies,  
To watch for glaunces euerie howre,  
From her deuine and sacred eyes,*

*Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.*

*Her pappes are centers of delight,  
Her pappes are orbes of heauenlie frame,  
Where Nature moldes the deaw of light,  
To feede perfection with the same :*

*Heigh ho, would she were mine.*

*With orient pearle, with rubie red,  
With marble white, with saphire blew,  
Her bodie euerie way is fed;  
Yet soft in touch, and sweete in view.*

*Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.*

*Nature her selfe her shape admires,  
The Gods are wounded in her sight,  
And Loue forsakes his heauenly fires,  
And at her eyes his brand doth light.*

*Heigh ho, would she were mine.*

*Then muse not Nymphes though I bemoane  
The absence of faire Rosalynde :  
Since for her faire there is fairer none,  
Nor for her vertues so deuine.*

III, ii, 93

*Heigh ho faire Rosalynde :*

*Heigh ho my heart, would God that she were mine.*

*Perijt, quia deperibat.*

Beleeue me (quoth Ganimedè) either the Forrester is an exquisite painter, or Rosalynde faire aboue wonder: so it makes me blush, to heare how women should be so excellent, and pages so vnperfect.

Rosader beholding her earnestly, answered thus. Truly (gentle page) thou hast cause to complaine thee, wert thou the substance: but resembling the shadow, content thy selfe: for it is excellence inough to be like the excellence of Nature. He hath answered you Ganimedè (quoth Aliena) it is inough for pages to waite on beautifull Ladies, & not to be beautifull themselues. Oh Mistres (quoth Ganimedè) holde you your peace, for you are partiall: Who knowes not, but that all women haue desire to the fouereinto their petticoats, and ascribe beautie to themselues, where if boyes might

put on their garments, perhaps they would prooue as comely; if not as comely, it may be more courteous. But tell mee Forrester, (and with that shee turnde to Rosader) vnder whom maintaineft thou thy walke? Gentle fwaine vnder the King of Outlawes said he, the vnfortunate Gerismond: who hauing loft his kingdome, crowneth his thoughts with content, accompting it better to gouern among poore men in peace, than great men in daunger. But haft thou not said she, (hauing fo melancholie opportunities as this Forreft affordeth thee) written more Sonnets in commendations of thy Miftres? I haue gentle Swayne quoth he, but they be not about me: to morrow by dawne of daye, if your flockes feede in these pastures, I will bring them you: wherein you shall reade my passions, whileft I feele them; iudge my patience when you read it: till when I bid farewell. So giuing both Ganimede and Aliena a gentle good night, he reforted to his lodge: leauing Aliena and Ganimede to their prittle prattle. So Ganimede (said Aliena, the Forrefter beeing gone) you are mightely beloued, men make ditties in your praise, spend sighes for your sake, make an Idoll of your beautie: beleeeue me it greeues mee not a little, to see the poore man so penfue, and you so pittlesse.

Ah Aliena (quoth she) be not peremptorie in your iudgments, I heare Rosalynde praifde as I am Ganimede, but were I Rosalynde, I could anfwere the Forrefter: If hee mourne for loue, there are medicines for loue: Rosalynde cannot be faire and vnkinde. And fo Madame you see it is time to folde our flockes, or els Coridon will frowne, and fay you will neuer prooue good hufwife. With that they put their Sheepe into the coates, and went home to her friend Coridons cottage, Aliena as merrie as might be, that she was thus in the companie of her Rosalynde: but shee poore soule, that had Loue her load starre, and her thoughts fet on fire with the flame of fancie, coulde take no rest, but being alone beganne to confider what passionate penance poore Rosader was enioyned to by loue and fortune: that at last she fell into this humour with her selfe.—Rosalynde passionate alone.—Ah Rosalynde, how the Fates haue fet downe in their Synode to make thee vnhappy: for when Fortune hath done her worst, then Loue comes in to begin a new tragedie; shee seekes to lodge her sonne in thine eyes, and to kindle her fires in thy bosome. Beware fonde girle, he is a vnruely guest to harbour; for cutting in by intreats he will not be thrust out by force, and her fires are fed with such fuell, as no water is able to quench. Seest thou not how Venus seekes to wrap thee in her Laborynth, wherein is pleasure at the entrance, but within, sorrowes, cares, and discontent: she is a Syren, stop thine eares at her melodie; and a Bafiliske, shut thine eyes, and gaze not at her least thou perish. Thou art nowe placed in the Countrey content, where are heauenly thoughts, and meane desires: in those Lawnes where thy flockes feede Diana haunts: bee as her Nymphes, chaste, and enemie to Loue: for there is no greater honour to a Maide, than to accompt of fancie, as a mortall foe to their sexe. Daphne that bonny wench was not tourned into a Bay tree, as the Poets faine: but for her chastitie her fame was immortall, refembling the Lawrell that is euer greene. Follow thou her steps Rosalynde, and the rather, for that thou art an exile, and banished from the Court: whose distresse, as it is appeased with patience, so it woulde bee renewed with amorous passions. Haue minde on thy forepassed fortunes, feare the worst, and intangle not thy selfe with present fancies: least louing in haft thou repent thee at leasure. Ah but yet Rosalynde, it is Rosader that courts thee; one, who as hee is beautifull, so he is vertuous, and harboureth in his minde as manie good qualities, as his face is shadowed with gracious fauours: and therefore Rosalynde stoope to Loue, least beeing either too coy, or too cruell, Venus waxe wrothe, and plague thee with the reward of disdaine.

Rosalynde thus passionate, was wakened from her dumpes by Aliena, who saide it



was time to goe to bedde. Coridon swore that was true, for Charles Wayne was risen in the North. Whereuppon each taking leaue of other, went to their rest all, but the poore Rosalynde: who was so full of passions, that shee coulde not possesse anie content. Well, leauing her to her broken slumbers, expect what was performed by them the next morning.

The Sunne was no sooner slept from the bed of Aurora, but Aliena was wakened by Ganimede: who restlesse all night had tossed in her passions: saying it was then time to goe to the field to vnfold their sheepe. Aliena (that spied where the hare was by the hounds, and could see day at a little hole) thought to be pleasant with her Ganimede, & therefore replied thus; What wanton? the Sun is but new vp, & as yet Iris riches lies folded in the bosome of Flora, Phoebus hath not dried vp the pearled dew, & so long Coridon hath taught me, it is not fit to lead the sheepe abroad: leaue the deaw being vnwholefome, they get the rot: but now see I the old prouerbe true, he is in hast whom the diuel drives, & where loue prickes forward, there is no worse death than delay. Ah my good page, is there fancie in thine eie, and passions in thy heart? What, hast thou wrapt loue in thy looks? and set all thy thoughts on fire by affection? I tell thee, it is a flame as hard to be quencht as that of ætna. But nature must haue her course, womens eyes haue facultie attractiue like the ieat, and retentive like the diamond: they dallie in the delight of faire obiects, til gazing on the Panthers beautifull skinne, repenting experience tell them hee hath a deuouring paunch. Come on (quoth Ganimede) this sermon of yours is but a subtiltie to lie still a bed, because either you thinke the morning colde, or els I being gone, you would steale a nappe: this shifte carries no paulme, and therefore vp and away. And for Loue let me alone, Ile whip him away with nettles, and set disdaine as a charme to withstand his forces: and therefore looke you to your selfe, be not too bolde, for Venus can make you bend; nor too coy, for Cupid hath a piercing dart, that will make you crie *Peccavi*. And that is it (quoth Aliena) that hath rayfed you so early this morning. And with that she slipt on her peticoate, and start vp: and assoone as she had made her readie, and taken her breakfast, away goe these two with their bagge and bottles to the field, in more pleasant content of mind, than euer they were in the Court of Torismond. They came no sooner nigh the foldes, but they might see where their discontented Forrester was walking in his melancholy. Assoone as Aliena saw him, she smiled, and sayd to Ganimede; wipe your eyes sweeting: for yonder is your sweet hart this morning in deepe praiers no doubt to Venus, that she may make you as pitifull as hee is passionate. Come on Ganimede, I pray thee lets haue a little sport with him. Content (quoth Ganimede) and with that, to waken him out of his deepe *memento*, he began thus.

Forrester, good fortune to thy thoughts, and ease to thy passions, what makes you so early abroad this morne, in cōtemplation, no doubt of your Rosalynde. Take heede Forester, step not too farre, the foord may be deepe, and you slip ouer the shooes; I tell thee, flies haue their spleene, the ants-choller, the least haire shadowes, & the smallest loues great desires. Tis good (Forrester) to loue, but not to ouerloue: leaue in louing her that likes not thee, thou folde thy selfe in an endlesse Laborynth. Rosader seeing the fayre shepheardesse and her pretie fwayne, in whose companie hee felt the greatest ease of his care, he returned them a salute on this manner.

Gentle shepheards, all haile, and as healthfull bee your flockes, as you happie in content. Loue is restlesse, and my bedde is but the cell of my bane, in that there I finde busie thoughtes and broken slumbers: heere (although euerie where passionate) yet I brooke loue with more patience, in that euerie obiect feedes mine eye with

varietie of fancies; when I looke on Floraes beauteous tapestrie, checkered with the pride of all her treasure, I call to minde the fayre face of Rosalynde, whose heauenly hiew exceeds the Rose and the Lilly in their highest excellence; the brightnesse of Phœbus shine, puts me in minde to thinke of the sparkling flames that flew from her eies, and set my heart first on fire; the sweet harmonie of the birds, puts me in remembrance of the rare melodie of her voyce, which like the Syren enchaunteth the eares of the hearer. Thus in contemplation I value my sorrowes, with applying the perfection of euerie object to the excellence of her qualities.

She is much beholding vnto you (quoth Aliena) and so much, that I haue oft wisht with my selfe, that if I should euer prooue as amorous as Oenone, I might finde as faithfull a Paris as your selfe.

How say you by this *Item* Forester, (quoth Ganimede) the faire shepherdesse fauours you, who is mistresse of so manie flockes. Leauē of man the supposition of Rosalynnds loue, when as watching at her, you roue beyond the Moone; and cast your lookes vpon my Mistres, who no doubt is as faire though not so royall; one birde in the hande is woorth two in the wood; better possesse the loue of Aliena, than catch friuouously at the shadow of Rosalynde.

Ile tell thee boy (quoth Ganimede) so is my fancie fixed on my Rosalynde, that were thy Mistres as faire as Læda or Danae, whome Ioue courted in transformed shapes, mine eyes would not vouch to intertaine their beauties; and so hath Loue lockt mee in her perfections, that I had rather onely contemplate in her beauties, than absolutely possesse the excellence of anie other. Venus is too blame (Forrester) if hauing so true a seruant of you, she reward you not with Rosalynde, if Rosalynde were more fairer than her selfe. But leauing this prattle, nowe Ile put you in minde of your promise, about those fonnets which you faide were at home in your lodge. I haue them about me (quoth Rosader) let vs sit downe, and then you shall heare what a Poeticall furie Loue will infuse into a man: with that they fate downe vpon a greene bank, shadowed with figge trees, and Rosader, fetching a deepe sigh read them this Sonnet.

Rofaders Sonnet.

*In sorrowes cell I laid me downe to sleepe:  
But waking woes were iealous of mine eyes,  
They made them watch, and bend themselves to weepe:  
But weeping teares their want could not suffice:*

II, iv, 53

*Yet since for her they wept who guides my hart,  
They weeping smile, and triumph in their smart.  
Of these my teares a fountaine fiercely springs,  
Where Venus baynes her selfe incenst with loue;  
Where Cupid bowseth his faire feathred wings.  
But I behold what paines I must approue.*

*Care drinks it drie: but when on her I thinke,  
Loue makes me weepe it full vnto the brinke.  
Meane while my sighes yeeld truce vnto my teares,  
By them the windes increast and fiercely blow:  
Yet when I sigh the flame more plaine appeares,  
And by their force with greater power doth glow:*

*Amids these paines, all Phoenix like I thrive,  
Since Loue that yeelds me death, may life reuiue.*

Rofader en esperance.

Now surely Forrester (quoth Aliena) when thou madest this sonnet, thou wert in some amorous quandarie, neither too fearfull, as despairing of thy Mistris favours: nor too gleeforme, as hoping in thy fortunes. I can smile (quoth Ganymede) at the Sonnettoes, Canzones, Madrigales, rounds and roundelays, that these pensive patients powre out, when their eyes are more full of wantonneffe, than their hearts of passions. Then, as the fishers put the sweetest baite to the fairest fish: so these Ovidians (holding *Ano* in their tongues, when their thoughtes come at hap hazarde, write that they be wrapt in an endlesse laborynth of sorrow, when walking in the large leas of libertie, they onely haue their humours in their inckpot. If they finde women so fond, that they will with such painted lures come to theyr lust, then they triumph till they be full gorge with pleasures: and then fly they away (like ramage kytes) to their owne content, leauing the tame foole their Mistris full of fancie, yet without euer a feather. If they misse (as dealing with some wary wanton, that wats not such a one as themselves, but spies their subtiltie) they ende their amors with a few fained sighes: and so there excuse is, their Mistris is cruell, and they smother passions with patience. Such gentle Forrester we may deeme you to bee, that rather passe away the time heere in these Woods with writing amoretts, than to bee deeply enamoured (as you saye) of your Rosalynde. If you bee such a one, then I pray God, when you thinke your fortunes at the highest, and your desires to bee most excellent, then that you may with Ixion embrace Iuno in a clowde, and haue nothing but a marble Mistris to releafe your martyrdom: but if you be true and trustie, eypaied and hart sicke, then accursed bee Rosalynde if shee prooue cruell: for Forrester (I flatter not) thou art woorthie of as faire as shee. Aliena spying the storme by the winde, smiled to see how Ganymede flew to the fist without anie call: but Rosader who tooke him flat for a shepherds Swayne made him this answere.

Trust me Swayne (quoth Rosader) but my Canzon was written in no such humour: for mine eye & my heart are relatives, the one drawing fancie by sight, the other entertaining her by sorrowe. If thou sawest my Rosalynde, with what beauties Nature hath fauoured her, with what perfection the heauens hath graced her, with what qualities the Gods haue endued her; then wouldst thou say, there is none so fickle that could be fleeting vnto her. If she had ben Aeneas Dido, had Venus and Iuno both scolded him from *Carthage*, yet her excellence despite of them, would haue detained him at *Tyre*. If Phillis had been as beauteous, or Ariadne as vertuous, or both as honourable and excellent as she; neither had the Philbert tree sorrowed in the death of despairing Phillis, nor the starres haue been graced with Ariadne: but Demophoon and Theseus had been trustie to their Paragons. I will tell thee Swaine, if with a deepe insight thou couldst pearce into the secretes of my loues, and see what deepe impressions of her Idea affection hath made in my heart: then wouldst thou confesse I were passing passionate, and no lesse indued with admirable patience. Why (quoth Aliena) needes there patience in Loue? Or els in nothing (quoth Rosader) for it is a restless soare, that hath no ease, a canker that still frets, a disease that taketh awaie all hope of sleepe. If then so manie sorrowes, sodain ioies, momentarie pleasures, continuall feares, daylie griefes, and nightly woes be found in Loue, then is not he to be accepted patient, that smoothers all these passions with silence? Thou speakest by experience (quoth Ganymede) and therefore wee holde all thy words for Axiomes: but is Loue such a lingring maladie? It is (quoth he) either extreame or meane, according to the minde of the partie that entertaines it: for as the weedes growe longer vntoucht than the pretie flowers, and the flint lies safe in the quarrie, when the Emerauld is suffering the Lapidaries tooles: so meane men are freed from Venus

iniuries, when kings are enuyroned with a laborynth of her cares. The white, the Lawne is, the deeper is the moale, the more purer the chryfolite the sooner stained; and such as haue their hearts ful of honour, haue their loues full of the greatest for-  
rowes. But in whomsoever (quoth Rosader) he fixeth his dart, hee neuer leaueth to assault him, till either hee hath wonne him to follie-or fancie: for as the Moone neuer goes without the starre Lunisequa, so a Louer neuer goeth without the vnrest of his thoughts. For prooffe you shall heare another fancie of my making. Now doo gentle Forrester (quoth Ganimede) and with that he read ouer this *Sonetto*.

Rofaders second Sonetto.

*Turne I my lookes vnto the Skies,  
Loue with his arrowes wounds mine eies:  
Jf so I gaze vpon the ground,  
Loue then in euerie flower is found.  
Search I the shade to flie my paine,  
He meetes me in the shade againe:  
Wend I to walke in secrete groue,  
Euen there I meete with sacred Loue.  
Jf so I bayne me in the spring,  
Euen on the brinke I heare him sing:  
Jf so I meditate alone,  
He will be partner of my moane.  
Jf so I mourne, he weepes with mee.  
And where I am, there will he bee.  
When as I talke of Rosalynde,  
The God from coynesse waxeth kinde,  
And seemes in selfe same flames to frie.  
Because he loues as well as I.  
Sweete Rosalynde for pitie rue,  
For why, then Loue I am more true:  
He if he speede will quicklie flie,  
But in thy loue I liue and die.*

How like you this Sonnet, quoth Rosader? Marrie quoth Ganimede, for the penne well, for the passion ill: for as I praise the one; I pitie the other, in that thou shouldst hunt after a clowde, and loue either without rewarde or regarde. Tis not her frowardnesse, quoth Rosader, but my hard fortunes, whose Destenies haue croft me with her absence: for did shee feele my loues, she would not let me linger in these sorrowes. Women, as they are faire, so they respect faith, and estimate more (if they be honourable) the wil than the wealth, hauing loyaltie the obiect whereat they ayme their fancies. But leauing off these interparleyes, you shall heare my last *Sonnetto*, and then you haue heard all my Poetrie: and with that he sight out this.

Rofaders third Sonnet.

*Of vertuous Loue my selfe may boast alone,  
Since no suspect my seruice may attaint.  
For perfect faire shee is the onely one,  
Whom I esteeme for my beloued Saint:  
Thus for my faith I onely beare the bell,  
And for her faire she onely doth excell.*

III, ii, 93

*Then let fond Petrarch shrowde his Lawraes praise,  
And Tasso cease to publish his affect;  
Since mine the faith confirme at all assaies,  
And hers the faire, which all men doo respect :  
My lines her faire, her faire my faith affures;  
Thus J by Loue, and Loue by me endures.*

III, ii, 93

Thus quoth Rosader, heere is an ende of my Poems, but for all this no releafe of my paffions: so that I refemble him, that in the deapth of his distresse hath none but the Eccho to aunfwere him. Ganimede pittying her Rosader, thinking to driue him out of this amorous melancholie, said, that now the Sunne was in his Meridionall heat, and that it was high noone, therefore we shepheards say, tis time to goe to dinner: for the Sunne and our stomackes, are Shepheards dialls. Therefore Forrester, if thou wilt take such fare as comes out of our homely scrippes, III, ii, 161 welcome shall aunfwere whatsoeuer thou wantst in delicates. Aliena tooke the entertainment by the ende, and told Rosader he should be her guest. He thankd them heartely, and fate with them downe to dinner: where they had such cates as Countrey state did allow them, sawst with such content, and such sweete prattle, as it seemed farre more sweete, than all their Courtly iunckets.

Alfoone as they had taken their repast, Rosader giuing them thanks for his good cheere, would haue been gone: but Ganimede, that was loath to let him passe out of her presence, began thus; Nay Forrester quoth he, if thy busines be not the greater, seeing thou saist thou art so deeply in loue, let me see how thou canst wooe: I will represent Rosalynde, and thou shalt bee as thou art Rosader; see in some amorous Eglogue, how if Rosalynde were present, how thou couldst court her: and while we sing of Loue, Aliena shall tune her pipe, and playe vs melodie. Content, quoth Rosader. And Aliena, the while she shew her willingnesse, drewe forth a recorder, and began to winde it. Then the louing Forrester began thus.

The wooing Eglogue betwixt Rosalynde and Rosader.

Rosader.

*J pray thee Nymph by all the working words,  
By all the teares and sighes that Louers know,  
Or what or thoughts or faltring tongue affords,  
J craue for mine in ripping vp my woe.  
Sweete Rosalynde my loue (would God my loue)  
My life (would God my life) ay pittie me;  
Thy lips are kinde, and humble like the dowe,  
And but with beautie pittie will not be.  
Looke on mine eyes made red with rusfull teares,  
From whence the raine of true remorse descendeth,  
All pale in looks, and J though young in yeares,  
And nought but loue or death my daies befremdeth.  
Oh let no stormie rigour knit thy browes,  
Which Loue appointed for his mercie seate:  
The tallest tree by Boreas breath it bowes,  
The yron yeelds with hammer, and to heate.  
Oh Rosalynde then be thou pittifull,  
For Rosalynde is onely beautifull.*

Rofalynde.

*Loues wantons arme their traitrous futes with teares,  
With vowes, with oathes, with lookes, with showers of golde :  
But when the fruite of their affectis appeares,  
The simple heart by subtile sleights is folde.  
Thus suckes the yeelding eare the poysoned bait,  
Thus feedes the hart vpon his endlesse harmes,  
Thus glut the thoughts themselues on selfe deceit,  
Thus blinde the eyes their sight by subtile charmes.  
The louely lookes, the sighs that storme so sore,  
The deaw of deepe d'ssembled doublenesse :  
These may attempt, but are of power no more,  
Where beautie leanes to wit and soothfastnesse.  
Oh Rofader then be thou wittifull,  
For Rofalynde scornes foolishe pitifull.*

Rofader.

*I pray thee Rofalynde by those sweete eyes  
That staine the Sunne in shine, the morne in cleare :  
By those sweete cheekes where Loue incamped lies  
To kisse the roses of the springing yeare.  
I tempt thee Rofalynde by ruthfull plaints,  
Not seasoned with deceit or fraudfull guile,  
But firme in paine, farre more than tongue depaints,  
Sweete Nymph be kinde, and grace me with a smile.  
So may the heauens preferue from hurtfull food  
Thy harmelesse flockes, so may the Summer yeeld  
The pride of all her riches and her good,  
To fat thy sheepe (the Citizens of field).  
Oh leaue to arme thy louely browes with scorne :  
The birds their beake, the Lion hath his taile,  
And Louers nought but sighes and bitter mourne,  
The spotlesse fort of fancie to assaile.  
Oh Rofalynde then be thou pitifull :  
For Rofalynde is onely beautifull.*

Rofalynde.

*The hardned Steele by fire is brought in frame :*

Rofader.

*And Rofalynde my loue than anie wooll more softer,  
And shall not sighes her tender heart inflame ?*

Rofalynde.

*Were Louers true, maides would beleue them offer.*

Rofader.

*Truth and regard, and honour guide my loue.*

Rofalynde.

*Faine would I trust, but yet I dare not trie.*

Rofader.

*Oh pittie me sweete Nymph, and doo but prove.*

## APPENDIX

Rofalynde.

*I would resist, but yet I know not why.*

Rofader.

*Oh Rofalynde be kinde, for times will change,  
Thy looks ay will be faire as now they be,  
Thine age from beautie may thy looks estrange.  
Ah yeelde in time sweete Nymph, and pitie me*

Rofalynde.

*Oh Rofalynde thou must be pitifull  
For Rofader is yong and beautifull*

Rofader.

*Oh gaine more great than kingdomes, or a crowne*

Rofalynde.

*Oh trust betraid if Rofader abuse me.*

Rofader

*First let the heauens conspire to pull me downe,  
And heauen and earth as abiect quite refuse me  
Let sorrowes streame about my hatefull bower  
And restless horror hatch within my breast,  
Let beauties eye afflict me with a loure,  
Let deepe despaire pursue me without rest;  
Ere Rofalynde my loyaltie disproue,  
Ere Rofalynde accuse me for unkinde.*

Rofalynde.

*Then Rofalynde will grace thee with her loue,  
Then Rofalynde will haue thee still in minde.*

Rofader.

*Then let me triumph more than Tithons deere,  
Since Rofalynde will Rofader respect  
Then let my face exile his sorrie cheere,  
And frolicke in the comfort of affect  
And say that Rofalynde is onely pitifull,  
Since Rofalynde is onely beautifull.*

When thus they had finished their courting Eglogue in such a familiar claufe, Ganimede as Augure of some good fortunes to light vpon their affections, beganne to be thus pleasant; How now Forrester, haue I not fitted your turn & haue I not plaide the woman handsomely, and shewed my selfe as coy in graunts, as courteous in desires, and been as full of suspection, as men of flatterie? And yet to salue all, iumpte I not all vp with the sweete vnion of loue? Did not Rosalynde content her Rosader? The Forrester at this smiling, shooke his head, and folding his armes made this merrie replie.

Truth gentle Swaine, Rosader hath his Rosalynde: but as Ixion had Iuno, who thinking to possesse a goddesse, onely imbraced a clowde: in these imaginarie fruitions of fancie, I resemble the birds that fed themselues with Zeuxis painted grapes; but they grewe so leane with pecking at shaddowes, that they were glad with Aesops Cocke to scrape for a barley corne: so fareth it with me, who to feede my selfe with the hope of my Mistris fauours, sooth my self in thy futes, and onely in conceipt reape

a wished for content: but if my food be no better than such amorous dreames, Venus at the yeares ende, shall finde mee but a leane louer. Yet doo I take these follies for high fortunes, and hope these fained affections doo deuine some unfained ende of ensuing fancies. And thereupon (quoth Aliena) Ile play the priest, from this day forth Ganimede shall call thee husband, and thou shalt call Ganimede wife, and so wee le haue a marriage. Content (quoth Rosader) and laught. Content (quoth Ganimede) and changed as redde as a rose: and so with a smile and a blush, they made vp this iesting match, that after proude to a marriage in earnest; Rosader full little thinking he had wooed and wonne his Rosalynde. But all was well, hope is a sweete string to harpe on: and therefore let the Forrester a while shape himselfe to his shadow, and tarrie Fortunes leasure, till she may make a Metamorphosis fit for his purpose. I digresse, and therefore to Aliena: who said, the wedding was not worth a pinne, vnless there were some cheere, nor that bargain well made that was not stricken vp with a cuppe of wine: and therefore she wilde Ganimede to set out such cates as they had, and to drawe out her bottle, charging the Forrester as hee had imagined his loues, so to concept these cates to be a most sumptuous banquet, and to take a Mazer of wine and to drinke to his Rosalynde: which Rosader did; and so they passed awaye the day in manie pleasant deuices. Till at last Aliena perceiued time would tarrie no man, and that the Sunne waxed verie lowe, readie to set: which made her shorten their amorous prattle, and ende the Banquet with a fresh Carrowfe; which done, they all three rose, and Aliena broke off thus.

Now Forrester, Phcebus that all this while hath been partaker of our sports; seeing euerie Woodman more fortunate in his loues, than hee in his fancies; seeing thou hast wonne Rosalynde, when he could not wooe Daphne, hides his head for shame, and bids vs adiew in a clowde; our sheep they poore wantons wander towards their foldes, as taught by Nature their due times of rest: which tells vs Forrester, we must depart. Marrie, though there were a marriage, yet I must carrie (this night) the Bryde with me, and to morrow morning if you meete vs heere, Ile promise to deliuer her as good a maide as I finde her. Content quoth Rosader, tis enough for me in the night to dreame on loue, that in the day am so fond to doate on loue: and so till to morrow you to your Foldes, and I will to my Lodge; and thus the Forrester and they parted. He was no sooner gone, but Aliena and Ganimede went and folded their flockes, and taking vp their hookes, their bagges, and their bottles, hied homeward. By the waye, Aliena to make the time seeme short, began to prattle with Ganimede thus; I haue heard them say, that what the Fates forepoint, that Fortune pricketh downe with a period, that the starres are sticklers in Venus Court, and desire hangs at the heele of Destenie; if it be so, then by all probable coniectures, this match will be a marriage: for if Augurisme be authentically, or the deuines doomes principles, it cannot bee but such a shaddowe portends the issue of a substaunce, for to that ende did the Gods force the concept of this Eglogue, that they might discouer the ensuing content of your affections: so that eare it bee long, I hope (in earnest) to daunce at your Wedding.

Tush (quoth Ganimede) al is not malte that is cast on the kill, there goes more words to a bargain than one, loue feelles no footing in the aire, and fancie holdes it flipperie harbour to nestle in the tongue: the match is not yet so surely made but he may misse of his market; but if Fortune be his friend, I will not be his foe: and so I pray you (gentle Mistresse Aliena) take it. I take all things well (quoth shee) that is your content, and am glad Rosader is yours: for now I hope your thoughts will be at quiet; your eye that euer looked at Loue, will nowe lende a glance on your Lambes: and then they will proue more buxforme and you more blythe, for the eyes



of the Master feedes the Cattle. As thus they were in chat, they spied olde Coridon where hee came plodding to meete them: who tolde them fupper was readie: which newes made them speede them home. Where we leaue them to the next morrow, and returne to Saladyne.

All this while did poore Saladyne (banished from *Bourdeaux* and the Court of *France* by Torismond) wander vp and downe in the Fonest of *Arden*, thinking to get to *Lions*, and so trauell through *Germanie* into *Italy*: but the Forrest being full of by-pathes, and he vnskillfull of the Countrey coast, slipt out of the way, and chaunced vp into the Defart, not farre from the place where Gerismond was, and his brother Rosader. Saladyne wearie with wandring vp and downe, and hungrie with long fasting; finding a little caue by the side of a thicket, eating such frute as the Forrest did afford, and contenting himselfe with such drinke as Nature had prouided, and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell in a dead sleepe. As thus he lay, a hungrie Lion came hunting downe the edge of the groue for pray, and epying Saladyne began to ceaze vpon him: but seeing he lay still without anie motion, he left to touch him, for that Lions hate to pray on dead carcaffes: and yet desirous to haue some foode, the Lion lay downe and watcht to see if hee would stirre. While thus Saladyne slept secure, fortune that was careful ouer her champion, began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (hauing striken a Deere that but lightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the groue with a Boare speare in his hand in great hast, he spied where a man lay a sleepe, and a Lion fast by him: amazed at this sight, as hee stood gazing, his nose on the fodaine bled; which made him coniecture it was some friend of his. Whereuppon drawing more nigh, hee might easely discern his visage, and perceiued by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladyne: which draue Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed at the sight of so vnexpected a chaunce, maruelling what shoulde driue his brother to trauerse those secrete Defarts without anie companie in such distresse and forlorne fort. But the present time craued no such doubting ambages: for either he must resolute to hazard his life for his reliefe, or els steale awaye, and leaue him to the crueltie of the Lion. In which doubt, he thus briefly debated with himselfe.—Rosaders meditation. —Now Rosader, Fortune that long hath whipt thee with nettles, meanes to salue thee with roses; and hauing crost thee with manie frownes, now she presents thee with the brightnesse of her fauours. Thou that didst count thy selfe the most distressed of all men, maist accompt thy selfe now the most fortunate amongst men; if fortune can make men happie, or sweete reuenge be wrapt in a pleasing content. Thou seest Saladyne thine enemie, the worker of thy misfortunes, and the efficient cause of thine exile, subiect to the crueltie of a mercilesse Lion: brought into this miserie by the Gods, that they might seeme iust in reuenging his rigour, and thy iniuries. Seest thou not how the starres are in a fauourable aspect, the plannets in some pleasing coniunction, the fates agreeable to thy thoughtes, and the destinies perfourmers of thy desires, in that Saladyne shall die, and thou free of his blood; he receiue meede for his amisse, and thou erect his Tombe with innocent hands. Now Rosader shalt thou returne to *Bourdeaux*, and enioye thy possessions by birth, and his reuenewes by inheritance: now maist thou triumph in loue, and hang Fortunes Altares with garlandes. For when Rosalynde heares of thy wealth, it will make her loue thee more willingly: for womens eyes are made of Chrifecoll, that is euer vnperfect vnlesse tempred with golde: and Iupiter soonest enioyed Danae, because he came to her in so rich a shower. Thus shall this Lion (Rosader) end the life of a miser.

able man, and from distresse raife thee to bee most fortunate. And with that casting his Boare speare on his neck, away he began to trudge. But hee had not stept backe two or three paces, but a new motion stroke him to the very hart, that resting his Boare speare against his breast, hee fell into this passionate humour.

Ah Rosader, wert thou the sonne of Sir Iohn of *Bourdeaux*, whose vertues exceeded his valour, and yet the most hardiest Knight in all *Europe*? Should the honour of the father shine in the actions of the sonne? and wilt thou dishonour thy parentage, in forgetting the nature of a Gentleman? Did not thy father at his last gaspe breathe out this golden principle; Brothers amitie is like the drops of *Balsamum*, that salueth the most dangerous sores? Did hee make a large exhort vnto concord, and wilt thou shewe thy selfe carelesse? Oh Rosader, what though Saladyne hath wronged thee, and made thee liue an exile in the Forrest? shall thy nature be so cruell, or thy nurture so crooked, or thy thoughts so sauage, as to suffer so difmall a reuenge? what, to let him be deuoured by wilde beasts? *Non sapit, qui non sibi sapit* is fondly spoken in such bitter extreames. Loose not his life Rosader to winne a world of treasure: for in hauing him thou hast a brother, and by hazarding for his life, thou gettest a friend, and reconcilest an enemy: and more honour shalt thou purchase by pleasuring a foe, than reuenging a thousand iniuries.

With that his Brother began to stirre, and the Lion to rowse himselfe: whereupon Rosader sodainely charged him with the Boare speare, and wounded the Lion verie fore at the first stroake. The beast feeling himselfe to haue a mortall hurt, leapt at Rosader, and with his pawes gaue him a fore pinch on the breast that he had almost faine: yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparkes of Sir Iohn of *Bourdeaux* remained, he recovered himselfe, and in short combat slew the Lion: who at his death roared so lowde, that Saladyne awaked, and starting vp was amazed at the sodayne sight of so monstrous a beast lie slaine by him, and so sweete a Gentleman wounded. He presently (as hee was of a ripe conceipt) began to coniecture, that the Gentleman had slaine him in his defence. Whereupon (as a man in a traunce) he stood staring on them both a good while, not knowing his Brother beeing in that disguise: at last hee burst into these tearmes.

Sir whatsoeuer thou bee, (as full of honour thou must needs be, by the view of thy present valure) I perceiue thou hast redrest my fortunes by thy courage, and saued my life with thine owne losse: which ties me to be thine in all humble seruice. Thankes thou shalt haue as thy due, and more thou canst not haue: for my abilitie denies to performe a deeper debt. But if anie wayes it please thee to commaund me, vse me as farre as the power of a poore Gentleman may stretch.

Rosader seeing hee was vnknownen to his brother, wondred to heare such courteous words come from his crabbed nature; but glad of such reformed nourture, hee made this aunswere. I am sir (whatsoeuer thou art) a Forrester and Ranger of these walkes: who following my Deere to the fall, was conducted hether by some assenting Fate, that I might saue thee, and disparage my selfe. For comming into this place, I sawe thee sleepe, and the Lion watching thy awake, that at thy rising hee might prey vpon thy carcase. At the first sight, I coniectured thee a Gentleman, (for all mens thoughts ought to be fauourable in imagination) and I counted it the hart of a resolute man to purchase a strangers reliefe, though with the losse of his owne blood: which I haue performed (thou seest) to mine owne preiudice. If therefore thou be a man of such worth as I value thee by thy exterior liaments, make discourse vnto mee what is the cause of thy present fortunes. For by the furrowes in thy face thou seemest to be crost with her frowns: but whatsoeuer or howsoeuer, let me craue that

fauour, to heare the tragicke caufe of thy eftate. Saladyne fitting downe, and fetching a deepe figh, began thus —Saladynes difcourfe to Rosader vnknown.—Although the difcourfe of my fortunes, be the renewing of my forrowes, and the rubbing of the fcar, will open a frefh wound; yet that I may not prooue ingratefull to fo courteous a Gentleman, I will rather fitte downe and figh out my eftate, than giue anie offence by fmoothing my grieffe with filence. Know therefore (fir) that I am of *Bourdeaux*, and the fonne and heire of Syr Iohn of *Bourdeaux*, a man for his vertues and valour fo famous, that I cannot thinke, but the fame of his honours, hath reacht farther than the knowledge of his Perfonage. The unfortunate fonne of fo fortunate a Knight am I, my name Saladyne: Who fucceeding my Father in poffeffions but not in qualities, hauing two Brethren committed by my Father at his death to my charge, with fuch golden principles of brotherly concord, as might haue pierft like the Syrens melodie into anie humane eare. But I (with Vlyffes became deafe againft his Philofophicall harmony, and made more value of profite than of vertue, esteeming golde fufficient honour, and wealth the fitteft title for a gentlemans dignitie: I fet my middle brother to the Vniuerfitee to be a Scholler, counting it enough if he might pore on a booke, while I fed vpon his reuenewes: and for the yongest (which was my fathers ioye) yong Rosader. And with that, naming of Rosader, Saladyne fate him downe and wept.

Nay forward man (quoth the Forrefter) teares are the vnfitteft falue that anie man can applie for to cure forowes, and therefore ceafe from fuch feminine follies, as fhoulde droppe out of a Womans eye to deceiue, not out of a Gentlemans looke to difcouer his thoughts, and forward with thy difcourfe

Oh fir (quoth Saladyne) this Rosader that wringes teares from mine eyes, and bloud from my heart, was like my father in exterior perfonage and in inward qualities: for in the prime of his yeares he aimed all his acts at honor, and coueted rather to die, than to brooke anie iniurie vnworthie a Gentlemans credite. I, whom enuie had made blinde, and couetoufneffe masked with the vail of felfe loue, feeing the Palme tree grow ftraight, thought to fuppreffe it being a twig: but Nature will haue her courfe, the Cedar will be tall, the Diamond bright, the Carbuncle gliftering, and vertue will shine though it be neuer fo much obfcured. For I kept Rosader as a flane, and vfed him as one of my feruile bindes, vntill age grew on, and a fecret infight of my abufe entred into his minde: infomuch, that hee could not brooke it, but coueted to haue what his father left him, and to liue of himfelfe. To be fhort fir, I repined at his fortunes, and he countercheckt me not with abilitie but valour, vntill at laft by my friends and aid of fuch as followed golde more than right or vertue, I banifht him from *Bourdeaux*, and he pore Gentleman liues no man knowes where in fome diftrefsed difcontent. The Gods not able to fuffer fuch impietie vnreunenged, fo wrought, that the King pickt a caufeles quarrell againft me, in hope to haue my lands, and fo bath exiled me out of *France* for euer. Thus, thus fir, am I the moft miserable of all men, as hauing a blemifh in my thoughtes for the wrongs I proffered Rosader, and a touche in my ftate to be throwen from my proper poffeffions by iniuftice. Paffionate thus with manie griefes, in penance of my former follies, I goe thus pilgrime like to feeke out my Brother, that I may reconcile my felfe to him in all fubmiffion, and afterward wend to the holy Land, to ende my yeares in as manie vertues, as I haue fpend my youth in wicked vanities.

Rosader hearing the refolution of his brother Saladyne began to compaffionate his forrowes, and not able to fmother the fparkes of Nature with fained fecrecie, he burft into thefe louing fpeeches. Then know Saladyne (quoth he) that thou haft met with

Rosader; who grieues as much to see thy distresse, as thy selfe to feelee the burden of thy miserie. Saladyne casting vp his eye, and noting well the phisnomie of the Forrester, knew that it was his brother Rosader: which made him so bafe and blufh at the first meeting, that Rosader was faine to recomfort him. Which he did in fuch fort, yt he shewed how highly he held reuenge in fcorne. Much a doo there was betweene these two Brethren, Saladyne in crauing pardon, and Rosader in forgiuing and forgetting all former iniuries; the one submiffe, the other courteous; Saladyne penitent and passionate, Rosader kinde & louing; that at length Nature working an vnion of their thoughts, they earnestly embraced, and fell from matters of vnkindnesse, to talke of the Countrey life, which Rosader so highly commended, that his brother began to haue a desire to taste of that homely content. In this humour Rosader conducted him to Gerismonds Lodge, and presented his brother to the King; discouraging the whole matter how all had happened betwixt them. The King looking vpon Saladyne, found him a man of a most beautifull personage, and saw in his face sufficient sparkes of ensuing honours, gaue him great entertainment, and glad of their friendly reconciliation, promised fuch fauour as the pouertie of his estate might afford: which Saladyne gratefully accepted. And so Gerismond fell to question of Torismonds life? Saladyne briefly discourst vnto him his iniustice and tyrannies: with fuch modestie (although hee had wronged him) that Gerismond greatly praised the sparing speech of the yong Gentleman.

Manie questions past, but at last Gerismond began with a deepe sigh, to inquire if there were anie newes of the welfare of Alinda or his daughter Rosalynde? None fir quoth Saladyne, for since their departure they were neuer heard of. Iniurious Fortune (quoth the King) that to double the Fathers miserie, wrongt the Daughter with misfortunes. And with that (surcharged with sorrowes) he went into his Cell, & left Saladyne and Rosader, whom Rosader streight conducted to the fight of Adam Spencer. Who seeing Saladyne in that estate, was in a browne studie: but when hee heard the whole matter, although he grieved for the exile of his Master, yet hee ioyed that banishment had so reformed him, that from a lasciuious youth hee was proued a vertuous Gentleman. Looking a longer while, and seeing what familiaritie past betweene them, and what fauours were interchanged with brotherly affection, he said thus; I marrie, thus should it be, this was the concord that olde Sir Iohn of *Bourdeaux* wisht betwixt you. Now fulfill you those precepts he breathed out at his death, and in obseruing them, looke to liue fortunate, and die honourable. Wel said Adam Spencer quoth Rosader, but hast anie victualls in store for vs? A peece of a red Deere (quoth he) and a bottle of wine. Tis Forresters fare brother, quoth Rosader: and so they fate downe and fell to their cates. Assoone as they had taken their repast, and had well dined, Rosader tooke his brother Saladyne by the hand, and shewed him the pleasures of the Forrest, and what content they enjoyed in that meane estate. Thus for two or three dayes he walked vp and down with his brother, to shewe him all the commodities that belonged to his Walke. In which time hee was mist of his Ganimede, who mused greatly (with Aliens) what should become of their Forester. Some while they thought he had taken some word vnkindly, and had taken the pet: then they imagined some new loue had withdrawn his fancie, or hapely that he was sicke, or detained by some great businesse of Gerismonds, or that he had made a reconciliation with his brother, and so returned to *Bourdeaux*. These coniectures did they cast in their heads, but especially Ganimede: who hauing Loue in her heart proued restlesse, and halfe without patience, that Rosader wronged hir with so long absence: for Loue measures euerie minute, and thinks howers to be

dayes, and dayes to be months, till they feed their eyes with the sight of their desired object. Thus perplexed liued poore Ganimede: while on a day sitting with Aliena in a great dumpe, she cast vp her eye, and saw where Rosader came pacing towards them with his forrest bill on his necke. At that sight her I, ii, 117 colour chaungde, and she said to Aliena; See Mistresse where our iolly Forrester comes. And you are not a little glad thereof (quoth Aliena) your nose bewrayes what porridge you loue, the winde can not bee tied within his quarter, the Sunne shaddowed with a vaile, Oyle hidden in water, nor Loue kept out of a Womans lookes: but no more of that, *Lupus est in fabula*. As soone as Rosader was come within the reach of her tungs ende, Aliena began thus: Why how now gentle Forrester, what winde hath kept you from hence? that being so newly married, you haue no more care of your Rosalynde, but to absent your selfe so manie dayes? Are these the passions you painted out so in your Sonnets and roundelaies? I see well hote loue is soone colde, and that the fancie of men, is like to a loofe feather that wandreth in the aire with the blast of euerie winde. You are deceiued Mistres quoth Rosader, twas a coppie of vnkindnesse that kept me hence, in that I being married, you carried away the Bryde: but if I haue giuen anie occasion of offence by absenting my selfe these three dayes, I humbly sue for pardon: which you must graunt of course, in that the fault is so friendly confest with penance. But to tell you the truth (saie Mistresse, and my good Rosalynde) my eldest Brother by the iniurie of Torismond is banished from *Bourdeaux*, and by chance hee and I met in the Forrest. And heere Rosader discoursed vnto them what had hapned betwixt them: which reconciliation made them gladde, especially Ganimede. But Aliena hearing of the tyrannie of her Father, grieved inwardly, and yet smothered all things with such secrecie, that the concealing was more sorrow than the concept: yet that her estate might be hid still, shee made faire weather of it, and so let all passe.

Fortune, that sawe how these parties valued not her Deitie, but helde her power in scorne, thought to haue about with them, and brought the matter to passe thus. Certaine Rascalls that liued by prowling in the Forrest, who for feare of the Prouost Marshall had caues in the groues and thickets, to throwde themselves from his traines; hearing of the beautie of this faire Shepheardesse Aliena, thought to steale her away, and to giue her to the King for a present; hoping, because the King was a great lechour, by such a gift to purchase all their pardons: and therefore came to take her and her Page away. Thus resolued, while Aliena and Ganimede were in this sad talk, they came rushing in, and laid violent hands vpon Aliena and her Page, which made them crie out to Rosader: who hauing the valour of his father stamped in his heart, thought rather to die in defence of his friends, than anie way be toucht with the least blemish of dishonour; and therefore dealt such blowes amongst them with his weapon, as he did witness well vpon their carcasses, that he was no coward. But as *Ne Hercules quidem contra duos*, so Rosader could not resist a multitude, hauing none to backe him; so that hee was not onely rebatted, but sore wounded, and Aliena and Ganimede had been quite carried away by these Rascalls, had not Fortune (that ment to turne her frowne into a fauour) brought Saladyne that way by chance; who wandering to finde out his Brothers Walke, encountred this crue: and seeing not onely a shepheardesse and her boy forced, but his brother wounded, hee heaued vp a forrest bill he had on his necke, and the first hee stroke had neuer after more neede of the ~~Phition~~ <sup>Phition</sup>: redoubling his blowes with such courage, that the slaues were amazed at his valour.

Rosader espying his brother so fortunately arriued, and seeing how valiantly he

behaved himselfe, though fore wounded, rushed amongst them, and laid on such load, that some of the crue were flaine, and the rest fled, leauing Aliena and Ganimede in the possession of Rosader and Saladyne.

Aliena after she had breathed a while and was come to her selfe from this feare, lookt about her, and saw where Ganimede was busie dressing vp the wounds of the Forrester: but she cast her eye vpon this courteous champion that had made so hote a rescue, and that with such affection, that shee began to measure euerie part of him with fauour, and in her selfe to commend his personage and his vertue, holding him for a resolute man, that durst assaile such a troupe of vnbridled villaines. At last gathering her spirites together, she returned him these thanks.

Gentle sir, whatsoever you be that haue aduentured your flesh to relieue our fortunes, as we holde you valiant, so we esteeme you courteous, and to haue as manie hidden vertues, as you haue manifest resolutions. Wee poore Shepheards haue no wealth but our flockes, and therefore can we not make requitall with anie great treasures: but our recompence is thanks, and our rewardes to our friendes without faining. For ranome therefore of this our rescue, you must content your selfe to take such a kinde gramercie, as a poore Shepheardeesse and her Page may giue: with promise (in what wee may) neuer to prooue ingratefull. For this Gentleman that is hurt, yong Rosader, he is our good neighbour and familiar acquaintance, wee le pay him with smiles, and feede him with loue-lookes: and though he bee neuer the fatter at the yeares ende, yet wele so hamper him that he shall holde himselfe satisfied.

Saladyne hearing this Shepheardeesse speake so wisely began more narrowly to prie into her perfection, and to suruey all her liniaments with a curious insight; so long dallying in the flame of her beautie, that to his cost he found her to be most excellent: for Loue that lurked in all these broiles to haue a blowe or two, seeing the parties at the gaze, encountred them both with such a venie, that the stroke pierst to the heart so deepe, as it could neuer after be raced out. At last after he had looked so long, till Aliena waxt red, he returned her this answere.

Faire Shepheardeesse, if Fortune graced mee with such good hap, as to doo you anie fauour, I holde my selfe as contented, as if I had gotten a great conquest: for the reliefe of distressed women is the speciall point, that Gentlemen are tied vnto by honour: seeing then my hazarde to rescue your harmes, was rather dutie than curtesie, thaks is more than belongs to the requitall of such a fauour. But least I might seeme either too coye or too carelesse of a Gentlewomans proffer, I wil take your kinde gramercie for a recompence. All this while that he spake, Ganimede lookt earnestly vpon him, and said; Trulie Rosader, this Gentleman fauours you much in the feature of your face. No mernaile (quoth hee, gentle Swaine) for tis my eldest brother Saladyne. Your brother quoth Aliena? (& with that she bluht) he is the more welcome, and I holde myselfe the more his debter: and for that he hath in my behalfe done such a peece of seruice, if it please him to doo me that honour, I will call him seruant, and he shall call me Mistresse. Content sweet Mistresse quoth Saladyne, and when I forget to call you so, I will be vnmindfull of mine owne selfe. Away with these quirkes and quiddities of loue quoth Rosader, and giue me some drinke, for I am passing thirstie, and then wil I home for my wounds bleedde fore, and I will haue them drest. Ganimede had teares in her eyes, and passions in her heart to see her Rosader so pained, and therefore stept hastily to the bottle, and filling out some wine in a Mazer, shee spiced it with such comfortable drugs as she had about her, and gaue it him; which did comfort Rosader: that rising (with the helpe of his brother) he tooke his leaue of them, and went to his Lodge. Ganimede assoone

with Phoebe, could by no meanes obtaine anie fauour at her hands: but still pained in restlesse passions, remained a hopelesse and perplexed Louer. I would I might (quoth Aliena) once see that Phoebe, is thee so faire, that she thinkes no shepheard worthie of her beautie: or so froward that no loue nor loyaltie will content hir: or so coye, that she requires a long time to be wooed: or so foolish that she forgets, that like a fop she must haue a large haruest for a little corne ¶

I cannot distinguish (quoth Coridon) of these nice qualities: but one of these dayes Ile bring Montanus and her downe, that you may both see their persons, and note theyr passions: and then where the blame is, there let it rest. But this I am sure quoth Coridon, if all maidens were of her minde, the world would growe to a madde passe; for there would be great store of wooing, and little wedding, manie words and little worship, much follie and no faith. At this sad sentence of Coridon so solemplie brought forth, Aliena smiled: and because it waxt late, she and her page went to bed, both of them hauing fleas in their eares to keep the awake, Ganimede for the hurt of her Rosader, and Aliena for the affection she bore to Saladyne. In this discontented humor they past away the time, til falling on sleep, their senses at rest, Loue left them to their quiet slumbers: which were not long. For assoone as Phoebus rose from his Aurora, and began to mount him in the Skie, summoning the Plough-fwaines to their handie labour, Aliena arose; and going to the couche where Ganimede laye, awakened her page, and said the morning was farre spent, the deaw smal, and time called them away to their foldes. Ah, ah, (quoth Ganimede) is the winde in that doore ¶ then in faith I perceiue that there is no Diamond so harde but will yeelde to the file, no Cedar so strong but the winde will shake, nor anie minde so chaste but Loue will change. Well Aliena, must Saladyne be the man, and will it be a match ¶ Trust me he is faire and valiant, the sonne of a worthie Knight; whome if hee imitate in perfection as hee represents him in proportion, he is worthie of no lesse than Aliena. But he is an exile: what then? I hope my Mistres respects the vertues not the wealth, and measures the qualities not the substance. Those dames that are like Danae, that like loue in no shape but in a shower of golde; I wish them husbandes with much wealth and little wit; that the want of the one may blemish the abundance of the other. It should (my Aliena) staine the honour of a Shepherdes life to fet the end of passions vpon pelfe. Loues eyes looks not so low as gold, there is no fees to be paid in Cupids Courtes: and in elder time (as Coridon hath tolde me) the Shepherds Loue-gifts were apples and chestnuts, & then their desires were loyall and their thoughts constant. But now *Quarenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus*. And the time is growen to that which Horace in his Satyres wrote on:

*omnis enim res  
Virtus-fama decus diuina humanaque pulchris  
Diuitijs parent: quas qui-constrinxerit ille  
Clarus erit, fortis, iustus, sapiens, etiam & rex  
Et quic quid volet—*

But Aliena let it not be so with thee in thy fancies, but respect his faith, and there an ende. Aliena hearing Ganimede thus forward to further Saladyne in his affections, thought the kist the childe for the nuries sake, and wooed for him that she might please Rosader, made this replie; Why Ganimede, whereof growes this perwasion? Hast thou seene Loue in my lookes? Or are mine eyes growen so amorous, that they discouer some new entertained fancies? If thou measurest my thoughtes by my countenance, thou maist proue as ill a Physiognomer as the Lapi-

darie, that aymes at the secrete vertues of the Topace, by the exterior shadow of the stone. The operation of the Agate is not known by the strakes, nor the Diamond prized by his brightnesse, but by his hardnesse. The Carbuncle that shineth most, is not euer the most precious: and the Apothecaries choofe not flowers for their colours, but for their vertues. Womens faces are not alwaies Kalenders of fancie, nor doo their thoughtes and their lookes euer agree: for when their eyes are fullest of fauours, then they are oft most emptie of desire: and when they seeme to frown at disdaine, then are they most forward to affection. If I bee melancholie, then Ganimede tis not a consequence that I am entangled with the perfection of Saladyne. But seeing fire cannot be hid in the straw, nor Loue kept so couert but it will bee spied, what should friends conceale fancies? Know my Ganimede, the beautie and valour, the wit and prowesse of Saladyne hath fettered Aliena so farre, as there is no obiect pleasing to her eyes, but the sight of Saladyne: and if loue haue done me iustice, to wrap his thoughts in the foldes of my fare, and that he be as deeply enamoured as I am passionate; I tell thee Ganimede, there shall not be much wooing, for she is already wonne, and what needes a longer batterie. I am glad quoth Ganimede that it shall be thus proportioned, you to match with Saladyne, and I with Rosader: thus haue the Destenies fauoured vs with some pleasing aspect, that haue made vs as priuate in our loues, as familiar in our fortunes.

With this Ganimede start vp, made her readie, & went into the fields with Aliena: where vnfolding their flockes, they fate them downe vnder an Oliue tree, both of them amorous, and yet diuerse affected; Aliena ioying in the excellence of Saladyne, and Ganimede forrowing for the wounds of her Rosader, not quiet in thought till she might heare of his health. As thus both of them fate in theyr dumpes, they might espie where Coridon came running towards them (almost out of breath with his hast). What newes with you (quoth Aliena) that you come in such post? Oh Mistres (quoth Coridon) you haue a long time desired to see Phoebe the faire Shepheardesse whom Montanus loues: so now if it please you and Ganimede but to walke with me to yonder thicket, there shall you see Montanus and her sitting by a Fountaine; he courting with his Countrey ditties, and she as coy as if she helde Loue in disdaine.

The newes were so welcome to the two Louers, that vp they rose, and went with Coridon. Assoone as they drew nigh the thicket, they might espie where Phoebe fate, (the fairest Shepheardesse in all *Arden*, and he the frolickst Swaine in the whole Forrest) she in a petticoate of scarlet, couered with a greene mantle; and to shrowde her from the Sunne, a chaplet of roses: from vnder which appeared a face full of Natures excellence, and two such eyes as might haue amated a greater man than Montanus. At gaze vpon this gorgeous Nymph sat the Shepheard, feeding his eyes with her fauours, wooing with such piteous lookes, & courting with such deep strained sighs, as would haue made Diana her selfe to haue been compassionate. At last, fixing his lookes on the riches of her face, his head on his hande, and his elbow on his knee, he sung this mournfull Dittie.

Montanus Sonnet.

*A Turtle fate vpon a leauesse tree,  
Mourning her absent pheare  
With sad and forrie cheare.  
About her wondring flood  
The citizens of Wood,*



*And whilest her plumes she rents  
And for her loue laments,  
The stately trees complaine them,  
The birdes with sorrow paine them :  
Each one that doth her view  
Her paine and sorrowes rue.  
But were the sorrowes knowen  
That me hath ouerthrowen,  
Oh how would Phoebe sigh, if she did looke on me ?*

*The loue sicke Polypheme that could not see,  
Who on the barraine shore  
His fortunes doth deplore,  
And melteth all in mone  
For Galatea gone :  
And with his piteous cries  
Afflicts both earth and Skies :  
And to his woe betooke  
Doth breake both pipe and hooke ;  
For whome complaines the Morne,  
For whom the Sea Nymphs mourne.  
Alas his paine is nought :  
For were my woe but thought,  
Oh how would Phoebe sigh, if she did looke on mee ?*

*Beyond compare my paine  
yet glad am I,  
Jf gentle Phoebe daine  
to see her Montan die.*

After this, Montanus felt his passions so extreame, that he fell into this exclamation against the iniustice of Loue.

*Helas Tirant plein de rigueur,  
Modere vn peu ta violence :  
Que te sert si grande despense ?  
C'est trop de flammes pour vn cuer.  
Esparguez en vne estin celle,  
Puis fay ton effort d'esmoioir,  
La fiere qui ne veut point voir,  
En quel fu je brusle pour elle.  
Execute Amour ce dessein,  
Et rabaisse vn peu son audace,  
Son cuer ne doit estre de glace.  
Bien que elle ait de Niece le sein.*

Montanus ended his Sonet with such a volley of sighs, and such a streame of teares, as might haue mooned any but Phoebe to haue graunted him fauour. But she measuring all his passions with a coye disdaine, and triumphing in the poore Shepherdes patheticall humours, smiling at his martyrdome, as **IV, i, 183** though loue had been no maladie, scornefully warbled out this Sonnet.

Phœbes Sonnet a replie to Montanus pafsion.

Downe a downe.

*Thus Phillis fung*

*by fancie once distressed :*

*Who so by foolish Loue are stung,*  
*are worthely oppressed.*

*And so sing I. With a downe, downe, &c.*

*When Loue was first begot,*  
*And by the moouers will*  
*Did fall to humane lot*  
*His solace to fulfill.*  
*Deuoid of all deceit,*  
*A chaste and holy fire*  
*Did quicken mans conceipt,*  
*And womens breast inspire.*  
*The Gods that saw the good*  
*That mortalls did approue,*  
*With kinde and holy mood*  
*Began to talke of Loue.*

Downe a downe,

*Thus Phillis fung*

*by fancie once distressed, &c.*

*But during this accord,*  
*A wonder strange to heare :*  
*Whilist Loue in deed and word*  
*Most faithfull did appeare.*  
*Falfe semblance came in place*  
*By iealozie attended,*  
*And with a doubleface*  
*Both loue and fancie blended.*  
*Which made the Gods forsake,*  
*And men from fancie stie,*  
*And maidens scorne a make;*  
*Forsooth and so will I.*

Downe a downe.

*Thus Phillis fung*

*by fancie once distressed;*

*Who so by foolish Loue are stung*  
*are worthely oppressed.*

*And so sing I.*

*with downe a downe, adowne downe, adowne a,*

Montanus hearing the cruel resolution of Phoebe, was so ouergrown with passions, that from amorous Ditties he fell flat into these tearmes; Ah Phoebe quoth he, whereof art thou made, that thou regardest not my maladie? Am I so hatefull an obiect, that thine eyes condempne me for an abiect? or so base, that thy desires cannot stoope so lowe as to lende mee a gracious looke? My passions are manie, my loues more, my thoughts loyaltie, and my fancie faith: all deuoted in humble deuoiere to the ser-

uice of Phoebe: & shal I reape no reward for such fealties. The Swaines daylie labours is quit with the euenings hire, the Ploughmans toyle is eafed with the hope of corne, what the Oxe sweates out at the plough he faineth at the cribbe: but infortunate Montanus hath no salue for his sorrowes, nor anie hope of recōpence for the hazard of his perplexed passions. If Phoebe, time may plead the prooffe of my truth, twice/seuen winters haue I loued faire Phoebe: if constancie bee a cause to farther my fute, Montanus thoughtes haue beene sealed in the sweete of Phœbes excellence, as farre from chaunge as she from loue: if outward passions may discouer inward affections, the furrowes in my face may decypher the sorrowes of my heart, and the mappe of my lookes the griefes of my minde. Thou feest (Phoebe) the teares of despayre haue made my cheekes full of wrinkles, and my scalding sighes haue made the aire Eccho her pitie conceiued in my plaints: Philomele hearing my passions, hath left her mournfull tunes to listen to the discourse of my miseries. I haue pourtraied in euerie tree the beautie of my Mistresse, & the despaire of my lounes. What is it in the woods cannot witnes my woes? and who is it would not pitie my plaints? Onely Phoebe. And why? Because I am Montanus, and she Phoebe; I a worthlesse Swaine and shee the most excellent of all faieres. Beautifull Phoebe, oh might I say pitifull, then happie were I though I tasted but one minute of that good hap. Measure Montanus not by his fortunes but by his lounes; and ballaunce not his wealthie, but his desires, and lend but one gracious looke to cure a heape of disquieted cares: if not, ah if Phoebe can not loue, let a storme of frownes ende the discontent of my thoughts, and so let me perish in my desires, because they are about my deserts: onely at my death this fauour cannot be denied me, that all shall say, Montanus died for loue of harde hearted Phoebe. At these words she fild her face full of frownes, and made him this short and sharpe replie.

Importunate Shepheard, whose lounes are lawlesse, because restlesse: are thy passions so extreame that thou canst not conceale them with patience? Or art thou so folly-sick, that thou must needs be fancie-sicke? and in thy affection tied to such an exigent, as none serues but Phoebe. Well sir, if your market may be made no where els, home again, for your Mart is at the fairest. Phoebe is no lettice for your lippes, and her grapes hangs so high, that gaze at them you may, but V, i, 38 touch them you cannot. Yet Montanus I speake not this in pride, but in disdaine; not that I scorn thee, but that I hate Loue: for I count it as great honour to triumph ouer Fancie, as ouer Fortune. Rest thee content therefore Montanus, cease from thy lounes, and bridle thy lookes; quench the sparkles before they grow to a further flame: for in louing me thou shalt liue by losse, & what thou vtterest in words, are all written in the winde. Wert thou (Montanus) as faire as Paris, as hardie as Hector, as constant as Troilus, as louing as Leander; Phoebe could not loue, because she cannot loue at all: and therefore if thou pursue me with Phœbus, I must flie with Daphne.

Ganimede ouer-hearing all these passions of Montanus, could not brooke the cruelty of Phœbe, but starting from behinde the bush said; And if Damzell you fled from me, I would transforme you as Daphne to a bay, and then in contempt trample your branches vnder my feete. Phoebe at this sodaine replie was amazed, especially when she saw so faire a Swaine as Ganimede; blushing therefore, shee would haue been gone: but that he held her by the hand, and prosecuted his replie thus. What Shepheardesse, so fayre and so cruell? Disdaine befeemes not cottages, nor coyne maides: for either they be condemned to bee too proude, or too froward. Take heede (faire Nymph) that in despising Loue, you be not ouer-reacht with Loue, and in shaking off

all, shape your selfe to your own shadow: and so with Narcissus prooue passionate & yet vnpietied. Oft haue I heard, and sometimes haue I seene, high disdaine turnd to hot desires. Because thou art beautifull, be not so coye: as there is nothing more faire, so there is nothing more fading, as momentary as the shadowes which growes from a clowdie Sunne. Such (my faire Shepheardeffe) as disdaine in youth desire in age, and then are they hated in the winter, that might haue been loued in the prime. A wrinkled maide is like to a parched Rose, that is cast vp in coffers to please the smell, not worne in the hand to content the eye. There is no follie in Loue to had I wift: and therefore be rulde by me, Loue while thou art young, least thou be disdained when thou art olde. Beautie nor time cannot bee recalde, and if thou loue, like of Montaus: for as his desires are manie, so his deserts are great.

Phoebe all this while gazed on the perfection of Ganimede, as deeplie enamoured on his perfection, as Montanus inueigled with hers: for her eye made suruey of his excellent feature, which she found so rare, that she thought the ghost of Adonis had been leapt from Elizium in the shape of a Swaine. When she blusht at her owne follie to looke so long on a stranger, she mildlie made aunswere to Ganimede thus. I cannot denie sir but I haue heard of Loue, though I neuer felt Loue; and haue read of such a Goddesse as Venus, though I neuer saw anie but her picture: & perhaps, and with that she waxed red and bashful, and with all silent: which Ganimede perceiuing, commended in her selfe the bashfulnesse of the maide, and desired her to goe forward. And perhaps sir (quoth she) mine eye hath ben more prodigall to day than euer before: and with that she staid againe, as one greatly passionate and perplexed. Aliena seeing the hare through the maze, bade her forward with her prattle: but in vaine, for at this abrupt periode she broke off, and with her eyes full of teares, and her face couered with a vermillion die, she fate downe and sightht. Whereuppon, Aliena and Ganimede seeing the Shepheardeffe in such a strange plight, left Phoebe with her Montanus, wishing her friendly that shee would be more pliant to Loue, least in penaunce Venus ioyned her to some sharpe repentaunce. Phoebe made no replie, but fetcht such a sigh, that Echo made relation of her plaint: giuing Ganimede such an adieu with a piercing glaunce, that the amorous Girle-boye perceiued Phoebe was pincht by the heele.

But leauing Phoebe to the follies of her new fancie, and Montanus to attend vpon her; to Saladyne, who all this last night could not rest for the remembrance of Aliena: inso much that he framed a sweete conceipted sonnet to content his humour, which he put in his bosome: being requested by his brother Rosader to go to Aliena and Ganimede, to signifie vnto them that his wounds were not daungerous. A more happie message could not happen to Saladyne, that taking his Forrest bil on his necke, he trudgeth in all hast towards the plaines, where Alienas flockes did feede: comming iust to the place when they returned from Montanus and Phoebe. Fortune so conducted this iollie Forrester, that he encountred them and Coridon, whom he presently saluted in this manner.

Faire Shepheardeffe, and too faire, vnlesse your beautie be tempered with courtesie, & the liniaments of the face graced with the lowlinesse of minde: as manie good fortunes to you and your Page, as your selues can desire, or I imagine. My brother Rosader (in the grieve of his greene wounds) still mindfull of his friends, hath sent me to you with a kind salute, to shew that he brookes his paines with the more patience, in that he holds the parties precious in whose defence he receiued the preiudice. The report of your welfare, will bee a great comfort to his distempered bodie and distressed thoughts, and therefore he sent mee with a strict charge to visite you.

And you (quoth Aliena) are the more welcome in that you are messenger from so kind a Gentleman, whose paines we compassionate with as great sorrowe, as hee brookes them with griefe; and his wounds breedes in vs as manic passions, as in him extremities: so that what disquiet hee feeles in bodie, wee partake in heart. Wishing (if wee might) that our mishap might salue his maladie. But feeling our wills yeelds him little ease, our orizons are neuer idle to the Gods for his recouerie. I pray youth (quoth Ganimede with teares in his eies) when the Surgeon searcht him, helde he his wounds dangerous? Dangerous (quoth Saladyne) but not mortall: and the sooner to be cured, in that his patient is not impatient of anie paines: whereupon my brother hopes within these ten dayes to walke abroad and visite you himselfe. In the meane time (quoth Ganimede) say his Rosalynde commends her to him and bids him be of good cheere. I know not (quoth Saladyne) who that Rosalynde is, but whatsoever she is, her name is neuer out of his mouth: but amidst the deepest of his passions he vseth Rosalynde as a charme to appease all sorrows with patience. Insomuch that I coniecture my brother is in loue, and she some Paragon that holdes his hart perplexed: whose name he oft records with sighs, sometimes with teares, straight with ioy, then with smiles; as if in one person Loue had lodged a Chaos of confused passions. Wherein I haue noted the variable disposition of fancie, that like the Polype in colours, so it changeth into sundrie humours: being as it should seeme a combate mixt with disquiet, and a bitter pleasure wrapt IV, iii, 106 in a sweete preiudice, like to the Sinople tree, whose blossomes delight the smell, and whose fruite infects the tast. By my faith (quoth Aliena) sir, you are deepe read in loue, or growes your insight into affection by experience? Howsoever, you are a great Philosopher in Venus principles, els could you not discover her secreete aphorismes. But sir our countrey amours are not like your courtly fancies, nor is our wooing like your suing: for poore shepheards neuer plaine them till Loue paine them, where the Courtiers eyes is full of passions when his heart is most free from affection: they court to discover their eloquence, we wooe to ease our sorrowes: euerie faire face with them must haue a new fancie sealed with a forefinger kisse and a farre fetcht sigh; we heere loue one, and lue to that one so long as life can maintain loue, vsing few ceremonies because we know fewe subtilties, and little eloquence for that wee lightly accompt of flatterie: only faith and troth thats shepheards wooing, and sir howe like you of this? So (quoth Saladyne) as I could tie my selfe to such loue. What, and looke so low as a Shepheardesse, being the Sonne of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux: such desires were a disgrace to your honours. And with that surveying exquisitely euerie part of him, as vttering all these words in a deepe passion, she espied the paper in his bosome: whereupon growing iealous that it was some amorous Sonnet, she sodainly snatcht it out of his bosome, and asked if it were any secret? She was bashfull, and Saladyne blusht: which she perceiuing sayd; Nay then sir, if you waxe redde, my life for yours tis some Loue matter: I will see your Mistresse name, her praises, and your passions. And with that she lookt on it: which was written to this effect.

Saladynes Sonnet.

*If it be true that heauens eternall course  
With restlesse sway and ceaselesse turning glides,  
If aire inconstant be, and swelling fowle  
Turne and returnes with many fluent tides,  
If earth in winter summers pride estrange,  
And Nature seemeth onely faire in change.*

*Jf it be true that our immortall spright  
 Derude from heauenly pure, in wandring still  
 In noueltie and strangenesse doth delight,  
 And by discouerent power discerneth ill,  
 And if the bodie for to worke his best  
 Doth with the seasons change his place of rest :*

*Whence comes it that (inforst by furious Skies)  
 I change both place and soyle, but not my hart ?  
 Yet salue not in this change my maladies ?  
 Whence growes it that each object workes my smart ?  
 Alas I see my faith procures my misse,  
 And change in loue against my nature is.*

Et florida pungunt.

Aliena hauing read ouer his sonnet, began thus pleasantly to defcant vpon it. I see Saladyne (quoth shee) that as the Sunne is no Sunne without his brightnesse, nor the diamond accounted for precious vnlesse it be hard: so men are not men vnlesse they be in loue; and their honours are measured by their amours not their labours, counting it more commendable for a Gentleman to be full of fancie, than full of vertue. I had thought *Otia si tollas perire Cupidinis arcus, || Contemptaq iacent, & sine luce faces*: But I see Ouids axiome is not authentically, for euen labor hath her loues, and extremitie is no pumice stone to race out fancie. Your selfe exiled from your wealth, friends & countrey by Torismond, (sorowes enough to suppress affections) yet amidst the depth of these extremities, Loue will be Lord, and shew his power to bee more predominant than Fortune. But I pray you sir (if without offence I may craue it) are they some new thoughts, or some olde desires? Saladyne (that now saw opportunitie pleasaunt) thought to strike while the yron was hote, and therefore taking Aliena by the hand fate downe by her; and Ganymede to giue them leaue to their Loues, founde her selfe busie about the foldes, whilest Saladyne fell into this prattle with Aliena.

Faire Mistres, if I bee blunt in discouering my affections, and vse little eloquence in leuelling out my loues: I appeale for pardon to your owne principles that say, Shepheards vse few ceremonies, for that they acquaint theselues with few subtilties: to frame my selfe therefore to your countrey fashon with much faith and little flatterie, knowe beautifull Shepheardeesse, that whilest I liued in the court I knew not Loues cumber, but I held affection as a toy, not as a maladie; vsing fancie as the Hyperborei do their flowers, which they weare in their bosome all day, and cast them in the fire for fuell all night. I liked al because I loued none, and who was most faire on her I fed mine eye: but as charely as the Bee, that assoone as she hath sucked honnie from the rose, flies straight to the next Marigold. Liuing thus at mine owne list, I wondred at such as were in loue, & when I read their passions, I tooke them only for poems that flowed from the quicknesse of the wit not the sorowes of the heart. But nowe (faire Nymph) since I became a Forrester, Loue hath taught me such a lesson that I must confesse his deitie and dignitie, and saye as there is nothing so precious as beautie, so there is nothing more piercing than fancie. For since first I arriued in this place, and mine eie tooke a curious suruey of your excellence, I haue been so fettered with your beautie and vertue, as (sweet Aliena) Saladyne without further circumstance loues Aliena. I coulde paint out my desires with long ambages, but seeing in manie words lies mistrust, and that trueth is euer naked; let this suffice for a countrey wooing, Saladyne loues Aliena, and none but Aliena.

Although these words were most heavenly harmonie in the eares of the Shepheardesse: yet to seeme coye at the first courting, and to disdain Loue howsoever shee desired Loue, she made this replie.

Ah Saladyne, though I seeme simple, yet I am more subtiler than to swallow the hook because it hath a painted bait: as men are wilie so women are warie, especially if they haue that wit by others harmes to beware. Doo wee not knowe Saladyne, that mens tongues are like Mercuries pipe, that can inchaunt Argus with an hundred eies; and their words as preiudiciall as the charmes of Circes, that transfourme men into monsters. If such Syrens sing, wee poore Women had neede stoppe our eares, least in hearing we proue so foolish hardie as to beleuee them, and so perishe in trusting much, and suspecting little. Saladyne, *Piscator ictus sapit*, he that hath been once poysoned & afterwards feares not to bowle of enerie potion, is woorthie to suffer double pennaunce. Giue me leaue then to mistrust, though I doo not condemne. Saladyne is now in loue with Aliena, he a Gentleman of great Parentage, she a Shepheardesse of meane Parents; he honourable, and shee poore? Can Loue consist of contrarieties? Will the Fawlcen pearch with the Kistresse, the Lion harbour with the Wolfe? Will Venus ioyne robes and rags together? Or can there be a simpathie betweene a King and a begger. Then Saladyne how can I beleuee thee that loue should vnite our thoughts, when Fortune hath set such a difference betweene our degrees? But suppose thou likest of Alienaes beautie, men in their fancie resemble the waspe, which scornes that flower from which she hath fetcht her waxe; playing like the inhabitants of the Ilande *Tenerifa*, who when they haue gathered the sweete spices, vse the trees for fuel: so men when they haue glutted themselues with the faire of womens faces, holde them for necessarie euills; and wearied with that which they seemed so much to loue, cast away fancie as children doo their rattles; and loathing that which so deepe like before they likte, especially such as take loue in a minute, & haue their eyes attractiue like leate apt to entertaine anie object, are as readie to let it slip againe. Saladyne hearing howe Aliena harpt still vpon one string, which was the doubt of mens constancie, hee broke off her sharp inuectiue thus.

I graunt Aliena (quoth hee) manie men haue doone amisse in prouing soone ripe and soone rotten, but particular instances inferre no generall conclusions: and therefore I hope what others haue faulted in shall not preiudice my fauours. I will not vse sophistrie to confirme my loue, for that is subtiltie; nor long discourses, least my words might bee thought more than my faith: but if this will suffice, that by the honour of a Gentleman I loue Aliena, and wooe Aliena not to crop the blossomes and reiect the tree, but to consummate my faithfull desires, in the honourable ende of marriage.

At this word marriage: Aliena stood in a maze what to answere: fearing that if she were too coye to driue him away with her disdain; and if she were too courteous to discouer the heate of her desires. In a dilemma thus what to doo, at last this she said. Saladyne euer since I saw thee, I fauoured thee, I cannot dissemble my desires, because I see thou doost faithfully manifest thy thoughtes, and in liking thee I loue thee so farre as mine honour holdes fancie still in suspence: but if I knew thee as vertuous as thy father, or as well qualified as thy brother Rosader, the doubt shoulde be quicklie decided: but for this time to giue thee an answere, assure thy selfe this, I will either marrie with Saladyne, or still liue a virgine: and with this they strained one anothers hand. Which Ganimede espying, thinking he had had his Mistres long enough at shrift, said; what, a match or no? A match (quoth Aliena) or els it were an ill market. I am glad (quoth Ganimede) I would Rosader

were well here to make vp a messe. Well remembred (quoth Saladyne) I forgot I left my brother Rosader alone: and therefore leaft being solitarie he should increafe his forrowes I will haſt me to him. May it pleaſe you then to commaund me anie ſeruice to him, I am readie to be a duetifull meſſenger. Onely at this time commend me to him (quoth Aliena) & tell him, though wee cannot pleaſure him we pray for him. And forget not (quoth Ganimede) my commendations: but ſay to him that Roſalynde ſheds as manie teares from her heart, as he drops of bloud from his wounds, for the forrow of his miſſfortunes; feathering all her thoughtes with diſquiet, till his welfare procure her content: ſay thus (good Saladyne) and ſo farewell. He hauing his meſſage, gaue a courteous adieu to them both, eſpecially to Aliena: and ſo playing loath to depart, went to his brother. But Aliena, ſhe perplexed and yet ioyfull, paſt away the day pleaſantly ſtill praifing the perfection of Saladyne, not ceaſing to chat of her new Loue, till euening drew on; and then they folding their ſheepe, went home to bed. Where we leaue them and returne to Phoebe.

Phoebe fiered with the vncouth flame of loue, returned to her fathers houſe; ſo galled with reſtleſſe paſſions, as now ſhe began to acknowledge, that as there was no flower ſo freſh but might bee parched with the Sunne, no tree ſo ſtrong but might bee ſhaken with a ſtorme; ſo there was no thought ſo chaſt, but Time armed with Loue could make amorous: for ſhee that helde Diana for the Goddeſſe of her deuotion, was now faine to flie to the Altare of Venus; as ſuppliant now with prayers, as ſhe was froward afore with diſdaine. As ſhe lay in her bed, ſhe called to minde the ſeuerrall beauties of yong Ganimed, firſt his locks, which being amber hued, paſſeth the wreath that Phoebus puts on to make his front glorious; his browe of yuorie, was like the ſeate where Loue and Maieſtie ſits inthronde to enchain Fancie; his eyes as bright as the burniſhing of the heauen, darting ſoorth frownes with diſdaine, and ſmiles with fauor, lightning ſuch lookes as would enflame deſire, were ſhee wrapt in the Circle of the frozen Zoane; in his cheekes the vermillion teinture of the Roſe flouriſhed vpon naturall Alabaſter, the bluſh of the Morne and Lunaes ſiluer ſhewe were ſo liuely portrayed, that the Troyan that ſils out wine to Iupiter was not halfe ſo beautifull; his face was full of pleaſance, and all the reſt of his liniaments proportioned with ſuch excellence, as Phoebe was ſettred in the ſweetnes of his feature. The Idea of theſe perfections tumbling in her minde, made the poore Shepheardiſſe ſo perplexed, as feeling a pleaſure tempred with intollerable paines, and yet a diſquiet mixed with a content, ſhe rather wiſhed to die, than to liue in this amorous anguiſh. But wiſhing is little worth in ſuch extreames, and therefore was ſhe forſt to pine in her maladie, without anie ſalue for her forrowes. Reueale it ſhe durſt not, as daring in ſuch matters to make none her ſecretarie; and to conceale it, why it doubled her griefe: for as fire ſuppreſt growes to the greater flame, and the Current ſtopt to the more violent ſtreame; ſo Loue ſmothred wrings the heart with the deeper paſſions.

Perplexed thus with ſundrie agonies, her ſoode began to faile, and the diſquiet of her minde began to worke a diſtemperature of her bodie, that to be ſhort Phoebe fell extreame ſicke, and ſo ſicke, as there was almoſt left no reconerie of health. Her father ſeeing his faire Phoebe thus diſtreſt, ſent for his friends, who ſought by medicine to cure, and by counſaile to pacifie, but all in vaine: for although her bodie was feeble through long faſting, yet ſhe did *magis agrotare animo quam corpore*. Which her friends perceiued and ſorrowed at, but ſalue it they could not.

The newes of her ſickneſſe was bruted abroad thorough all the Forreſt: which no



fooner came to Montanus eare, but he like a madde man came to visite Phœbe. Where sitting by her bedde side, he began his Exordium with so manie teares and sighes, that she perceiuing the extremitie of his sorrowes, began now as a louer to pitie them, although Ganimede helde her from redressing them. Montanus craued to knowe the cause of her sicknesse, tempred with secrete plaints: but she aunswered him (as the rest) with silence, hauing still the forme of Ganimede in her minde, & coniecturing how shee might reueale her loues. To vtter it in words she found herselfe too bashfull, to discouise by anie friend shee would not trust anie in her amours, to remayne thus perplexed still and conceale all, it was a double death. Whereuppon for her last refuge she resolued to write vnto Ganimede: and therefore desired Montanus to absent him selfe a while, but not to depart: for she would see if she could steale a nappe. He was no sooner gone out of the chamber, but reaching to her standish, she tooke penne and paper, and wrote a letter to this effect.—Phœbe to Ganimede wifeth what she wants her selfe.—Faire Shepheard (and therefore is Phœbe infortunate becaufe thou art so faire) although hetherto mine eies were adaments to resist Loue, yet I no sooner saw thy face but they became amorous to intertaine Loue: more deuoted to fancie than before they were repugnant to affection, addicted to the one by Nature, and drawen to the other by beautie; which being rare, and made the more excellent by manie vertues, hath so snared the freedome of Phœbe, as she rests at thy mercie, either to bee made the most fortunate of all Maidens, or the most miserable of all Women. Measure not Ganimede my loues by my wealth, nor my desires by my degrees: but thinke my thoughts are as full of faith, as thy face of amiable fauours. Then as thou knowest thy selfe most beautifull, suppose me most constant. If thou deemeest me hardhearted becaufe I hated Montanus, thinke I was forst to it by Fate: if thou saist I am kinde hearted becaufe so lightly I loue thee at the first looke, thinke I was driuen to it by Destenie, whose influence as it is mightie, so it is not to be resisted. If my fortunes were anie thing but infortunate Loue, I woulde strue with Fortune: but he that wrests against the will of Venus, seekes to quench fire with oyle, and to thrust out one thorne by putting in another. If then Ganimede, Loue enters at the eie, harbours in the heart, and will neither bee driuen out with Phisicke nor reason: pitie me, as one whose maladie hath no salue but from thy fweete selfe, whose grieve hath no ease but through thy graunt, and thinke I am a Virgine, who is deeply wrongd, when I am forst to woce: and coniecture Loue to bee strong, that is more forceable than Nature.

Thus distressed vnlesse by thee eased, I expect either to lue fortunate by thy fauour, or die miserable by thy deniall. Liuing in hope. Farewell.

She that must be thine, or not be at all.

*Phœbe.*

To this Letter she annexed this Sonnet.

Sonnetto.

*My boate doth passe the straights  
of seas incensd with fire,  
Filde with forgetfulnessse:  
amidst the winters night,  
A blinde and carelesse boy  
(brought up by fonde desire)  
Doth guide me in the sea  
of sorrow and despight.*

## APPENDIX

*For euerie oare, he sets  
 a ranke of foolish thoughts,  
 And cuts (in stead of waue)  
 a hope without distresse;  
 The windes of my deepe sighs  
 (that thunder still for noughts)  
 Have split my sayles with feare,  
 with care, with heauynesse.*

*A mightie storme of teares,  
 a blacke and hideous cloude,  
 A thousand fierce disdaines  
 doo slacke the halcyards oft:  
 Till ignorance doo pull  
 and error hale the shrowdes  
 Nor starre for safetie shines,  
 no Phoebe from aloft.*

*Time hath subdued arte,  
 and ioy is slaue to woe:  
 Alas (Loues guide) be kinde;  
 what shall I perishe so?*

This Letter and the Sonnet being ended, she could find no fitte messenger to fende it by; and therefore she called in Montanus, and intreated him to carrie it to Ganimede. Although poore Montanus saw day at a litle hole, and did perceiue what passion pincht her: yet (that he might seeme dutifull to his Mistres in all seruice) he dissembled the matter, and became a willing messenger of his owne Martyrdome. And so (taking the letter) went the next morne verie early to the Plaines where Aliena fed her flockes, and there hee found Ganimede sitting vnder a Pomegranade tree sorrowing for the hard fortunes of her Rosader. Montanus saluted him, and according to his charge deliuered Ganimede the letters, which (he said) came from Phoebe. At this the wanton blusht, as beeing abasht to thinke what newes should come from an vnknown Shepheardesse, but taking the letters vuript the seales, and read ouer the discourse of Phoebes fancies. When shee had read and ouerread them, Ganimede began to smile, & looking on Montanns fell into a great laughter: and with that called Aliena, to whom she shewed the writings. Who hauing perused them, conceipted them verie pleasantly, and smiled to see how Loue had yoakt her, who before disdaind to stoupe to the lure, Aliena whispering Ganimede in the eare, and saying; Knewe Phoebe what want there were in thee to perforce her will, and how vnfit thy kinde is to bee kinde to her, she would be more wife and lesse enamoured; but leauing that, I pray thee let vs sport with this Swaine. At that worde, Ganimede turning to Montanus, began to glaunce at him thus.

I pray thee tell me Shepheard, by those sweet thoughts and pleasing sighes that grow from my Mistresse fauours, art thou in loue with Phoebe? Oh my Youth, quoth Montanus, were Phoebe so farre in loue with me, my Flockes would be more fat and their Master more quiet: for through the sorrowes of my discontent growes the leanness of my sheepe. Alas poore Swaine quoth Ganimede, are thy passions so extreame or thy fancy so resolute, that no reason will blemish the pride of thy affection, and race out that which thou striuest for without hope? Nothing can make me forget Phoebe, while Montanus forget himselfe: for those characters which true Loue hath

stamped, neither the enuie of Time nor Fortune can wipe awaye. Why but Montanus quoth Ganimede, enter with a deepe insight into the despaire of thy fancies, and thou shalt see the depth of thine owne follies: for (poore man) thy progresse in loue is a regresse to losse, swimming against the streame with the Crab, and flying with Apis Indica against winde and weather. Thou seekest with Phœbus to winne Daphne, and shee flies faster than thou canst followe: thy desires soare with the Hobbie, but her disdaine reacheth higher than thou canst make wing. I tell thee Montanus, in courting Phœbe thou barkest with the Wolues V, ii, 110 of *Syria* against the Moone, and roauest at such a marke with thy thoughtes, as is beyond the pitch of thy bow, praying to Loue when Loue is pitilesse, and thy maladie remedilesse. For prooffe Montanus read these letters, wherein thou shalt see thy great follies and little hope.

With that Montanus tooke them and perused them, but with such sorrow in his lookes, as they bewrayed a fource of confused passions, in his heart: at euerie line his coulour changed, and euerie sentence was ended with a periode of sighes.

At last, noting Phœbes extreame desire toward Ganimede, and her disdaine towards him, giuing Ganimede the letter, the Shepheard stode as though hee had neither wonne nor lost. Which Ganimede perceiuing, wakened him out his dreame thus; Now Montanus, doost thou see thou voweest great seruice, and obtaineest but little reward: but in lieu of thy loyaltie, she maketh thee as Bellephoron carrie thine owne bane. Then drinke not willinglie of that potion wherein thou knowest is poyson, creepe not to her that cares not for thee. What Montanus, there are manie as faire as Phœbe, but most of all more courteous than Phœbe. I tell thee Shepheard, fauour is Loues fuell: then since thou canst not get that, let the flame vanish into smoake, and rather forrow for a while than repent thee for euer.

I tell thee Ganimede (quoth Montanus) as they which are stung with the Scorpion, cannot be recovered but by the Scorpion, nor hee that was wounded with Achilles lance be cured but with the same trunchion: so Apollo was faine to crie out, that Loue was onely eased with Loue, and fancie healed by no medecin but fauor. Phœbus had hearbs to heale all hurts but this passion, Cyrce had charmes for all chaunces but for affection, and Mercurie subtil reasons to refell all griefes but Loue. Perswasions are bootlesse, Reason lendes no remedie, Counsaile no comfort, to such whome Fancie hath made resolute: and therefore though Phœbe loues Ganimede, yet Montanus must honor none but Phœbe.

Then quoth Ganimede, may I rightly tearme thee a despayring Louer, that liuest without ioy, & louest without hope: but what shall I doo Montanus to please thee? Shall I despise Phœbe as she disdaines thee? Oh (quoth Montanus) that were to renew my griefes, and double my sorrowes: for the sight of her discontent were the censure of my death. Alas Ganimede, though I perish in my thoughtes, let not her die in her desires. Of all passions, Loue is most impatient: then let not so faire a creature as Phœbe sinke vnder the burden of so deepe a distresse. Being loue sicke she is proued heart sicke, and all for the beautie of Ganimede. Thy proportion hath entangled her affection, and she is snared in the beautie of thy excellence. Then sith she loues thee so deere, mislike not her deadly. Bee thou paramour to such a paragon: shee hath beautie to content thine eye, and flockes to enrich thy store. Thou canst not with for more than thou shalt winne by her: for she is beautifull, vertuous and wealthie, three deepe perswasions to make loue frolicke. Aliena seeing Montanus cut it against the haire, and plead that Ganimede ought to loue Phœbe, when his onely life was the loue of Phœbe: answered him thus. Why Montanus doost thou

further this motion & seeing if Ganymede marrie Phoebe thy market is clean mard. Ah Miftres (quoth he) fo hath Loue taught mee to honour Phoebe, that I would preiudice my life to pleasure her, and die in despaire rather than she should perish for want. It shal suffice me to see him contented, and to feed mine eye on her fauour. If she marrie though it be my Martyrdome: yet if shee bee pleased I will brooke it with patience, and triumph in mine owne starres to see her desires satisfied. Therefore if Ganymede bee as courteous as hee is beautifull, let him shew his vertues, in redressing Phoebe's miseries. And this Montanus pronounst with such an assured countenance, that it amazed both Aliena and Ganymede to see the resolution of his loues: so that they pitied his passions and commended his patience; deuising how they might by anie subtiltie, get Montanus the fauour of Phoebe. Straight (as Womens heads are full of wyles) Ganymede had a fetch to force Phoebe to fancie the Shepheard Malgrado the resolution of her minde hee prosecuted his policie thus. Montanus (quoth he) seeing Phoebe is so forlorne least I might bee counted vnkinde, in not saluing so faire a creature, I will goe with thee to Phoebe, and there heare her selfe in worde viter that which she hath discoursed with her penne, and then as Loue wills me, I will set downe my censure. I will home by our house, and send Coridon to accompanie Aliena. Montanus seemed glad of this determination, and away they goe towards the house of Phoebe. When they drew nigh to the Cottage, Montanus ranne afore, & went in and tolde Phoebe that Ganymede was at the dore. This word Ganymede founding in the eares of Phoebe, draue her into such an extasie for joy, that rising vp in her bed she was halfe reuiued, and her wan colour began to waxe red: and with that came Ganymede in, who saluted Phoebe with such a courteous looke, that it was halfe a salue to her sorrows. Sitting him downe by her bed side, hee questioned about her disease, and where the paine chiefly helde her? Phoebe looking as louely as Venus in her night geere, tainting her face with as ruddie a blush as Clitia did when when shee bewrayed her Loues to Phoebus: taking Ganymede by the hand began thus. Faire shepheard, if loue were not more strong then nature, or fancie the sharpest extreame; my immodesty were the more, and my vertues the lesse: for nature hath framed womens eyes bashfull, their hearts full of feare, and their tongues full of silence: But Loue, that imperious Loue, where his power is predominant, then he peruersts all and wresteth the wealth of nature to his owne will: an Instance in my selfe sayre Ganymede, for such afire hath he kindled in my thoughts, that to finde ease for the flame, I was forced to passe the bounds of modestie and seeke a salue at thy handes for my secret harmes, blame mee not if I bee ouer bolde for it is thy beautie, and if I be too forward it is fancie, & the deepe insight into thy vertues that makes me thus fond. For let me say in a word, what may be containd in a volume, Phoebe loues Ganymede: at this she held downe her head and wept, and Ganymede rose as one that would suffer no fish to hang on his fingers made this replie. Water not thy plants Phoebe, for I doe pittie thy plaintes, nor seeke not to discouer thy Loues in teares: for I coniecture thy trueth by thy passions: sorrow is no salue for loues, nor sighes no remedie for affection. Therefore frolick Phoebe, for if Ganymede can cure thee, doubt not of recouerie. Yet this let me say without offence, that it greues me to thwart Montanus in his fancies, seeing his desires haue ben so resolute, and his thoughts so loyall: But thou alleadgest that thou art forst from him by fate; so I tell thee Phoebe either some starre or else some destinie fits my minde rather with Adonis to die in chafe, than be counted a wanton in Venus knee. Although I pittie thy martyrdome, yet I can grant no marriage; for though I held thee faire, yet mine eye is not fettered, Loue growes not like the hearb Spattanna to his perfection in one night but

creepes with the snail, and yet at last attaines to the top *Festina Lente* especially in Loue: for momentarie fancies are oft times the fruites of follies: If Phoebe I should like thee as the Hiperborei do their Dates, which banquet with them in the morning and throw them awaie at night, my folly should be great, and thy repentance more, Therefore I will haue time to turne my thoughts, and my Loues shall growe vp as the water *Cresses*, slowly but with a deepe roote. Thus Phoebe thou maist see I disdaine not though I desire not, remaining indifferent till time and loue makes me resolute. Therefore Phoebe feeke not to suppress affection, and with the Loue of Montanus quench the remembrance of Ganymede, striue thou to hate me as I seeke to like of thee, and euer haue the duties of Montanus in thy minde, for I promise thee thou mayst haue one more welthie but not more loyall. These wordes were corasues to the perplexed Phoebe, that fobbing out sighes and straying out teares shee blubbered out these wordes.

And shall I then haue noalue of Ganymede, but suspence, no hope but a doubtfull hazard, no comfort, but bee posted off to the will of time & iustly haue the Gods ballanst my fortunes, who beeing cruell to Montanus found Ganymede, as vnkinde to my selfe: so in forcing him perish for loue, I shall die my selfe with ouermuch loue. I am glad (quoth Ganymede) you looke into your owne faults, and see where your shooe wrings you, meafuring now the paines of Montanns by your owne passions. Truth quoth Phoebe, and so deeply I repent me of my frowardnesse toward the Shepheard, that could I cease to loue Ganymede, I would resolute to like Montanus. What if I can with reason perswade Phoebe to mislike of Ganymede, will she then fauour Montanus? When reason (quoth she) doth quench that loue that I owe to thee, then will I fancie him: conditionallie, that if my loue can bee suppressed with no reason, as beeing without reason, Ganymede wil onely wed himselfe to Phoebe. I graunt it faire Shepheardesse quoth he: and to feede thee with the sweetnesse of hope, this resolute on: I will neuer marrie my selfe to woman but vnto thy selfe: and with that Ganymede gaue Phoebe a fruitelesse kisse & such words of comfort, that before Ganymede departed she arose out of her bed, and made him and Montanus such cheere, as could be found in such a Countrey cottage. Ganymede in the midst of their banquet rehearsing the promises of either in Montanus fauour, which highly pleased the Shepheard. Thus all three content, and soothed vp in hope, Ganymede tooke his leaue of his Phoebe & departed, leauing her a contented woman, and Montanus highly pleased. But poore Ganymede, who had her thoughtes on her Rosader, when she calde to remembrance his wounds, filde her eyes full of teares, and her heart full of sorrowes, plodded to finde Aliena at the Foldes, thinking with her presence to driue away her passions. As she came on the Plaines, she might espie where Rosader and Saladyne fate with Aliena vnder the shade: which sight was aalue to her griefe, and such a cordiall vnto her heart, that she tript alongst the Lawnes full of ioy.

At last Coridon who was with them spied Ganymede, and with that the Clowne rose, and running to meete him cried, Oh sirha, a match, a match, our Mistres shall be married on Sunday. Thus the poore peasant frolickt it before Ganymede, who comming to the crue saluted them all, and especially Rosader, saying that hee was glad to see him so well recovered of his wounds. I had not gone abroad so soone quoth Rosader, but that I am bidden to a marriage, which on Sunday next must bee solemnized betweene my brother and Aliena. I see well where Loue leades delay is loathsome, and that small wooing-fernes, where both the parties are willing. Truth quoth Ganymede: but a happie day should it be, if Rosader that day might be married to Rosalynde. Ah good Ganymede (quoth he) by naming Rosalynde reuue not

my sorrowes: for the thought of her perfections, is the thrall of my miseries. Tush, bee of good cheere man quoth Ganimede, I haue a friend that is deeply experient in Negromancie and Magicke, what arte can doo shall bee acted for thine aduantage: I will cause him to bring in Rosalynde, if either *France* or anie bordering Naton harbour her; and vppon that take the faith of a young Shepheard. Aliena smilde to see how Rosader frownde, thinking that Ganimede had iested with him. But breaking off from those matters, the Page (somewhat pleafant) began to discourfe vnto them what had past betweene him and Phoebe: which as they laught, so they wondred at; all confessing, that there is none so chaste but Loue will change. Thus they past away the day in chat, and when the Sunne began to set, they tooke their leaues and departed: Aliena providing for their marriage day such solempne cheere and handsome robes as fitted their countrey estate, & yet somewhat the better, in that Rosader had promised to bring Gerismond thether as a guest. Ganimede (who then meant to discouer her selfe before her father, had made her a gowne of greene, and a kirtle of the finest fendall, in such sort that she seemed some heavenly Nymph harboured in Countrey attire.

Saladyne was not behind in care to set out the nuptials, nor Rosader vmindfull to bid guests, who inuited Gerismond and all his Followers to the Feast: who willinglye graunted; so that there was nothing but the daye wanting to this marriage. In the meane while, Phoebe being a bidden guest, made her selfe as gorgeous as might be to please the eye of Ganimede; and Montanus futed himselfe with the cost of many of his flocks to be gallant against that day; for then was Ganimede to giue Phoebe an answere of her loues, and Montanus either to heare the doome of his miserie, or the censure of his happinesse. But while this geare was a bruig, Phoebe past not one day without visiting hir Ganimede, so farre was shee wrapt in the beauties of this louely Swaine. Much prattle they had, and the discourfe of manie passions, Phoebe wishing for the daye (as shee thought) of her welfare, and Ganimede smiling to thinke what vnexpected euents would fall out at the wedding. In these humours the weeke went away, that at last Sundaye came.

No sooner did Phoebeus Hench man appeare in the Skie, to giue warning that his masters horses shoulde bee trapt in his glorious couch, but Coridon in his holiday sute meruailous seemely, in a russet iacket welted with the same, and faced with red worsted, hauing a paire of blew chamlet sleeues, bound at the wrefits with foure yeolow laces, closed afore verie richly with a dosen of pewter buttons: his hose was of gray karsie, with a large flop bard ouerthwart the pocket holes with three fair gards, stitcht of either side with red thred, his stock was of the own sewed close to his breech, and for to beautefie his hose, he had trust himself round with a dosen of new threddened points of medley colour: his bonnet was greene whereon stood a copper brooch with the picture of Saint Denis: and to want nothing that might make him amorous in his olde dayes, he had a fayre shyrt band of fine lockram, whipt ouer with Countrey blew, of no small cost.

Thus attired, Coridon bestird himselfe as chiefe stickler in these actions, and had strowed all the house with flowers, that it seemed rather some of Floraes choyce bowers, than anie Countrey cottage.

Thether repaired Phoebe with all the maides of the forrest to set out the bride in the most seemeliest sort that might be: but howsoeuer she helpt to pranke out Aliena, yet her eye was still on Ganimede, who was so neate in a sute of gray, that he seemed Endymion when hee won Luna with his lookes, or Paris when he plaide the Swaine to get the beautie of the Nymph Oenone. Ganimede like a prettie Page waited on

his Mistresse Aliena, and ouerlookt that al was in a readinesse against the Bridegroomes shoulde come. Who attired in a Forresters sute came accompanied with Gerismond and his brother Rosader early in the morning; where arriued, they were solempnlie entertained by Aliena and the rest of the Countrey Swaines, Gersmond verie highly commending the fortunate choyce of Saladyne, in that had chofen a Shepheardeffe, whose vertues appeared in her outward beauties, being no lesse faire than seeming modest.

Ganimede comming in and seeing her Father began to blush, Nature working affects by her secret effects: scarce could she abstaine from teares to see her Father in so lowe fortunes: he that was wont to sit in his royall Pallace, attended on by twelue noble peeres, now to be contented with a simple Cottage, and a troupe of reuelling Woodmen for his traine. The consideration of his fall, made Ganimede full of sorrowes: yet that shee might triumph ouer Fortune with patience, and not anie way dash that merrie day with her dumpes, shee smothered her melancholy with a shadow of mirth: and verie reuerently welcommed the King, not according to his former degree, but to his present estate, with such diligence, as Gerismond began to commend the Page for his exquisite person, and excellent qualities.

As thus the King with his Forresters frolickt it among the shepheards, Coridon came in with a faire mazer full of Sidar, and presented it to Gerismond with such a clownish salute, that he began to smile, and tooke it of the old shepherd verie kindly, drinking to Aliena and the rest of her faire maides, amongst whom Phoebe was the formost. Aliena pledged the King, and drunke to Rosader: so the carrowse went round from him to Phoebe, &c. As they were thus drinking and readie to goe to Church, came in Montanus apparailled all in tawney, to signifie that he was forsaken; on his head he wore a garland of willowe, his bottle hanged by his side whereon was painted despaire, and on his sheephooke hung two sonnets as labels of his loues & fortunes.

Thus attired came Montanus in, with his face as full of griefe, as his heart was of sorrowes, shewing in his countenance the map of extremities. Assoone as the Shepheards saw him, they did him all the honour they could, as being the flower of all the Swaines in *Arden*: for a bonnier boy was there not seene since the wanton Wag of *Troy* that kept sheep in *Ida*. He seeing the king, and guessing it to be Gerismond, did him all the reuerence his countrey curtesie could afford. Insomuch that the King wondring at his attire, began to question what he was. Montanus ouerhearing him made this replie.

I am fir quoth he Loues Swaine, as full of inward discontents as I seeme fraught with outward follies. Mine eyes like Bees delight in sweete flowers, but sucking their full on the faire of beautie, they carrie home to the Hiue of my heart farre more gall than honnie, and for one droppe of pure deaw, a tunne full of deadly *Aconiton*. I hunt with the Flie to pursue the Eagle, that flying too nigh the Sunne, I perish with the Sunne: my thoughts are about my reach, and my desires more than my fortunes; yet neither greater than my Loues. But daring with Phaeton, I fall with Icarus, and seeking to passe the meane, I dye [for being so mean, my night sleeps are waking slumbers, as full of sorrowes as they be far from rest, & my dayes labors are fruitlesse amors, staring at a star and stombling at a straw, leauing reason to follow after repentance: yet euery passion is a pleasure thogh it pinch, because loue hides his worme-feed in figs, his poysons in sweet potions, & shadows preiudize with the maske of pleasure. The wisest counsellors are my deep discontents, and I hate that which should salue my harm, like the patient which stung with the *Tarantula* loaths musick, and yet the disease incurable but by melody. Thus (Sir) restless I hold my selfe remediles, as louing without either reward or regard, and yet louing, because there is

none worthy to be loued, but the mistresse of my thoughts. And that I am as full of passions as I haue discourt in my plaintes, Sir if you please see my Sonnets, and by them censure of my forrowes.

These wordes of Montanus brought the king into a great wonder, amazed as much at his wit as his attire: inſomuch that he tooke the papers off his hooke, and read them to this effect.

Montanus first Sonnet.

*Alas how wander I amidst these woods,  
Whereas no day bright shine doth finde acceſſe:  
But where the melancholy fleeting floods  
(Darke as the night) my night of woes expreſſe,  
Diſarmde of reaſon, ſpoilde of natures goods,  
Without redreſſe to ſalue my heauineſſe  
I walke, whileſt thought (too cruell to my harmes)  
With endles grief my heedles iudgement charmes.*

*My ſilent tongue affailde by ſecret feare,  
My traitrous eyes imprifoned in their ioy,  
My fatall peace deuourd in fained cheare,  
My heart inforſt to harbour in annoy,  
My reaſon robde of power by yeelding eare,  
My fond opinions ſlaue to euery toy.*

*Oh Loue thou guide in my vncertaine way,  
Woe to thy bow, thy fire, the cauſe of my decay.*

Et florida pungunt.

When the King had read this Sonnet, he highly commended the deuice of the ſhepherd, that could ſo wittily wrap his paſſions in a ſhadow, and ſo couertly conceale that which bred his chiefeſt diſcontent: affirming, that as the leaſt ſhrubs haue their tops, the ſmalleſt haire their ſhadowes: ſo the meaneſt ſwaines had their fancies, and in their kynde were as charie of Loue as a King Whetted on with this deuice, he tooke the ſecond and read it: the effects were theſe.

Montanus ſecond Sonnet.

*When the Dog  
Full of rage,  
With his irefull eyes  
Frownes amidſt the ſkies  
The Shepheard to aſſwage  
The fury of the heat,  
Himſelfe doth ſafely ſeat  
By a ſount  
Full of faire,  
Where a gentle breath  
(Mounting from beneath)  
Tempreth the aire.  
There his ſlocks  
Drinke their fill,  
And with eaſe reſpoſe  
Whileſt ſweet ſleep doth cloſe  
Eyes from toyſome ill.*



*But I burne  
Without rest,  
No defensive power  
Shields from Phoebes lower :  
Sorrow is my best.  
Gentle Loue  
Lowre no more,  
If thou wilt invade,  
In the secret shade,  
Labour not so sore.  
I my selfe  
And my flocks  
They their loue to please,  
I my selfe to ease,  
Both leaue the shadie oakes :  
Content to burne in fire  
Saith Loue doth so desire.*

Et florida pungunt.

Gerismond seeing the pithy vaine of those Sonets, began to make further enquiry what hee was ? Whereupon Rosader discourst vnto him the loue of Montanus to Phoebe, his great loialtie & her deep crueltie : and how in reuenge the Gods had made the curious Nymph amorous of yong Ganimede. Vpon this discourse, y<sup>e</sup> king was desirous to see Phoebe : who being brought before Gerismond by Rosader, shadowed the beauty of her face with such a vermillion teinture, that the Kings eyes began to dazle at the puritie of her excellence. After Gerismond had fed his lookes a while vpon her faire, he questioned with her, why she rewarded Montanus loue with so little regard, seeing his desertes were many, and his passions extreame. Phoebe to make reply to the Kings demaund, answered thus : Loue (sir) is charitie in his lawes, and whatsoeuer hee sets downe for iustice (bee it neuer so vniuelt) the sentence cannot be reuerst : womens fancies lende fauours not euer by desert, but as they are inforst by their desires : for fancy is tied to the wings of Fate, and what the starres decree, stands for an infallible doome. I know Montanus is wise, & womens ears are greatly delighted with wit, as hardly escaping the charme of a pleasant toong, as Vlisses the melody of the Syrens. Montanus is bewtifull, and womens eyes are snared in the excellence of obiects, as desirous to feede their lookes with a faire face, as the Bee to suck on a sweet floure. Montanus is welthy, and an ounce of giue me perfwades a woman more than a pound of heare me. Danae was won with a golden shower, when she could not be gotten with all the intreaties of Iupiter : I tell you sir, the string of a womans heart reacheth to the pulse of her hand, and let a man rub that with gold, & tis hard but she wil prooue his hearts gold. Montanus is yong, a great claue in fancies court : Montanus is vertuous, the richest argument that Loue yeelds : & yet knowing all these perfections I praise them, and wonder at them, louing the qualities, but not affecting the person, because the Destenies haue set downe a contrary censure. Yet Venus to ad reuenge, hath giue me wine of y<sup>e</sup> same grape, a sip of the same sauce, & firing me with the like passio, hath crost me with as il a penance : for I am in loue with a shepheards swaine, as coy to mee as I am cruel to Montanus, as peremptory in disdain as I was peruerse in desire, & that is (quoth she) Alienaes page, yong Ganimede.

Gerismond desirous to profecute the ende of these passions, called in Ganimede: who knowing the case, came in graced with such a blush, as beautified the Christall of his face with a ruddie brightnesse. The King noting well the phynomy of Ganimede, began by his fauours to cal to mind the face of his Rosalynd, and with that fetcht a deepe sigh. Rosader that was passing familiar with Gerismond, demanded of him why he sighed so fore? Because Rosader (quoth hee) the fauour of Ganimede puts mee in minde of Rosalynde. At this word, Rosader fight so deeply as though his heart would haue burst. And whats the matter (quoth Gerismond) that you quite mee with such a sigh? Pardon mee sir (quoth Rosader) because I loue none but Rosalynd. And vpon that condition (quoth Gerismond) that Rosalynd were here, I would this day make vp a marriage betwixt her and thee. At this Aliena turnd her head and smilde vpon Ganimede, and shee could scarce keep countenance. Yet shee salued all with fecrecie, and Gerismond to driue away such dumpes, questioned with Ganimede, what the reason was he regarded not Phoebes loue, seeing she was as faire as the wantō that brought *Tray* to ruine. Ganimede mildly answered, If I shuld affect the fair Phoebe, I should offer poore Montanus great wrong to winne that from him in a moment, that hee hath labored for so many monthes. Yet haue I promised to the bewtiful shepheardesse, to wed my self neuer to woman except vnto her: but with this promise, y<sup>t</sup> if I can by reason suppress Phoebes loue towards me, she shall like of none but of Montanus. To y<sup>t</sup> q. Phoebe I stand, for my loue is so far beyond reason, as it wil admit no perswasion of reason. For iustice q. he, I appeale to Gerismond: and to his censure wil I stand q. Phoebe. And in your victory q. Montanus stands the hazard of my fortunes: for if Ganimede go away with conquest, Montanus is in conceit loues Monarch, if Phoebe winne, then am I in effect most miserable. We wil see this controuersie q. Gerismōd, & then we will to church: therefore Ganimede let vs heare your argument. Nay, pardon my absence a while (quoth shee) and you shall see one in store. In went Ganimede, and dreft her self in womans attire, hauing on a gowne of greene, with kirtle of rich sandall, so quaint, that she seemed Diana triumphing in the Forrest: vpon her head she wore a chaplet of Roses, which gaue her such a grace, y<sup>t</sup> she looked like Flora pearkt in the pride of all hir floures. Thus attired came Rosalind in, & presented her self at her fathers feete, with her eyes full of teares, crauing his blessing, & discourfing vnto him all her fortunes, how shee was banished by Torismond, and how euer since she liued in that country disguised.

Gerismond seeing his daughter, rose from his seat & fel vpon her necke, vtering the passions of his ioy in watry plaints driven into such an extasie of content, that hee could not vtter one word. At this sight, if Rosader was both amazed & ioyfull, I refer my selfe to the iudgement of such as haue experience in loue, seeing his Rosalynd before his face whom so long and deeply he had affected. At last Gerismond recovered his spirites, and in most fatherly termes entertained his daughter Rosalynd, after many questions demanding of her what had past betweene her and Rosader. So much sir (quoth she) as there wants nothing but your Grace to make vp the marriage. Why then (quoth Gerismond) Rosader take her, shee is thine, and let this day solemnize both thy brothers and thy nuptials, Rosader beyond measure cōtent, humbly thanked the king, & imbraced his Rosalynde, who turning to Phoebe, demanded if she had shewen sufficient reason to suppress the force of her loues. Yea quoth Phoebe, & so great a perswasieue, that if it please you Madame and Aliena to giue vs leaue, Montanus and I will make this day the thirde couple in marriage. She had no sooner spake this word, but Montanus, threw away his garland of willow, his

bottle, where was painted dispaire, & cast his sonnets in the fire, shewing himselfe as frolicke as Paris when he hanfeled his loue with Helena. At this Gerismond and the rest smiled, and concluded that Montanus and Phoebe should keepe their wedding with the two brethren. Aliena seeing Saladyne stand in a dumpe, to wake him from his dreame began thus. Why how now my Saladyne, all a mort, what melancholy man at the day of marriage & perchaunce thou art forrowfull to thinke on thy brothers high fortunes, and thyne owne base desires to chufe so meane a shepheardize. Cheare vp thy hart man, for this day thou shalt bee married to the daughter of a King: for know Saladyne, I am not Aliena, but Alinda the daughter of thy mortal enimie Torismond. At this all the company was amazed, especially Gerismond, who rising vp, tooke Alinda in his armes, and said to Rosalynd: is this that faire Alinda famous for so many vertues, that forfoke her fathers court to liue with thee exile in the country? The same q. Rosalynde. Then quoth Gerismond, turning to Saladyne, iolly Forrester be frolick, for thy fortunes are great, & thy desires excellent, thou hast got a princeesse as famous for her perfection, as exceeding in proportion. And she hath with her beauty won (quoth Saladyne) an humble seruant, as full of faith, as she of amiable fauour. While euery one was amazed with these Comicall euentes, Coridon came skipping in, & told them that the Priest was at Church and tarried for their comming. With that Gerismond led the way, & the rest followed, where to the admiration of all the countrey fwains in *Arden*, their mariages were solemnly solemnized. As soone as the Priest had finished, home they went with Alinda, where Coridon had made all things in-readines. Dinner was prouided, & the tables being spread, and the Brides set downe by Gerismond, Rosader, Saladyne, & Montanus that day were seruitors: homely cheare they had, such as their country could afford: but to mend their fare they had mickle good chat, and many discourfes of their loues and fortunes. About mid dinner, to make them mery Coridon came in with an old crowd, and plaid them a fit of mirth, to which he fung this pleasant song.

Coridons Song.

*A blyth and bonny country Lasse,  
heigh ho the bonny Lasse:  
Sate sighing on the tender grasse,  
and weeping said, will none come woo me?  
A smicker boy, a lyther Swaine,  
heigh ho a smicker Swaine:  
That in his Loue was wanton faine,  
with smiling looks straight came vnto her.  
When as the wanton wench espyde,  
heigh ho when she espyde  
The meanes to make her selfe a bride,  
she simpred smooth like bonny bell:  
The Swaine that saw her squint eyed kind  
heigh ho squint eyed kind,  
His armes about her body twnd,  
and faire Lasse, how fare ye, well?  
The country kit said well forsooth,  
heigh ho well forsooth,  
But that I haue a longing tooth,  
a longing tooth that makes me crye.*

*Alas said he what garres thy grieffe ?  
 heigh ho what garres thy grieffe ?  
 A wound quoth she without reliefe,  
 I feare a maid that I shall die.*

*If that be all the shepheard said  
 heigh ho the shepheard said,  
 He make thee wiue it gentle maide,  
 and so recure thy maladie.  
 Hereon they kist with manie a oath,  
 heigh ho with manie a oath,  
 And fore God Pan did plight their troath,  
 and to the Church they hied them fast.*

*And God send euerie pretie peate  
 heigh ho the pretie peate  
 That feares to die of this conceate,  
 so kinde a friend to helpe at last.*

Coridon hauing thus made them merrie: as they were in the midft of all their iollitie, word was brought in to Saladyne and Rosader, that a brother of theirs, one Fernandyne was arriued, and desired to speake with them. Gerismond ouer hearing this newes, demaunded who it was? It is sir (quoth Rosader) our middle brother, that lyues a Scholler in *Paris*: but what fortune hath driuen him to seek vs out I know not. With that Saladyne went and met his brother, whom he welcommed with all curtesie, and Rosader gaue him no lesse friendly entertainment: brought hee was by his two brothers into the parlour where they al fate at dinner. Fernandyne as one that knewe as manie manners as he could points of fophistrie, & was aswell brought vp as well lettered, saluted them all. But when hee espied Gerismond, kneeling on his knee he did him what reuerence belonged to his estate: and with that burst forth into these speaches. Although (right mightie Prince) this day of my brothers marriage be a day of mirth, yet time craues another course: and therefore from daintie cates rise to sharpe weapons. And you the sonnes of Sir Iohn of *Bourdeaux*, leaue off your amors & fall to armes, change your loues into lances, and now this day shewe your selues as valiant, as hethertoo you haue been passionate. For know Gerismond, that hard by at the edge of this forrest the twelue Peeres of *France* are vp in Armes to recouer thy right; and Torismond troupt with a crue of desperate runnagates is ready to bid them bataille. The Armies are readie to ioyne: therefore shew thy selfe in the field to encourage thy subiects; and you Saladyne & Rosader mount you, and shewe your selues as hardie souldiers as you haue been heartie louers: so shall you for the benefite of your Countrey, discover the Idea of your fathers vertues to bee stamped in your thoughts, and proue children worthis of so honourable a parent. At this alarum giuen by Fernandyne, Gerismond leapt from the boord, and Saladyne and Rosader betook themselues to their weapons. Nay quoth Gerismond, goe with me I haue horse and armour for vs all, and then being well mounted, let vs shew that we carrie reuenge and honour at our sawchions points. Thus they leaue the Brides full of sorrow, especially Alinda, who desired Gerismond to be good to her father: he not returning a word because his haft was great, hied him home to his Lodge, where he deliuered Saladyne and Rosader horse and armour, and himselfe armed royally led the way: not hauing ridden two leagues before they discovered

where in a Valley both the battailes were ioyned. Gerismond seeing the wing wherein the Peeres fought, thrust in there, and cried Saint Denis, Gerismond laying on such loades vpon his enemies, that hee shewed how highly he did estimate of a Crowne. When the Peeres perceiued that their lawfull King was there, they grewe more eager: and Saladyne and Rosader so behaued themselves that none durst stand in their way, nor abide the furie of their weapons. To be short, the Peeres were conquerours; Torismonds armie put to flight, and himselfe slaine in battaile. The Peeres then gathered themselves together, and saluting their king, conducted him royallie into *Paris*, where he was receiued with great ioy of all the citizens. Assoone as all was quiet and he had receiued againe the Crowne, hee sent for Alinda and Rosalynde to the Court, Alinda being verie passionate for the death of her father: yet brooking it with the more patience, in that she was contented with the welfare of her Saladyne. Well, assoone as they were come to *Paris*, Gerismond made a royall Feast for the Peeres and Lords of his Lande, which continued thirtie dayes, in which time summoning a Parliament, by the consent of his Nobles he created Rosader heire apparant to the kingdom he restored Saladyne to all his fathers lande, and gaue him the Dukedome of *Nameurs*, he made Fernandyne principall Secretarie to himselfe; and that Fortune might euerie way seeme frolicke, he made Montanus Lord ouer all the Forrest of *Arden*: Adam Spencer Captaine of the Kings Gard, and Coridon Master of Alindas Flocks.

HERE Gentlemen may you see in *Euphuus golden Legacie*, that such as neglect their fathers precepts, incurre much prejudice; that diuision in Nature as it is a blemish in nurture, so tis a breach of good fortunes; that vertue is not measured by birth but by action; that yonger bretheren though inferiour in yeares, yet may be superiour to honours: that concord is the sweetest conclusion, and amitie betwixt brothers more forceable than fortune. If you gather any frutes by this Legacie, speake well of Euphuus for writing it, and me for fetching it. If you grace me with that fauour you encourage me to be more forward: and assoone as I haue overlooked my labours, expect the *Sailers Kalender*.

T. LODGE.

## DURATION OF THE ACTION

IN *Othello* and in *The Merchant of Venice* of this edition, Shakespeare's remarkable, artistic management of Time in *The Duration of the Action* is duly noted and set forth. In *Othello* the requirements of the Tragedy demand the utmost haste; there must be given to the Moor and to Desdemona not a chance for mutual explanations, the blow must fall swift as lightning in the collied night, and yet before our eyes the show of a slow and reluctant growth of jealousy must gradually pass, and every faint unfolding of the passion be presented. Accordingly, when Desdemona is murdered within thirty-six hours after her arrival in Cyprus, Shakespeare's art has induced the belief that her ill-starred career has been watched by us for weeks and months.

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice* I endeavored to show that the term of a Bond for three months is made to run its full course within twenty-four hours after it is signed and sealed, and yet so consummate and so potent is Shakespeare's art that this monstrous absurdity is enacted before our very eyes without our being aware of it; on the contrary, it all seems as natural as if we had watched month by month the slow flight of time, and marked the smug Anthonio slowly change into the haggard bankrupt. This is no chance affect, no happy accident, in these two plays alone, but this same legerdemain deals with the time, or the duration of the action, in *As You Like It* also. (I noticed it cursorily in the *Preface to Hamlet*, as also true of that play.) That it is pure, genuine, cunningly devised and constructed art, and not hap-hazard chance, we know, because we can by close examination detect the steps whereby the end is gained, we can trace out and spell the syllables of the charm by which the mighty Magician sways our moods and makes us think we count the hours we do not. It is, however, by careful scrutiny alone that we can wring the secret from these plays; we need not hope to do it while they are acted before us on the stage. Then it is, as Christopher North says, that 'a good-natured juggler has 'cheated our eyes. We ask him to show us how he did it. He does the trick 'slowly,—and we see. "Now, good Conjurer, *do it slowly and cheat us.*" "I "can't. I cheat you by doing it quickly. To be cheated you must not see what "I do; but you must *think* that you see." When we inspect the Play in our 'closets, the Juggler does his trick slowly. We sit at the Play, and he does it 'quick.'

This 'trick' is Shakespeare's art in dealing with Time. By one series of allusions to time we are either hurried forward with that speed which is an essential element of dramatic action, or else the past is brought vividly before us as the present; by another series we are thrust back, Time's foot is made inaudible and noiseless, the present recedes and we hear only echoes from the past; and then before us slowly and deliberately unfolds the gradual growth of character.

Although from the very nature of the plot this dual treatment of time does not enter as largely into *As You Like It* as in the other plays which I have mentioned, yet Shakespeare's artistic dealing with it may be traced as distinctly here as elsewhere. But in order to appreciate the need in this play of any such use of dual time, let me first very briefly note the dramatic treatment of the plot and mark the development of an idea, which I shall not call 'central,' lest I be understood as intimating that this delightful comedy is that thing of shreds and patches, a 'tendenz-drama,' a drama with a purpose,—and yet this idea comes in as a motive for much of the action. Other motives there are which modify the action, but in order to see

the need of this dual time I wish to regard as one of the main springs Marlowe's 'saw of might: "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"'

Let us suppose, then, that this 'love at first sight' is to be treated dramatically. We must see its first flash, then mark its slow and steady confirmation, and, finally, its triumph. This love is to be pure, absolute, boundless both in the man and in the woman. Orlando is to fall in love with Rosalind's 'heavenly' beauty, and Rosalind is to fall in love with Orlando's manly strength and physical prowess. This strength and this prowess can be shown best by contrast. Hence a wrestling match with the professional champion of the land. But wrestling with a professional champion is hardly the sport for a gentleman. Hence Orlando is to be of gentle birth, but temporarily abased. A father's authority carries with it so much respect that were Orlando thus degraded by his father, he could not but fall somewhat in our estimation. Hence Orlando, who has been decidedly a favorite of his father's, is now degraded unjustly, and only for a time, by a cruel elder brother. If this play were to be a tragedy, this is the point where the circumstances must be devised which are to make the loves of the young couple ill-starred, and raise an almost insurmountable barrier between the lovers; but as it is to be a comedy, a sufficient obstruction will be found in the degradation of the lover,—a degradation which had to be, but which while it lasts will effectually debar Orlando from wooing the high-born Rosalind. Hence they must both be made to meet where the distinctions of rank are obliterated. It is not a difficult problem to drive off Orlando to the Forest of Arden. But how to get Rosalind there? It is no easy matter to drive from court an innocent, guileless young girl so that not the faintest stain shall attach to her name. Of course it cannot be for any actual misdeed, but only on suspicion,—suspicion absolutely groundless, but fostered by one who is powerful enough to drive her forth. Here, again, for the same reason as in Orlando's case, it must not be a father who banishes her; this would partake of tragedy. Hence it is an uncle who exiles her, and the only suspicion, absolutely groundless, under which an artless, innocent young girl could fall would be that of treachery against the throne. This could be aroused only in the breast of one who felt his claim to the throne to be unjust, and whose usurped position he imagined to be so insecure that a slight, frail girl could disseat him. Hence the peremptory sentence of banishment pronounced on Rosalind by a most suspicious usurping uncle. The flight of Gany-mede and Aliena follows, and as naturally follows the flight of Orlando from his ruthless elder brother, and in the Forest of Arden the course of love can flow on without a ripple. The most difficult problem of the dramatist is now solved. A knot which seemed too intrinsic to unloose has been untied. And be it observed most especially that the suspicion felt by the usurping Duke is, in that solution, a most important, a most vital, indeed, a most indispensable, element. Without it Rosalind could never have been sent to Arden in doublet and hose. It is comparatively easy for a dramatist to send a man, disguised or undisguised, to the ends of the earth, but for a lovely young girl to be sent forth disguised in man's apparel, without the faintest forfeiture of our respect, this is the labor, this the toil. And her uncle's suspicion is, of all others, *the* potent factor to effect this.

However stirring may have been the action before we reach the Forest of Arden, as soon as we have entered within that 'immortal umbrage' where no care comes, there must be a calm,—the calm of a long settled repose.

Of course we all know that Shakespeare found the leading features of this story made to his hand in Lodge's Novel, if not (which I think quite likely) in some weakling drama that he remodelled. But then he it was who discerned the dramatic

capabilities of the Novel or of the play, and how fold on fold the drama must disclose probabilities in a natural sequence. It is in his dealing with this sequence that we can mark his treatment of Time, and, perchance, discover why the necessity was imposed on him of offering us here a 'fair enchanted cup.'

It is to help in the discovery of Shakespeare's 'two clocks' that I have just exposed, in rude, rough style, the framework of the play, wherein it now remains to note the allusions to time past, or to time present, which are interwoven.

When the play opens it is necessary that the senior Duke's banishment should be recent, so recent that the usurping Duke feels his grasp of the sceptre most insecure. Time can have given to the traitor no prescriptive right. 'What is the new news at the new court?' asks Oliver. 'There's no news,' answers Charles, 'but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother, the new Duke, and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him.' The impression here conveyed is clear enough. The banishment is spoken of almost in the present tense. And if the news is called 'old,' it may be so called on the assumption that its limit of life is nine days. At any rate, it is not so 'old' but that the 'younger brother' is called the 'new Duke,' and the report of the banishment has not yet had time (and such news travels fast) to reach Oliver in all its details. Oliver's residence cannot be far removed from the ducal court, the wrestling match was quite in his neighborhood, and yet Oliver neither knows where the banished Duke has gone, nor whether Rosalind has accompanied her father. 'She is at the court,' Charles informs him, 'and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter.' 'Where will the old Duke live?' asks Oliver. '*They say*,' replies Charles, 'he is already in the Forest of Arden,—*they say*, many young gentlemen flock to him every day.' There can be no shadow of a doubt that the Duke's banishment is most recent. Sufficient time has not elapsed wherein to obtain exact information of his whereabouts. Had the Duke's banishment lasted many months, or even many weeks, some authentic reports would have come back from him, and the public would be fully aware whether he were acquiescing in his exile or gathering forces to resist. The vagueness of the information concerning his movements or his habitation proves conclusively that he had only just been driven from his throne. The 'new court' cannot be many weeks old. It is so 'new' that the only news in it is the event which created it. There had been no time for even another piece of gossip to be started. That Charles's ignorance was shared by the public, and was not due to his exclusion from the inner court circle, is clear from the fact that in regard to Rosalind and her position in the 'new court' he was fully informed; on any point that could be positively known his information is positive.

It is impossible, it seems to me, to evade the impression which is conveyed in this opening scene, that the old Duke has only just been banished. Since we are studying the conjurer's trick in our closets and making him do it slowly, it is of great importance not only to mark well this first deep impression regarding the recent banishment of the Duke, but also to discern clearly why it is important, and then after we have seen it serve its purpose we must watch the cunning conjurer waive it back into the past, and the colors, now bright and fresh as from the dyer's hand, become before our very eyes worn and faded with the 'seasons' difference.'

Accepting then, as Shakespeare intended we should, the Duke's banishment to be recent, it will be manifest that sufficient time has not elapsed to allow the social upheaval to subside, and there will be no need to tell us that the treacherous usurper eats his meal in fear and sleeps in the affliction of terrible dreams that shake him



nightly This follows as of course, and gives us the clue to understand why the mere mention to the usurping Duke by Orlando of Sir Rowland de Boys's name is sufficient to kindle the spark which blazes into a fury of suspicion against Rosalind. How essential to the plot this suspicion against Rosalind is, we have seen. It is an indispensable element. It is one of the main springs. This suspicion against a gentle girl can be accounted for only by the usurper's extreme terror. This extreme terror is accounted for by his feeling of insecurity. His insecurity arises from the newness of his position. And the newness of his position is due solely to the fact that his elder brother has only just been banished. This recent banishment supplies the motive which drives Rosalind from court to the Forest of Arden. It is vital to the movement of the First Act. But how long are its effects to last? Clearly, not long. Social upheavals are dangerous to meddle with, on or off the stage. 'Abysmal inversions of the centre of gravity,' as Carlyle terms them, belong to tragedy, if anywhere; and if their memories were kept up here, the turbulence of the times would show its effects on the exiled Duke, and we should find him in the Forest of Arden still distraught and dishevelled after his compulsory banishment. The peaceful quiet of a woodland comedy cannot breathe amid such scenes. Therefore after the explosion of wrath and suspicion from the usurper which drives forth both Rosalind and Oliver, there is no longer need of this present impression of the recent civil strife; indeed, it would be destructive of the comedy; and so, having woven its spell around us and solved dramatic difficulties, it is gently effaced by vague, misty allusions to the past; and that which happened but yesterday begins to recede into the dark backward of time; days take the place of hours, and months of days, and we count the time by the chimes of another clock which the cunning conjurer, before our very eyes but without our seeing it, has substituted for the old one.

Perhaps the first faint intimation of the lapse of time—and it is very faint but still marked enough to create an impression—is after the wrestling, when the usurping Duke says to Orlando, 'The world esteemed thy father honourable, But I did find him still mine enemy.' This must refer to old Sir Rowland's loyalty to the senior Duke and his hostility to the usurper during the recent crisis, the only time as far as we know when any proofs of enmity could have been evoked. But the first impression concerning old Sir Rowland which we receive, in the very opening of the play, is that he has been dead several years, at least long enough to account for Orlando's neglected education. This passing reference, then, to Sir Rowland's enmity during his lifetime to the usurping Duke weakens the impression that the *coup d'état* is so very recent, and for one second carries that event with it back into the past, and there is a fleeting vision of unflinching loyalty long years ago to the exiled Duke in the stress that then drove him from his throne.

This allusion, which has swiftly come and swiftly gone, is closely followed by another allusion to time long past, more marked, as it ought to be, than the former, and which can scarcely fail to leave a still more decided impression. Le Beau says to Orlando immediately after the wrestling: 'But I can tell you that *of late* this duke Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece, Grounded upon no other argument But that *the people praise her for her virtues*.' Charles, the Wrestler, told us that Rosalind was 'no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter.' To turn love thus deep into 'displeasure' time will be required; and visions arise before us of a blameless life lived by Rosalind in the sight of all men, week by week, and month by month, full of patient submission and deeds of gentle kindness, and not alone winning all hearts

but winning them so strongly that the murmurs of applause swell till at last they reach the throne.

Deep as this impression is of the slow flight of time, and remote as the banishment of the Duke is beginning to grow, this impression is followed up by another still deeper. When the usurping Duke, half crazed by suspicion, wrathfully banishes Rosalind, Celia intercedes for her cousin, and recalls to her cruel father that when he 'stay'd Rosalind,' and she had not 'with her father ranged along,' he had done it out of pity and of love for his own daughter, but, pleads Celia, 'I was TOO YOUNG THAT TIME to value her; But NOW I know her,' and then she goes on to picture *the years that have passed* since that time in her unconscious childhood when the Duke was banished, and how since then she and Rosalind have grown up together, how they had learned their lessons together, played together, slept together, rose at an instant, ate together, and wherever we went 'like Juno's swans still we went coupled and inseparable.' It is necessary only to cite this passage; comment on it is impertinent; no one can evade the impression of years, passing and passed, which it conveys.

But to one fact attention must be called, and this is, the extreme importance, dramatically, of making, just at this point, the time of the Duke's banishment recede into the past. As a present active force its power is spent. It was of vital importance to quicken the usurper's suspicion and to cause him to drive Rosalind forth. It is now equally important that it should recede into the past and, for two reasons, grow dim through a vista of years. First, the next Act is to open in the Forest of Arden; there for the first time we see the banished Duke. No chill air of tragedy can be suffered to disturb the repose of that 'immortal umbrage,' and all traces of a brother's perfidy and treachery must be obliterated; in things evil we must discern the soul of goodness, and recognize it in that philosophic calm which years of exile have brought to the Duke; all thoughts of recent turbulence or of recent violence, so necessary in the first Act, must here, when we first see the exiled Duke, give place to that imperturbable serenity and acquiescence with fate which is the benison of time. Hence it is that the Second Act opens with the immortal lines:

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,  
Hath not *old custom* made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious court?  
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,  
The *seasons' difference*.

Are not 'old custom' and 'the seasons' difference' 'the very lime-twigs' of Shakespeare's spell? Why else are they here mentioned, if not to catch us with memories of years gone by? Can it be doubted for a moment that Shakespeare did not here intend us to believe that the Duke had lived through many a seasons' difference, or that custom to him had not grown old? Indeed, I think it may be truthfully said that BATHURST speaks for us all when he says (p. 76): 'The elder Duke has long been banished, and is quite contented with his situation.'

The gentle conjurer's legerdemain is over, and the 'trick' is done. The deep impression of the First Act has been effaced in preparation for the Second. The bells, on which the hours in the First Act were struck close to our ears, have been dextrously muffled, and we hear them now only faintly as from the dim distance.

Henceforth there is but little need of any allusion either to fast or to slow movement of time, other than to make us believe that Orlando has been long enough in the Forest of Arden to write love-songs in the bark of the trees, and that he goes wooing every day to Rosalind's sheep-cote.

I have just said that there are two reasons why, dramatically, it is necessary for us to suppose that the Duke has been long an exile in Arden; the reason which has just been given is, I think, of itself quite sufficient. But there is yet another, which renders a long sojourn there by the Duke, at least of many, many months, if not of years, almost, if not absolutely, imperative. Unless the impressions are obliterated that the Duke's exile is 'new news,' and that Jaques and Amiens and the rest have only just fled from the court and flocked to Arden,—unless, I say, these impressions are obliterated, how can we possibly understand why Jaques or the Duke, when they met Touchstone in the Forest, did not instantly recognise him, familiar to them as he must have been in and about the court. A fool of Touchstone's stamp could not be overlooked under any circumstances, and if once seen and heard at any court, be it at the lawful Duke's or at the usurper's, he could not afterwards be readily forgotten. Yet Jaques had apparently never before seen him, and the Duke certainly had not. That this incongruity never occurs to us when sitting at the play shows how powerless we have been all along in fencing our ears against Shakespeare's sorcery, and how completely he has overmastered us in his treatment of dramatic time. If Jaques fails to recognise Touchstone as a court fool, Touchstone fails to recognise Jaques as a courtier. Yet when Touchstone is about to be married by the hedge-priest and Jaques interferes, Touchstone at once recognises and salutes Jaques as his former companion, when he moralised the time. So that their failure to recognise each other at that first meeting could have been due to no lack of observation, and would have been impossible, does it not seem, if Jaques and the rest had only just left the 'envious court' a few weeks before, or as short a time before as we were convinced that they had left it, in the First Act? The conclusion, therefore, is to me inevitable, that the impression which Shakespeare wished to make on us is that the Duke and Jaques and the rest had been so long fleeting the time carelessly in the Forest of Arden that a new set of courtiers had arisen in their old court at home, almost a new generation since their exile had begun.

The student will find the passages indicating 'Long Time' and 'Short Time' gathered together in THE COWDEN-CLARKE'S *Shakespeare Key*, the second great debt which all of us owe to one of the sharers of that honoured union. DANIEL (*New Shakspere Society*, Series I, Part ii) has made a 'Time-Analysis' of this play, wherein, however, by counting, in the right butter woman's rank to market, the mornings, noons, and nights mentioned in the play, and by dividing them up into days, he finds that there are 'ten days represented on the stage, with such sufficient intervals as the reader may imagine for himself as requisite for the probability of the plot.' He is not blind (p. 156) to the difficulties of reconciling to the onward flow of the plot, the Duke's 'old custom' or Celia's pleadings with her father, but attempts no solution.

## ENGLISH CRITICISMS

DR JOHNSON: Of this play the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Rosalind and Celia give up their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroism of her friendship. The character of Jaques is natural and well preserved. The comic dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low buffoonery than in some other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By hastening to the end of this work, Shakespeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers.

FRANCIS GENTLEMAN (*Dramatic Censor*, i, 478, 1770): We make no scruple to affirm that *As You Like It* will afford considerable instruction from attentive perusal, with great addition of pleasure from adequate representation.

MRS INCHBALD (1808): This comedy has high reputation among Shakespeare's works, and yet, on the stage, it is never attractive, except when some actress of very superior skill performs the part of Rosalind. This character requires peculiar talents in representation, because it has so large a share of the dialogue to deliver; and the dialogue, though excellently written and interspersed with various points of wit, has still no forcible repartee or trait of humour, which in themselves would excite mirth, independent of an art in giving them utterance. Such is the general cast of all the other personages in the play that each requires a most skilful actor to give them their proper degree of importance. But, with every advantage to *As You Like It* in the performance, it is a more pleasing drama than one which gives delight. The reader will, in general, be more charmed than the auditor; for he gains all the poet, which neither the scene nor the action much adorn, except under particular circumstances. Shakespeare has made the inhabitants of the Forest of Arden appear so happy in their banishment, that when they are called back to the cares of the world, it seems more like a punishment than a reward. Jaques has too much prudence to leave his retirement; and yet, when his associates are departed, his state can no longer be enviable, as refined society was the charm which seemed here to bestow on country life its more than usual enjoyments. Kemble's Jaques is in the highest estimation with the public; it is one of those characters in which he gives certain bold testimonies of genius, which no spectator can controvert, yet the mimic art has very little share in this grand exhibition. Mrs Jordan is the Rosalind both of art and of nature; each supplies its treasures in her performance of the character, and render it a perfect exhibition.

HAZLITT (p. 305, 1817): It is the most ideal of any of this author's plays. It is a pastoral drama in which the interest arises more out of the sentiments and characters than out of the actions or situations. It is not what is done, but what is said, that claims our attention. Nursed in solitude, 'under the shade of melancholy boughs,' the imagination grows soft and delicate, and the wit runs riot in idleness, like a spoiled child that is never sent to school. Caprice and fancy reign and revel here, and stern necessity is banished to the court. The mild sentiments of humanity are strengthened with thought and leisure; the echo of the cares and noise of the world strikes upon the ear of those 'who have felt them knowingly,' softened by time

and distance. 'They hear the tumult, and are still' The very air of the place seems to breathe a spirit of philosophical poetry; to stir the thoughts, to touch the heart with pity, as the drowsy forest rustles to the sighing gale. Never was there such beautiful moralising, equally free from pedantry or petulance. . . . Within the sequestered and romantic glades of the Forest of Arden, they find leisure to be good and wise or to play the fool and fall in love. Rosalind's character is made up of sportive gayety and natural tenderness; her tongue runs the faster to conceal the pressure at her heart. She talks herself out of breath, only to get deeper in love. The coquetry with which she plays with her lover in the double character which she has to support is managed with the nicest address. . . . The silent and retired character of Celia is a necessary relief to the provoking loquacity of Rosalind. . . . The unrequited love of Silvius for Phoebe shows the perversity of this passion in the commonest scenes of life, and the rubs and stops which Nature throws in its way where fortune has placed none

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE (April, 1833, p. 559): We call *As You Like It* the only true 'Romance of the Forest.' Touching as it is, and sometimes even pathetic, 'tis all but beautiful holiday amusement, and a quiet melancholy alternates with various mirth. The contrivance of the whole is at once simple and skilful,—art and nature are at one. We are removed just so far out of our customary world as to feel willing to submit to any spell, however strange, without losing any of our sympathies with all life's best realities. Orlando, the outlaw, calls Arden 'a desert inaccessible'; and it is so; yet, at the same time, Charles the King's wrestler's account of it was correct, 'They say he is already in the Forest of Arden, . . . where they fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world.' The wide woods are full of deer, and in open places are feeding sheep. Yet in the brakes 'hiss green and gilded snakes,' whose bite is mortal, and 'under the bush's shade a lioness lies couching.' Some may think 'they have no business there.' Yet give they not something of an imaginative 'salvage' character,—a dimness of peril and fear to the depths of the forest?

CAMPBELL (1838): Before I say more of this dramatic treasure, I must absolve myself by a confession as to some of its improbabilities. Rosalind asks her cousin Celia, 'Whither shall we go?' and Celia answers, 'To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden;' but arrived there, and having purchased a cottage and sheep-farm, neither the daughter nor niece of the banished Duke seem to trouble themselves much to inquire about either father or uncle. The lively and natural-hearted Rosalind discovers no impatience to embrace her sire until she has finished her masked courtship with Orlando. But Rosalind was in love, as I have been with the comedy these forty years; and love is blind; for until a late period my eyes were never couched so as to see this objection. The truth, however, is love is *wilfully* blind, and now that my eyes are opened, I shut them against the fault. Away with your best-proved improbabilities when the heart has been touched and the fancy fascinated! When I think of the lovely Mrs Jordan in this part, I have no more desire for proofs of probability on this subject, though 'proofs pellucid as the morning dews,' than for 'the cogent logic of a bailiff's writ.' In fact, though there is no rule without exceptions, and no general truth without limitation, it may be pronounced, that if you delight us in fiction you may make our sense of probability slumber as deeply as you please.

But it may be asked whether nature and truth are to be sacrificed at the altar of fiction? No! in the main effect of fiction on the fancy they never are nor can be

sacrificed. The improbabilities of fiction are only its exceptions, whilst the truth of nature is its general law; and unless the truth of nature were in the main observed, the fictionist could not lull our vigilance as to particular improbabilities. Apply this maxim to Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, and our Poet will be found to make us forget what is eccentric from nature in a limited view, by showing it more beautifully probable in a larger contemplation. In this drama he snatches us out of the busy world into a woodland solitude; he makes us breathe its fresh air, partake its pastoral peace, feast on its venison, admire its bounding wild deer, and sympathise with its banished men and simple rustics. But he contrives to break its monotony by the intrusion of courtly manners and characters. He has a fool and a philosopher, who might have hated each other at court, but who like each other in the forest. He has a shepherdess and her wooing shepherd, as natural as Arcadians; yet when the banished court comes to the country and beats it in wit, the courtiers seem as much naturalised to the forest as its natives, and the general truth of nature is equally preserved.

The events of the play are not numerous, and its interest is preserved by characters more than incidents. But what a tablet of characters! the witty and impassioned Rosalind, the love-devoted Orlando, the friendship-devoted Celia, the duty-devoted old Adam, the humorous Clown and the melancholy Jaques; all these, together with the dignified and banished Duke, make the Forest of Arden an Elysium to our imagination; and our hearts are so stricken by these benevolent beings that we easily forgive the other once culpable but at last repentant characters.

HALLAM (*Literature of Europe*, ii, 396, 1839): The sweet and sportive temper of Shakespeare, though it never deserted him, gave way to advancing years and to the mastering force of serious thought. What we read we know but very imperfectly; yet, in the last years of this century, when five and thirty summers had ripened his genius, it seems that he must have transfused much of the wisdom of past ages into his own all-combining mind. In several of the historical plays, in *The Merchant of Venice*, and especially in *As You Like It*, the philosophic eye, turned inward on the mysteries of human nature, is more and more characteristic; and we might apply to the last comedy the bold figure that Coleridge has less appropriately employed as to the early poems, that 'the creative power and the intellectual energy wrestle as in a war embrace.' In no other play, at least, do we find the bright imagination and fascinating grace of Shakespeare's youth so mingled with the thoughtfulness of his maturer age. This play is referred with reasonable probability to the year 1600. Few comedies of Shakespeare are more generally pleasing, and its manifold improbabilities do not much affect us in perusal. The brave injured Orlando, the sprightly but modest Rosalind, the faithful Adam, the reflecting Jaques, the serene and magnanimous Duke, interest us by turns, though the play is not so well managed as to condense our sympathy, and direct it to the conclusion.

W. W. LLOYD (Singer's Edition, 1856, p. 120): The usurper pays the penalties of a falsely-assumed position; his very lords characterise him justly when they speak in an undertone, and warn away from the range of his passion those whom he is fitfully incensed against. His very daughter disowns the ill-bought advancement he would provide for her, and slips from his side to accompany in peril and privation a victim of his jealousy. Thus in every form of loyalty, compassion, duty, and affection, whether spirited, tender, sentimental, or grotesque, the better spirits fly by natural

attraction to a more congenial centre, and in all happy companionship. The lords, Amiens, Jaques, and the pages, tender free duty to an exiled master; Celia proffers companionship to her banished cousin without ostentation, and it is accepted without set acknowledgement, because in the same sympathetic spirit in which it was made; old Adam with limping gait, but with the best heart he may, goes on with his young master; while Touchstone follows his mistress as devotedly as the best, perhaps the most devotedly of all, for he is the only one of them all who, as he is carried along by the current of his attachment, has still the faculty of contemplating his wanderings philosophically, of appreciating his sacrifices, whether in friendship or marriage, correctly, without making them one whit less willingly. Perhaps Jaques, in his parody of Amiens' song, approaches the critical vein of Touchstone pretty closely, but he is inferior in that mixed vein of self-observation and self-knowledge, which approximates Touchstone at one time to Mr Pepys, and at another to Michel de Montaigne.

HALLIWELL (*Introduction*, p. 71): Though said to be oftener read than any other of Shakespeare's plays, *As You Like It* is certainly less fascinating than several of his other comedies. The dramatist has presented us with a pastoral comedy, the characters of which, instead of belonging to an ideal pastoral age, are true copies of what Nature would produce under similar conditions. . . . The poet has relieved the development of a melancholy subject and an insignificant story by the introduction of a more than usual number of really individual subordinate characters. Even Rosalind, that beautiful but wilful representation of woman's passion, is not an important accessory to the moral purpose of the comedy; and the other characters, however gracefully delineated, are not amalgamated into an artistic action with that full power which overwhelms us with astonishment in the grander efforts of Shakespeare's genius.

BATHURST (p. 76): It is the very pleasantest and sweetest of plays, sprinkled with a good deal of seriousness; and some unhappiness, but none of it cuts deep. The elder Duke has long been banished, and is quite contented with his situation. The distress of Orlando and Adam is speedily relieved. Rosalind and Celia, happy from the first, in each other's company, are quite gay and cheerful when they get into the forest. Even the bad brother partakes of the general sunshine, and is let off very easily, kindly, and pleasantly, though not with any great probability. The cheerfulness of this play is delicate, however, and gentle. There are not the coarse gayeties (if anything Shakespeare did can be called coarse) of Falstaff and his companions, or of the people in Olivia's house; nor the bad conceits of *Romeo & Juliet*. It is a play of conversation more than action, on the whole, and of character. Some of the characters, as Jaques and Touchstone, are shown in what they say merely; not what they do.

HERAUD (p. 235): The poet, in conceiving this fine work, first generated a lofty ideal. His aim was to set forth the power of patience as the panacea for earth's ills and the injustice of fortune, and self-command as the condition without which the power would be inoperative. Neither this power nor its condition can be easily illustrated in the life of courts; but the sylvan life, such as the banished Duke and his companions live in Arden, is favourable to both. In the contrast between the two states of life lies the charm of the play, and the reconciliation of these formal opposites is the fulfilment of its ideal.

MOBERLY (*Introduction*, p. 6, 1872): In the *Introduction to Hamlet* an attempt has been made to show how a tendency to melancholy sprang naturally out of the very circumstances of Shakespeare's time; and how the noble spirits of that day occupied themselves in battling against it. The same truths, which are so strongly impressed on us by Hamlet's losing battle against sadness, over-reflection, and want of practical force, are in this play touched with a light and genial hand. It seems written to show how the most depressing circumstances, even if continued year after year, may utterly fail to sink a generous heart into despondency. Orlando has been ill-treated in every way by his tyrannical elder brother, but his good qualities come out only the more by this perpetual bruising. He never loses the elasticity of mind and generosity of impulse which is to carry him through all. One fortunate stroke of audacity, by enabling him to defeat the professional athlete, seems likely to open to him a path leading to honour and rank such as his birth entitles him to hold. But the hope is dashed, as soon as it is conceived, by the dark jealousy of the usurping Duke against the family beloved by his banished brother. Then Orlando fails for a moment in courage and hopefulness; he considers himself 'a rotten tree' that will yield no fruit for any pruning. Yet the sad words have hardly passed his lips when he is already anticipating some 'settled low content;' and, in the next scenes, when we find him in the company of the banished Duke, he has cast all gloom aside, has nothing to say against 'any breather in the world' except himself, against whom he knows more evil than against any one else; and is contented to proclaim his love for Rosalind to any one who will listen to him, without any desponding thoughts as to the hardness of his destiny. As volatile as one of Alfred de Musset's heroes, he has, in all and through all, a firm ground of healthy English sense and truthfulness, which entitles him to serve as a type of those gallant youths who from so many a creek and inlet of Devonshire and Cornwall went forth in Shakespeare's day to war against the Spaniard.

Orlando's Rosalind is his exact counterpart, shaped for his love by similarity of destiny; but with this difference, that she acquiesced in her former lot of dependence and was only unsettled in her contentment, first, by the Duke's taunt against her father, which her true and bold spirit could not endure, and then by her unjust banishment. After this, in her 'doublet and hose,' with Celia in some degree dependent on her, she blazes into energy and vivacity; she has spirit enough for her own affairs and for half a dozen plots beside, and tact enough to make them all run prosperously up to the time when the fourfold wedding comes to settle all. Her skill in repartee is as great as Beatrice's; but there is none of the malice which has to be got rid of in *Much Ado About Nothing* by such a course of rigorous discipline. Rosalind never stings without strong and good reason, and in the interest of truth and right. When she does, however, she shows a talent for saying truth 'the next way' which any professional moralist might envy.

The third gradation of cheerfulness appears in the banished Duke. He is happy, not by youth and animal spirits, like the two others, but by reflection. His character is such that he is able to maintain his state and dignity in the forest as easily as at the court, controlling his followers without an effort, and correcting their crude reflections in a moment by his superior thought and moral force. His good-humour is all-embracing; he loves to 'cope' with those whose whole tone of mind is opposed to his own, and at once enters into the 'swift and sententious' spirit of Touchstone, when that eminent person is at last introduced to him, and produces the choicest flowers of his wit, which he had reserved till then; and as a matter of course the



Duke has long ago reconciled himself to his life of banishment and deprivation, and learned to find happiness in the very feeling of contact with nature unalloyed.

To furnish a marked contrast to these characters, to assail them one after another with attempts to shake their trust in mankind, to whisper sneers against love and happiness, to suggest that their life, simple though it is, still has the taint of the world upon it, and to patronise enthusiastically such rascalities as accident brings there, is the part assigned to the melancholy Jaques; a character created, with consummate skill, to throw the whole meaning of the play into a clear light and to bring out the moral lesson conveyed by it. He has been most profligate in his youth; has travelled in Italy, the mother of all iniquities, to gain experience there; and has spent his estate in so doing. He is therefore persuaded that the knowledge of human nature which he has thus gained will be of great service to the world, if it can only be induced to listen. But how instantly and how humiliatingly he is put to the rout by the three glad hearts which he tries to sour! Orlando absolutely refuses to rail against the world in his company, and reciprocates with hearty good-will, although jocosely, all Jaques's expressions of antipathy to his ways of thinking. Rosalind sarcastically asks him about his travels. What have they done for him? Has he learned to despise home dress and home manners? sold his own lands to see other people's? learned to chide God for making him the countryman he is? And what is this melancholy of which he boasts? Something as bad or worse than the most giddy merriment; something that incapacitates him for action as completely and more permanently than drunkenness. Above all, the Duke tells him, without the slightest reserve, although with perfect good-humour, that his gifts as a moralist can do nothing for the world; that his former life unfits him to be a reformer; that if he attempts such a task, he will only corrupt the world by his experience; and to all these buffetings, right hand and left, Jaques replies in a way which shows he is incapable of understanding the depth of their meaning. He escapes from Rosalind and Orlando because he does not like the 'blank verse' they talk; and shirks the admonition of the Duke and all its serious wisdom, by arguing that no one would have a right to be offended by satire of a general character, or need apply it to himself,—as if the Duke had been admonishing him to avoid offending others and not to avoid corrupting others.

There are traces of great family troubles which afflicted Shakespeare up to within a few years of the time when this play was written, and probably up to that time. When we read of his own father being 'warned' from Stratford Market, and unable to come to church for fear of arrest, this certainly gives much reality to the sad reflection on the 'poor and broken bankrupt' typified by the wounded stag.

The deep sorrowfulness of the subjects chosen by the poet in the years following 1600 leads us to follow up the hint thus given; for between this time and his death we have not only the four tragedies, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello*, but also the gloomy subject of *Timon of Athens*, and in comedies (if they may be so called) the sterner and severer types of *Measure for Measure* and *The Tempest*. As, therefore, we cannot help seeing that the same struggle against melancholy lasted through Shakespeare's life, we shall not be mistaken in seeing the same indications of his nature in *As You Like It*. This play was, therefore, one of the earlier attempts made by the poet to control the dark spirit of melancholy in himself by a process which a great writer (Dr Johnson) well versed in his subject has described as hopeless, that of 'thinking it away.' With this plan in view, he, as it were, held it up to view in many lights, in order to set up a standard for himself against it,—with what effect on

himself we can only partially judge, from our extreme ignorance of the events of his later life. But even if Shakespeare's efforts to free himself from the clinging plague were unavailing (as we must needs suppose), they are still calculated to do for others what they could not do for him. Any one who will may learn from *As You Like It*, that the secret of true cheerfulness is to be found in Horace's words, *Mihi res non me rebus subnectere conor*; who treats the state of things in which he finds himself not as a stern unbending order under which his powers as well as his resistance must be crushed, but an arrangement capable of seconding all his endeavours for a high and cheerful life, and of furnishing instruction, help, and encouragement whenever and wherever they are needed.

HUDSON (*Introduction*, p. 22, 1880): The general drift and temper, or, as some of the German critics would say, the ground-idea of this play is aptly hinted by the title. As for the beginnings of what is here represented, these do not greatly concern us; most of them lie back out of our view, and the rest are soon lost sight of in what grows out of them; but the issues, of which there are many, are all exactly to our mind; we feel them to be just about right, and would not have them otherwise. For example, touching Frederick and Oliver, our wish is that they should repent and repair the wrong they have done; in brief, that they should become good; which is precisely what takes place; and as soon as they do this, they naturally love those who were good before. Jaques, too, is so fitted to moralise the discrepancies of human life, so happy and at home, and withal so agreeable in that exercise, that we would not he should follow the good Duke when in his case those discrepancies are composed. The same might easily be shown in respect of the other issues. Indeed, I dare ask any genial, considerate reader, Does not everything turn out *as you like it*? Moreover, there is an indefinable something about the play that puts us in a receptive frame of mind; that opens the heart, soothes away all querulousness and fault-finding, and makes us easy and apt to be pleased. Thus the Poet here disposes us to like things as they come, and at the same time takes care that they shall come as we like. The whole play, indeed, is *as you like it*.

(P. 24): As far as I can determine the matter, *As You Like It* is, upon the whole, my favourite of Shakespeare's comedies. Yet I should be puzzled to tell why; for my preference springs not so much from any particular points or features, wherein it is surpassed by several others, as from the general toning and effect. The whole is replete with a beauty so delicate, yet so intense, that we feel it everywhere, but can never tell especially where it is or in what it consists. For instance, the descriptions of forest scenery come along so unsought, and in such easy, quiet, natural touches that we take in the impression without once noticing what it is that impresses us. Thus, there is a certain woodland freshness, a glad, free naturalness, that creeps and steals into the heart before we know it. And the spirit of the place is upon its inhabitants, its genius within them; we almost breathe with them the fragrance of the Forest, and listen to 'the melodies of woods, and winds, and waters,' and feel

The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,  
That have their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,  
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring.

Even the court Fool, notwithstanding all the crystallising process that has passed upon him, undergoes a sort of rejuvenescence of his inner man, so that his wit catches at

every turn the fresh hues and odours of his new whereabouts. I am persuaded, indeed, that Milton had a special eye to this play in the lines,

And sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
Warbles his native wood-notes wild.

To all which add, that the kindlier sentiments here seem playing out in a sort of jubilee. Untied from set purposes and definite aims, the persons come forth with their hearts already tuned, and so have but to let off their redundant music. Envy, jealousy, avarice, revenge, all the passions that afflict and degrade society, they have left in the city behind them. And they have brought the intelligence and refinement of the court without its vanities and vexations; so that the graces of art and the simplicities of nature meet together in joyous, loving sisterhood. A serene and mellow atmosphere of thought encircles and pervades the actors in this drama, as if on purpose to illustrate how

One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil, and of good,  
Than all the sages can.

Nature throws her protecting arms around them; Beauty pitches her tent before them; Heaven rains its riches upon them, with 'no enemy but winter and rough weather'; Peace hath taken up her abode with them; and they have nothing to do but to 'fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.' But no words of mine, I fear, will justify to others my own sense of this delectable workmanship. I can hardly think of anything else in the whole domain of Poetry so inspiring of the faith that 'every flower enjoys the air it breathes.' The play, indeed, abounds in wild, frolicsome graces which cannot be described; which can only be seen and felt; and which the hoarse voice of criticism seems to scare away, as the crowing of the cocks is said to have scared away the fairy spirits from their nocturnal pastimes.

NEIL (*Introduction*, p. 10): When we read this drama, we see that it recognises Love as the pivot and centre of activity and joy—the very core of life. It has been said that its chief end was to 'dally with the innocence of love.' It surely, however, has a higher aim than that. When we observe that all the evils in the play originate in the neglect of the royal law of life: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,' and that all the good results flow from obedience to that Divine rule; when we see how Selfishness complicates, and Love explicates, the plot,—may it not be that *As You Like It* is a Divine morality as well as a charming play? In these words: 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise,' the Supreme Parablist states the law of life in its social relations; and may not the great dramatist, seeing the fine moral teaching underlying the heavenly maxim, have resolved to show, as in a magic mirror, a little bit of the Eden possible in the world, were the higher sympathies of its denizens ruled by the love commended to us by the wisdom of the incarnated Lord of Life? On this ground we may regard Shakespeare as indicating his intention by the significance with which he renders into verse the saying: 'There is joy in the presence of God over one sinner that repenteth,' bringing out beautifully the fine *At-one-ment* which the following out of the Redeemer's precept, 'As you like it done to you, so do,' would effect in the lines: 'Then is there mirth in heaven When earthly things made even *At-one* together.'

known,' those suggestions of high qualities answerable to all the contingencies or trials of circumstance, by which we are captivated in real life, and which it is her aim and her triumph to bring home to the hearts and imaginations of her audience as they have come home to her own. Often as I have played *Rosalind* since, I have never done so without a fresh study of the play, nor without finding in it something that had escaped me before. It was ever, therefore, a fresh delight to bring out' as best I could in action what had thus flashed upon me in my hours of meditation, and to try to make this exquisite creature as dear and fascinating to my audience as she had become to myself. In the very acting I learned much; for if on the stage you leave your mind open to what is going on around you, even an unskilful actor by your side—and I need not say how much more a gifted one—may, by a gesture or an intonation, open up something fresh to your imagination. So it was I came to love *Rosalind* with my whole heart; and well did she repay me, for I have often thought that in impersonating her I was able to give full expression to what was best in myself as well as in my art.

(P. 406): To me *As You Like It* seems to be as much a love-poem as *Romeo & Juliet*, with this difference; that it deals with happy love, while the Veronese story deals with love crossed by misadventure and crowned with death. It is as full of imagination, of the glad rapture of the tender passion, of its impulsiveness, its generosity, its pathos. No 'hearse-like airs,' indeed, come wailing by, as in the tale of those 'star-crossed lovers,' to warn us of their too early 'overthrow.' All is blended into a rich harmonious music which makes the heart throb, but never makes it ache. Still, the love is not less deep, less capable of proving itself strong as death; neither are the natures of Orlando and *Rosalind* less touched to all the fine issues of that passion than those of 'Juliet and her Romeo.'

Is not love, indeed, the pivot on which the action of the play turns,—love, too, at first sight? Does it not seem that the text the poet meant to illustrate was that which he puts into Phebe's mouth: 'Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?' Love at first sight, like that of Juliet and Romeo, is the love of *Rosalind* and Orlando, of Celia and Oliver, and of Phebe herself for Ganymede. The two latter pairs of lovers are perhaps but of little account, but is not the might of Marlowe's saw as fully exemplified in *Rosalind* and Orlando as in the lovers of Verona?

(P. 435): No word escapes from *Rosalind's* lips as we watch her there [in the last Scene, after the entrance of Jaques de Bois], the woman in all her beauty and perfect grace, now calmly happy, beside a father restored to 'a potent dukedom,' and a lover whom she knows to be wholly worthy to wield that dukedom when in due season she will endow him with it as her husband. Happiest of women! for who else ever had such means of testing that love on which her own happiness depends? In all the days that are before her, all the largeness of heart, the rich imagination, the bright commanding intellect, which made her the presiding genius of the Forest of Arden, will work with no less beneficent sway in the larger sphere of princely duty. With what delight will she recur with her lover-husband to the strange accidents of fortune which 'forced sweet love on pranks of saucy boyhood,' and to the never-to-be-forgotten hours when he was a second time 'o'erthrown' by the wit, the playful wiles, the inexplicable charm of the young Ganymede! How, too, in all the grave duties of the high position to which his alliance will raise him, will he not only possess in her an honoured and admired companion, but will also find wise guidance and support in her clear intelligence and courageous will! It is thus, at least, that I dream of my dear *Rosalind* and her Orlando.

[In the following extracts there is a rude classification of the judgements passed on the several characters, which is as exact, perhaps, as circumstances permit. In the preceding pages there are, of course, allusions to the different characters, but it has not been deemed possible to detach them from their context without injury.]

### ROSALIND

MRS JAMESON (*Characteristics of Women*, 1833, vol. i, p. 141): I come now to Rosalind, whom I should have ranked before Beatrice, inasmuch as the greater degree of her sex's softness and sensibility, united with equal wit and intellect, give her the superiority as a woman; but that as a dramatic character she is inferior in force. The portrait is one of infinitely more delicacy and variety, but of less strength and depth. . . .

(P. 145): Though Rosalind is a princess, she is a princess of Arcady; and notwithstanding the charming effect produced by her first scenes, we scarcely ever think of her with a reference to them, or associate her with a court and the artificial appendages of her rank. She was not made to 'lord it o'er a fair mansion' and take state upon her like the all-accomplished Portia; but to breathe the free air of heaven and frolic among green leaves. She was not made to stand the siege of daring profligacy, and oppose high action and high passion to the assaults of adverse fortune, like Isabel, but to 'fleet the time carelessly, as they did it' the golden age.' She was not made to bandy wit with lords, and tread courtly measures with plumed and warlike cavaliers, like Beatrice, but to dance on the green sward and 'murmur among living brooks a music sweeter than their own.'

Though sprightliness is the distinguishing characteristic of Rosalind, as of Beatrice, yet we find her much more nearly allied to Portia in temper and intellect. The tone of her mind is, like Portia's, genial and buoyant; she has something too of her softness and sentiment; there is the same confiding abandonment of self in her affections; but the characters are otherwise as distinct as the situations are dissimilar. The age the manners, the circumstances in which Shakespeare has placed his Portia, are not beyond the bounds of probability; nay, have a certain reality and locality. We fancy her a contemporary of the Raffaelles and the Ariostos; the sea-wedded Venice, its merchants and Magnificos,—the Rialto, and the long canals,—rise up before us when we think of her. But Rosalind is surrounded with the purely ideal and imaginative; the reality is in the characters and in the sentiments, not in the circumstances or situation. Portia is dignified, splendid, and romantic; Rosalind is playful, pastoral, and picturesque; both are in the highest degree poetical, but the one is epic and the other lyric.

Everything about Rosalind breathes of 'youth and youth's sweet prime.' She is fresh as the morning, sweet as the dew-awakened blossoms, and light as the breeze that plays among them. She is as witty, as voluble, as sprightly as Beatrice; but in a style altogether distinct. In both, the wit is equally unconscious; but in Beatrice it plays about us like the lightning, dazzling but also alarming; while the wit of Rosalind bubbles up and sparkles like the living fountain, refreshing all around. Her volubility is like the bird's song; it is the outpouring of a heart filled to overflowing with life, love, and joy, and all sweet and affectionate impulses. She has as much tenderness as mirth, and in her most petulant raillery there is a touch of softness: 'By this hand it will not hurt a fly!' As her vivacity never lessens our impression of her sensibility, so she wears her masculine attire without the slightest impugment of her delicacy. Shakespeare did not make the modesty of his women depend on their

dress, as we shall see further when we come to Viola and Imogen. Rosalind has, in truth, 'no doublet and hose in her disposition.' How her heart seems to throb and flutter under her page's vest! What depth of love in her passion for Orlando! whether disguised beneath a saucy playfulness, or breaking forth with a fond impatience, or half betrayed in that beautiful scene where she faints at the sight of the kerchief stained with his blood! Here her recovery of her self-possession, her fears lest she should have revealed her sex, her presence of mind and quick-witted excuse, and the characteristic playfulness which seems to return so naturally with her recovered senses, —are all as amusing as consistent. Then how beautifully is the dialogue managed between herself and Orlando! how well she assumes the airs of a saucy page, without throwing off her feminine sweetness! How her wit flutters free as air over every subject! With what careless grace, yet with what exquisite propriety! . . .

(P. 149): The impression left upon our hearts and minds by the character of Rosalind—by the mixture of playfulness, sensibility, and what the French (and we for lack of a better expression) call *naïveté*—is like a delicious strain of music. There is a depth of delight, and a subtlety of words to express that delight, which is enchanting. Yet when we call to mind particular speeches and passages, we find that they have a relative beauty and propriety which renders it difficult to separate them from the context without injuring their effect. She says some of the most charming things in the world, and some of the most humorous; but we apply them as phrases rather than as maxims, and remember them rather for their pointed felicity of expression and fanciful application, than for their general truth and depth of meaning. . . .

(P. 152): Rosalind has not the impressive eloquence of Portia nor the sweet wisdom of Isabella. Her longest speeches are not her best; nor is her taunting address to Phebe, beautiful and celebrated as it is, equal to Phebe's own description of her. The latter, indeed, is more in earnest. . . .

(P. 154): Phebe is quite an Arcadian coquette; she is a piece of pastoral poetry; Audrey is only rustic. A very amusing effect is produced by the contrast between the frank and free bearing of the two princesses in disguise, and the scornful airs of the real shepherdess. In the speeches of Phebe, and in the dialogue between her and Silvius, Shakespeare has anticipated all the beauties of the Italian pastoral, and surpassed Tasso and Guarini. We find two amongst the most poetical passages of the play appropriated to Phebe, the taunting speech to Silvius, and the description of Rosalind in her page's costume: which last is finer than the portrait of Bathyllus in Anacreon.

FLETCHER (p. 225): We must suppose to be of Rosalind's own device that concluding 'wedlock hymn' which commemorates the principal one of the matters that form the main subject of this drama,—the grand comprehensive moral of which is, the eternal triumph of the genial sympathies and the social relations over every form of individual selfishness and misanthropy. No reader who shall have traced, with us, the course of Rosalind's feelings and deportment, through that first period of her fortunes when her heart is engrossed by sorrow for her father's banishment, and that second period when solicitude for her lover's requital of her affection, for his honour, and his safety, fills her whole soul and prompts her every sentence,—will need any further indication on our part to shew him how foreign to the anxiously active state of our heroine's heart and mind throughout is Mrs Jameson's notion, for instance, about her 'fleeing the time carelessly,' 'dancing on the green sward, and frolicking

among green leaves,' a notion which at once brings down the 'heavenly Rosalind' of Shakespeare's fancy and Orlando's love to the level of a 'Maid Marian,' or, at most, to a superior May-day Queen. The same imperfect view of her character causes this critic to speak in terms comparatively slighting of the intellectual development in Rosalind. She tells us: 'Rosalind has not the impressive eloquence of Portia, nor the sweet wisdom of Isabella. Her longest speeches are not her best,' &c. But the dramatist has placed her in no circumstances that at all admit, much less demand from her, anything of that solemn declamation which we hear from Isabella and from Portia. Any such declamatory strain, so out of place, from her lips to any of the individuals with whom she is brought into contact, would have testified, not in favour of the strength and brightness of her intellect, but against them. Neither is Rosalind any more inherently loquacious than she is declamatory; she *never* talks merely for talking's sake; strong feeling or earnest purpose dictates her every syllable.

(P. 232): The fundamental error of Mrs Jameson in appreciating this noble as well as exquisite creation [Rosalind] seems to result from the mistaken attempt which she makes to classify the characters of which she is treating as 'characters of intellect,' 'characters of affection,' &c. Of all characters in fiction, those of Shakespeare least admit of such classification,—their individuality is so inherent and essential,—so analogous to that of actual and living persons. This classifying notion has misled Mrs Jameson into assigning too small a proportion to affectionate feeling in the character of Rosalind. Mrs Jameson, indeed, commits too frequently, regarding these Shakespearian personages, the error so often committed in real life, of taking some prominent part of a character for the whole, or, at least, for a much larger portion of it than it actually constitutes. This too constant habit of estimating a given character simply through looking at it from the outside, rather than by penetrating to its inmost spirit, and then, as it were, surveying it from the centre, has been peculiarly fatal to this pleasing writer's criticism of the more ideal among Shakespeare's female characters. It would even appear to have made her overlook altogether the distinction between his ideal women and his women of real life; so much so, that among those which she classes as 'characters of intellect,' she actually ranks Rosalind, not only after Portia and Isabella, but even after Beatrice.

(P. 235): The fundamental error in the established theatrical treatment of this play has descended from that *Restoration* period of our dramatic history when, under the ascendancy which the restored court gave to French principles of taste and criticism, it was sought to subject even the great *ideal dramas* of Shakespeare to the commonplace classical circumscriptions of *Tragedy* and *Comedy*. Here we have a signal example of the perversion which must ever be effected by an endeavour to make the principles of art subordinate to the distinctions of criticism. This great, unique, ideal play being once definitively set down upon the manager's books as a comedy in the limited sense, it followed, of course, according to theatrical reasoning, that the part of its heroine was evermore to be sustained by whatever lady should be regarded, by distinction, as the *comic* actress for the time being. Surely on this principle alone can it have been (notwithstanding all her genuine comic powers) that either the figure, the spirit, or the manner of a Mrs Jordan, for instance, was ever, not merely tolerated, but relished and applauded, in her personation of the 'heavenly Rosalind'! But the managers have not stopped here. When the comic actress of this part, as in the instance just cited, possessed a singing voice, an occasion was to be furnished her of displaying it, how much soever it might be to the contempt of Shakespeare and consistency, and to the degradation of his heroine. And so the 'cuckoo song' was taken

out of the mouth of Armado's page in *Love's Labour's Lost* to be warbled in the ears of her lover by the 'heavenly Rosalind.' This barbarism, however, it is due to Mr Macready to observe, was suppressed in the last Drury-Lane revival of this play. . . .

(P. 237): The comparatively low popular notions respecting the character of Rosalind can be rapidly and thoroughly rectified only by a true Shakespearian actress, in the highest and most peculiar sense of the term. She must no more be either a tragic or a comic performer, in the limited and exclusive sense, than the *As You Like It* is a comedy, or *Cymbeline*, for instance, is a tragedy, in the narrow signification. Indeed, the power of competently personating Imogen affords of itself a far greater presumption of capacity for enacting Rosalind than is to be inferred from the most perfect performance of all the properly *comic* parts in the world. These are two of the noblest and most exquisitely compounded among the ideal women of Shakespeare, each the ascendant character in the drama to which she belongs. In both we find the same essential tenderness,—the same clear and prompt intelligence,—the same consummate grace and self-possession in enacting those masculine parts which the exigencies of their fortune compel them to assume. The deeper pathos and the graver wisdom which lend a more solemn though scarcely more tender colouring to the character of Imogen, seem hardly more than may be sufficiently accounted for by that maturer development which one and the same original character would receive from the maturer years, the graver position, and more tragic trials of the wife, in which the heroine of *Cymbeline* is set before us,—as compared with that early bloom, and those fond anxieties of youthful courtship, which we behold in Rosalind. Each, too, let us observe, is a princely heiress, bestowing her affections upon 'a poor but worthy gentleman.'

[Fletcher, who in his admirable Essays acknowledges his indebtedness at every step to Miss Helen Faucit (LADY MARTIN) for her living revelations of Shakespeare's heroines, quotes a striking sentence from *The Edinburgh Observer* (20th Feb., 1846) as follows: 'The secret of Miss Helen Faucit's excellence lies in her fine intuitions 'of human character in its most diverse aspects, and knowing that the deepest and 'most delicate sportiveness springs only from an earnest and sensitive nature, to which 'thoughtfulness and the capacity of strong emotion are habitual.']

HUDSON (*Introduction*, p. 19, 1880): It is something uncertain whether Jaques or Rosalind be the greater attraction, there is enough in either to make the play a continual feast; though her charms are less liable to be staled by use, because they result from health of mind and symmetry of character; so that in her presence the head and the heart draw together perfectly. I mean that she never starts any moral or emotional reluctances in our converse with her; all our sympathies go along with her freely, because she never jars upon them or touches them against the grain.

For wit, this strange, queer, lovely being is fully equal to Beatrice, yet nowise resembling her. A soft, subtle, nimble essence, consisting in one knows not what, and springing up one can hardly tell how, her wit neither stings nor burns, but plays briskly and airily over all things within its reach, enriching and adorning them; inso-much that one could ask no greater pleasure than to be the continual theme of it. In its irrepressible vivacity it waits not for occasion, but runs on for ever, and we wish it to run on for ever: we have a sort of faith that her dreams are made up of cunning, quirkish, graceful fancies; her wits being in a frolic even when she is asleep. And



her heart seems a perennial spring of affectionate cheerfulness: no trial can break, no sorrow chill, her flow of spirits; even her sighs are breathed forth in a wrappage of innocent mirth; an arch, roguish smile irradiates her saddest tears. No sort of unhappiness can live in her company: it is a joy even to stand her chiding; for, 'faster than her tongue doth make offense, her eye doth heal it up.

So much for her choice idiom of wit. But I must not pass from this part of the theme without noting also how aptly she illustrates the Poet's peculiar use of humour. For I suppose the difference of wit and humour is too well understood to need any special exposition. But the two often go together; though there is a form of wit, much more common, that burns and dries the juices all out of the mind, and turns it into a kind of sharp, stinging wire. Now Rosalind's sweet establishment is thoroughly saturated with humour, and this too of the freshest and wholesomest quality. And the effect of her humour is, as it were, to *lubricate* all her faculties, and make her thoughts run brisk and glid even when grief has possession of her heart. Through this interfusive power her organs of play are held in perfect concert with her springs of serious thought. Hence she is outwardly merry and inwardly sad at the same time. We may justly say that she laughs out her sadness, or plays out her seriousness: the sorrow that is swelling her breast puts her wits and spirits into a frolic; and in the mirth that overflows through her tongue we have a relish of the grief with which her heart is charged. And our sympathy with her inward state is the more divinely moved, forasmuch as she thus, with indescribable delicacy, touches it through a masquerade of playfulness. Yet, beneath all her frolicsomeness, we feel that there is a firm basis of thought and womanly dignity; so that she never laughs away our respect.

It is quite remarkable how, in respect of her disguise, Rosalind just reverses the conduct of Viola, yet with much the same effect. For though she seems as much at home in her male attire as if she had always worn it, this never strikes us otherwise than as an exercise of skill for the perfecting of her masquerade. And on the same principle her occasional freedoms of speech serve to deepen our sense of her innate delicacy; they being manifestly intended as a part of her disguise, and springing from the feeling that it is far less indelicate to go a little out of her character in order to prevent any suspicion of her sex, than it would be to hazard such a suspicion by keeping strictly within her character. In other words, her free talk bears much the same relation to her character as her dress does to her person, and is therefore becoming to her even on the score of feminine modesty.—Celia appears well worthy of a place beside her whose love she shares and repays. Instinct with the soul of moral beauty and female tenderness, the friendship of these more-than-sisters 'mounts to the seat of grace within the mind.'

### JAQUES

HAZLITT (p. 306, 1817): Jaques is the only purely contemplative character in Shakespeare. He thinks, and does nothing. His whole occupation is to amuse his mind, and he is totally regardless of his body and his fortunes. He is the prince of philosophical idlers; his only passion is thought; he sets no value on anything but as it serves as food for reflection. . . . He resents Orlando's passion for Rosalind as some disparagement of his own passion for abstract truth; and leaves the Duke, as soon as he is restored to his sovereignty, to seek his brother out who has quitted it and turned hermit.

SKOTTOWE (p. 346): Jaques, the melancholy-loving Jaques, is broadly distinguished from the common misanthrope, who, disclaiming the sympathies of humanity, in pride or in revenge, mocks at the misfortunes and rails at the pursuits of his fellow-creatures; for the disposition of Jaques is amiable, gentle, and humane. He regards the world, indeed, with a jaundiced and discontented eye; he depreciates its pleasures and undervalues its occupations, for he deduced the emptiness of both from his experience. He had been, it appears, a libertine, but his powerful and highly-cultivated mind revolted at slavery to his passions; the frivolity and monotony of dissipation disgusted him, and his high-toned moral principles triumphed over the grossness of sensual indulgence. The only legitimate pursuit of life he found to be virtue; and the truth which he deeply felt he studiously inculcates; it is the moral his sententious wisdom teaches; it is the weighty 'matter' of his sullen or melancholy musings; which, whether capriciously intruded, or naturally arising out of the passing incident, are at all times welcome and effective. There is weight and dignity about *As You Like It* altogether unusual in comedy, for which it appears principally indebted to the presence of the moralising Jaques, whose character is not only conceived with felicity, but is, throughout, supported with vigour and managed with inimitable tact. It may be partly accounted for on the principle of contrast, that the sombre reflections of Jaques heighten, rather than detract from, the effect of the high-wrought comedy of the play. But the cause of a result so unexpected, from a combination so unusual, lies somewhat more remote. It is to be found in that perfect harmony which the genius of Shakespeare established between the two distinct features of his subject. Had Jaques taken a saturnine view of the vices and follies of mankind, the spirit of comedy would have been damped by the gloom of his misanthropy. But the better feelings of humanity predominate in his bosom, and he never gives utterance to a sentiment which loses not its asperity in the dry humour or good-natured badinage which accompanies it. Nor is even the romantic character of this beautiful drama injured by the introduction of the sententious sage. With equal taste and judgement it is provided that the deep recesses of the forest, and the 'oak, whose antique root peeps out upon the brook that brawls along the wood,' should be the scenes whence Jaques inculcated his lessons of philosophy and morality.

MAGINN (p. 67): Who or what Jaques was before he makes his appearance in the forest, Shakespeare does not inform us, any further than that he had been a *roué* of considerable note, as the Duke tells him when he proposes to 'cleanse the foul body of the infected world' (II, vii, 67-72). This, and that he was one of the three or four loving lords who put themselves into voluntary exile with the old Duke, is all we know about him, until he is formally announced to us as the melancholy Jaques. The very announcement is a tolerable proof that he is not soul-stricken in any material degree. When Rosalind tells him that he is considered to be a melancholy fellow, he is hard put to it to describe in what his melancholy consists (IV, i, 11-20). He is nothing more than an idle gentleman given to musing and making invectives against the affairs of the world, which are more remarkable for the poetry of their style and expression than the pungency of their satire. His famous description of the Seven Ages is that of a man who has seen but little to complain of in his career through life. The sorrows of his infant are of the slightest kind, and he notes that it is taken care of in a nurse's lap. The griefs of his schoolboy are confined to the necessity of going to school; and he, too, has had an anxious hand to attend to him. His shining morning face reflects the superintendence of one—probably a mother—inter-

ested in his welfare. The lover is tortured by no piercing pangs of love, his woes evaporating themselves musically in a ballad of his own composition, written not to his mistress, but fantastically addressed to her eyebrow. The soldier appears in all the pride and swelling hopes of his spirit-stirring trade. The fair round belly of the Justice lined with good capon lets us know how he has passed his life. He is full of ease, magisterial authority, and squirely dignity. The lean and slippered pantaloons, and the dotard sunk into second childishness, have suffered only the common lot of humanity, without any of the calamities that embitter the unavoidable malady of old age. All the characters in Jaques's sketch are well taken care of. The infant is nursed; the boy is educated; the youth, tormented by no greater cares than the necessity of hunting after rhymes to please the ear of a lady, whose love sits so lightly upon him as to set him upon nothing more serious than such a self-amusing task; the man in prime of life is engaged in gallant deeds, brave in action, anxious for character, and ambitious of fame; the man in declining years has won the due honours of his rank, he enjoys the luxuries of the table and dispenses the terrors of the bench; the man of age still more advanced is well-to-do in the world. If his shank be shrunk, it is not without hose and slipper; if his eyes be dim, they are spectacled, if his years have made him lean, they have gathered for him the wherewithal to fatten the pouch by his side. And when this strange, eventful history is closed by the penalties paid by men who live too long, Jaques does not tell us that the helpless being, 'sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything,' is left unprotected in his helplessness.

Such pictures of life do not proceed from a man very heavy at heart. Nor can it be without design that they are introduced into this especial place. The moment before, the famished Orlando has burst in upon the sylvan meal of the Duke, brandishing a naked sword, demanding, with furious threat, food for himself and his helpless companion 'oppressed with two weak evils, age and hunger.' The Duke, struck with his earnest appeal, cannot refrain from comparing the real suffering which he witnesses in Orlando with that which is endured by himself and his 'co-mates.' Addressing Jaques, he says: 'Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy,' &c. But the spectacle and the comment upon it lightly touch Jaques, and he starts off at once into a witty and poetic comparison of the real drama of the world with the mimic drama of the stage, in which, with the sight of a well-nurtured youth driven to the savage desperation of perilling his own life and assailing that of others,—and of weakly old age lying down in the feeble but equally resolved desperation of dying by the wayside, driven to this extremity by sore fatigue and hunger,—he diverts himself and his audience, whether in the forest or theatre, on the stage or in the closet, with graphic descriptions of human life; not one of them, proceeding as they do from the lips of the *melancholy* Jaques, presenting a single point on which true melancholy can dwell. . . . (P. 75): Jaques thinks not of the baby deserted on the step of the inhospitable door, of the shame of the mother, of the disgrace of the parents, of the misery of the forsaken infant. His boy is at school, his soldier in the breach, his elder on the justice-seat. Are these the woes of life? Is there no neglected creature left to himself, or to the worse nurture of others whose trade it is to corrupt—who will teach him what was taught to swaggering Jack Chance, found on Newgate steps, and educated at the venerable seminary of St Giles's Pound, where

'They taught him to drink, and to thieve, and fight,  
And everything else but to read and write'?

Is there no stripling short of commons, but abundant in the supply of the strap or the cudgel?—no man fighting through the world in fortuneless struggles, and occupied by cares or oppressed by wants more stringent than those of love?—or in love itself does the current of that bitter passion never run less smooth than when sonnets to a lady's eyebrow are the prime objects of solicitude?—or may not even he who began with such sonneteering have found something more serious and sad, something more heart-throbbing and soul-rending, in the progress of his passion? Is the soldier melancholy in the storm and whirlwind of war? Is the gallant confronting of the cannon a matter to be complained of? The dolorous flight, the trampled battalion, the broken squadron, the lost battle, the lingering wound, the ill-furnished hospital, the unfed blockade, hunger, and thirst, and pain, and fatigue, and mutilation, and cold, and rout, and scorn, and slight,—services neglected, unworthy claims preferred, life wasted, or honour tarnished,—are all passed by! In peaceful life we have no deeper misfortune placed before us than that it is not unusual that a justice of the peace may be prosy in remark and trite in illustration. Are there no other evils to assail us through the agony of life? And when the conclusion comes, how far less tragic is the portraiture of mental imbecility, if considered as a state of misery than as one of comparative happiness, as escaping a still worse lot! Crabbe is sadder far than Jaques, when, after his appalling description of the inmates of a workhouse, he winds up by showing to us amid its victims two persons as being

‘*happier* far than they,  
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.’

(P. 81): Shakespeare designed Jaques to be a maker of fine sentiments, a dresser forth in sweet language of the ordinary common-places or the common-place mishaps of mankind, and he takes care to show us that he did not intend him for anything else beside. With what admirable art he is confronted with Touchstone! He enters merrily, laughing at the pointless philosophising of the Fool in the forest. His lungs crow like chanticleer when he hears him moralising over his dial, and making the deep discovery that ten o'clock has succeeded nine and will be followed by eleven. When Touchstone himself appears, we do not find in his own discourse any touches of such deep contemplation. He is shrewd, sharp, worldly, witty, keen, glib, observant. It is plain that he has been mocking Jaques; and, as is usual, the mocked thinks himself the mocker. If one has moralised the spectacle of a wounded deer into a thousand similes, comparing his weeping into the stream to the conduct of worldlings in giving in their testaments the sum of more to that which had too much,—his abandonment, to the parting of the flux of companions from misery,—the sweeping by of the careless herd full of the pasture, to the desertion of the poor and broken bankrupt by the fat and greasy citizens,—and so forth; if such have been the common-places of Jaques, are they not fitly matched by the common-places of Touchstone upon his watch? . . . The motley fool is as wise as the melancholy lord whom he is parodying. The shepherd Corin, who replies to the courtly quizzing of Touchstone by such apothegms as that ‘it is the property of rain to wet, and of fire to burn,’ is unconsciously performing the same part to the clown as *he* had been designedly performing to Jaques. Witty nonsense is answered by dull nonsense, as the emptiness of poetry had been answered by the emptiness of prose. There was nothing sincere in the lamentation over the wounded stag. It was only used as a peg on which to hang fine conceits. Had Falstaff seen the deer, his imagination would have called up visions

of haunches and pasties, preluding an everlasting series of cups of sack among the revel riot of boon companions, and he would have instantly ordered its throat to be cut. If it had fallen in the way of Friar Lawrence, the mild-hearted man of herbs would have endeavoured to extract the arrow, heal the wound, and let the hart ungalled go free. Neither would have thought the hairy fool a subject for reflections which neither relieved the wants of man nor the pains of beast. Jaques complains of the injustice and cruelty of killing deer, but unscrupulously sits down to dine upon venison, and sorrows over the sufferings of the native burghers of the forest city, without doing anything further than amusing himself with rhetorical flourishes drawn from the contemplation of the pain which he witnesses with professional coolness and unconcern.

It is evident, in short, that the happiest days of his life are those which he is spending in the forest. His raking days are over, and he is tired of city dissipation. He has shaken hands with the world, finding, with Cowley, that 'he and it would never agree.' To use an expression somewhat vulgar, he has had his fun for his money; and he thinks the bargain so fair and conclusive on both sides that he has no notion of opening another. His mind is relieved of a thousand anxieties which beset him in the court, and he breathes freely in the forest. The iron has not entered into his soul; nothing has occurred to chase sleep from his eyelids; and his fantastic reflections are, as he himself takes care to tell us, but general observations on the ordinary and outward manners and feelings of mankind,—a species of taxing which 'like a wild goose flies, unclaim'd of any man.' Above all, in having abandoned station, and wealth, and country to join the faithful few who have in evil report clung manfully to their prince, he knows that he has played a noble and an honourable part; and they to whose lot it may have fallen to experience the happiness of having done a generous, disinterested, or self-denying action, or sacrificed temporary interests to undying principle, or shown to the world without that what are thought to be its great advantages can be flung aside or laid aside when they come in collision with the feelings and passions of the world within,—will be perfectly sure that Jaques, reft of land and banished from court, felt himself exalted in his own eyes, and, therefore, easy of mind, whether he was mourning in melodious blank verse or weaving jocular parodies on the canzonets of the good-humoured Amiens. . . .

Is the jesting, revelling, rioting Falstaff, broken of fortunes, luckless in life, sunk in habits, buffeting with the discreditable part of the world, or the melancholy, mourning, complaining Jaques, honourable of conduct, high in moral position, fearless of the future, and lying in the forest away from trouble,—which of them, I say, feels more the load of care? I think Shakespeare well knew, and depicted them accordingly.

W W LLOYD (Singer's Edition, 1856, p. 122): Jaques assuredly is wonderfully imagined; his recurring title is the melancholy Jaques, but his melancholy, as he intimates himself, is the most wondrously original. We hear that he has been a libertine, and he has seen too much of the worser side of the world and of mankind, and is not too hopeful of the world in any form; he gives a sour and saturnine picture of its people and their proceedings, and even of the course of nature's dispensations. His faith has received too severe a shock for it to be harmonised and braced again, even by the influences of the forest of Arden. But, perhaps, his restoration is merely proceeding. He can be already so far compassionate, as to weep while he makes satirical application of the sorrows of the sobbing deer; he can so far sympathise as to mightily enjoy the satire of Touchstone, and to come in merrily after the excitement and in

high intellectual exaltation. Again, we find 'him merry, hearing of a song.' In his advances to Orlando first, and afterward to Rosalind, he seems to have a certain craving for sympathy, and to seek it among the young, but he gets no encouragement; and with these cheerful souls his despondency and censoriousness seem the habits of either a fool or a cipher, or a very abominable fellow. We may not unnaturally think that they do him injustice; the banished Duke found more matter in him than that; but those of his temperament may never hope to fare better from the young, the lovely, and who are moreover lovers. Still, I would fain put in a good word for the humorist, who, whether from his own fierce though now exhausted passions, or from the world's cold manners and hard treatment, has conceived a disgust for society as it is for the most part to be met with, will never venture deep into its treacherous waters, but is content to skirt the margin, within reach of retirement at any time, and the more crowded company of his own thoughts. Much of this temper remains with him to the last, but we see that, if little disposed still for cheerful sociability, at least the venom has left the wound that he bears with him, when the tenor of his parting speech evinces his recognition and belief of the practical reality in the Duke of patience and virtue deserving the happiest restoration, in Orlando of love and true faith, when he wishes good speed with a sympathy that is unaffected to the marriage blessings of Oliver and Silvius, and reserves his only barbed shaft for Touchstone, his companion, and ally, and fellow-satirist, and in more than one respect a representative of himself.

FRANÇOIS-VICTOR HUGO (*Introduction*, 1860, p. 62) : Des critiques ingénieux ont comparé Jacques à Alceste. Mais Jacques n'est pas un misanthrope; il ne hait pas les hommes, il les plant; s'il les censure, c'est par sollicitude, non par animosité. Ce ne sont pas les considérations mondaines qui le rendent hypocondre. . . . La mauvaise humeur d'Alceste tient à des causes accidentelles; il a perdu son procès, il a été dupé par une coquette, il est né au milieu d'une société frivole, hypocrite et corrompue, et de là son antipathie contre l'espèce humaine. Supposez qu'il ait gagné sa cause, qu'il se soit fait aimer de Célimène, et que tous les abus dénoncés par lui aient été réformés, sa misanthropie n'aura plus de raison d'être. Transportez Alceste dans le milieu où Shakespeare a placé Jacques, et il y a tout lieu de croire qu'Alceste sera satisfait. Pourquoi donc Jacques ne l'est-il pas? D'où vient que la république primitive établie à l'ombre de la forêt des Ardennes n'a pas désarmé son opposition? Comment se fait-il que le retour de l'âge d'or n'ait pas apaisé ses murmures? Ah! c'est que le spleen de Jacques est produit par des raisons profondes. Ce n'est pas contre la société qu'il a des griefs, c'est contre l'existence. Ce n'est pas à l'humanité qu'il rompt en visière, c'est à la nature.

Ce qui attriste Jacques, c'est ce drame monotone dont une omnipotence anonyme a fait le scénario et que tous successivement nous jouons sur le théâtre du monde; c'est cette tragédie lugubre qui commence par des gémissements et qui finit par des gémissements, dont la première scène est une enfance 'qui vagit et bave au bras d'une nourrice,' et dont 'la scène finale est une seconde enfance, état de pur oubli, sans dents, sans yeux, sans goût, sans rien!'—Jacques a connu toutes les joies de ce monde, il a épuisé la jouissance, il a bu de la volupté jusqu'à cette lie captieuse, la débauche. Et d'une satiété aussi complète, il n'a gardé qu'une insondable amertume. Toutes nos délices terrestres n'ont réussi qu'à l'écœurer. La plus haute des émotions humaines, l'amour, n'est plus pour lui qu'un malaise moral. *Le pire de vos défauts*, dit-il à Orlando, *c'est d'être amoureux*. Et il se détourne avec une sorte de rage de ce jeune affolé.—Nos appétits révoltent Jacques autant que nos inclinations.

Il n'est pas jusqu' au plus frugal repas dont le menu ne lui répugne ; il s'indigne de cette voracité sanguinaire que peut seule apaiser une boucherie ; il a horreur de cette cuisine vampire qui ne dépèce que des cadavres. Quand le vieux duc s'en va quérir à la chasse son souper du soir, il faut entendre Jacques s'apitoyer 'sur ces pauvres animaux tachetés, bourgeois natis de cette cité sauvage, que les flèches fourchues atteignent sur leur propre terrain ;' il faut l'entendre dénoncer la cruauté du noble veneur et 'jurer que le vieux duc est un plus grand usurpateur que son frère.' Ainsi les exigences mêmes de la faim 'navrent le mélancholique Jacques.' Il critique la vie dans ses nécessités élémentaires ; il attaque, dans l'ordre physique comme dans l'ordre moral, la constitution même de l'être. C'est au nom de l'âme hautaine qu' il s'insurge contre cette double servitude imposée à l'homme ici-bas ; le besoin et la passion. Il est incorrigible mécontent qu' aucune réforme ne satisfera, qu' aucune concession ne ralliera. Sa mélancholie superbe est le dédaigneux reproche jeté par l'idée à la matière, par l'esprit au corps, par la créature à la création.

The COWDEN-CLARKES (*Note on V*, iv, 201): To our thinking the manner of Jaques's departure is in perfect harmony with his character throughout. We first see him bluff and churlish to Amiens, who sings at his request ; we see him full of churlish and affected avoidance of the Duke, who inquires for him ; we see him indulging in conceited and churlish rebukes upon vices that he himself had wallowed in to satiety ; we see him trying to disgust Orlando with his young and hearty love ; meddling in Touchstone's affairs with Audrey ; attempting to persuade the shepherd-boy, Ganymede, that assumed madness is wisdom ; and we now see him giving an ill-natured fling at the jester's choice of the country-girl, and morosely declining to witness the wedding festivities,—affected and churlish from first to last. The fact is, Jaques has always been taken for what he professes to be,—a moralist ; but looked at as the Duke demonstrates him to be, and as Shakespeare has subtly drawn him, he is a mere lip-deep moraliser, a dealer in moral precepts, a morality-monger.

DOWDEN (p. 77): Of real melancholy there is none in the play ; for the melancholy of Jaques is not grave and earnest, but sentimental, a self-indulgent humour, a petted foible of character, melancholy prepense and cultivated. . . . Jaques has been no more than a curious experimenter in libertinism, for the sake of adding an experience of madness and folly to the store of various superficial experiences which constitute his unpractical foolery of wisdom. The haunts of sin have been visited as a part of his travel. By and by he will go to the usurping Duke who has put on a religious life, because 'out of these convertites there is much matter to be heard and learned.'

Jaques died, we know not how, or when, or where ; but he came to life again a century later, and appeared in the world as an English clergyman ; we need stand in no doubt as to his character, for we all know him under his later name of Lawrence Sterne. Mr Yorick made a mistake about his family tree ; he came not out of the play of *Hamlet*, but out of *As You Like It*. In Arden he wept and moralised over the wounded deer ; and at Nampont his tears and sentiment gushed forth for the dead donkey. Jaques knows no bonds that unite him to any living thing. He lives upon novel, curious, and delicate sensations. He seeks the delicious *imprévu* so loved and studiously sought for by that perfected French egotist, Henri Beyle. . . . Falstaff supposed that by infinite play of wit, and inexhaustible resource of a genius creative of splendid mendacity, he could coruscate away the facts of life, and always remain

master of the situation by giving it a clever turn in the idea or by playing over it with an arabesque of arch waggery . . . Jaques in his own way supposes that he can dispense with realities. The world, not as it is, but as it mirrors itself in his own mind, which gives to each object a humorous distortion,—this is what alone interests Jaques. Shakspeare would say to us: 'This egoistic, contemplative, unreal manner of treating life is only a delicate kind of foolery. Real knowledge of life can never be acquired by the curious seeker for experiences.' But this Shakspeare says in his non-hortatory, undogmatic way.

FURNIVALL (*Introduction to The Leopold Shakspeare*, p. lviii): Jaques, 'compact of jars,' is always getting out of bed on the wrong side every morning and taking the world the wrong way. . . . He has been a libertine, is soured, and like the rascal Don John in *Much Ado*, he hides his bad nature under the cloak of seeming honesty of plain-speaking. His mission is to set everything to rights; but God forbid *he* should take the trouble to act. He wants liberty only to blow on whom he pleases; he abuses everybody, moralises, weeps sentimentally, and is a kind of mixture of Carlyle in his bad Latter-day-Pamphlets mood, and water, with none of the grand positiveness of our Victorian biographer, historian, and moralist. Look at his philosophy of man's life, and what poor stuff it is! Macbeth, the murderer, repeats it; to them both, men and women are but players.

A. O. KELLOGG (*Shakespeare's Delineations of Insanity*, &c. 1866, p. 87): Those who have carefully observed the phenomena of mind as warped by the more delicate shades of disease,—shades so delicate perhaps as to be scarcely recognised by the ordinary observer,—must have remarked that in certain cases there are mental conditions which appear at first sight almost incompatible and contradictory. This is most frequently illustrated in those mild, but nevertheless marked, cases of incipient melancholia, underlying which may frequently be found a vein or substratum of genuine humour; so that the expression 'wrapped in a most humorous sadness' is neither contradictory nor by any means paradoxical. . . . Shakespeare, who observed everything, has furnished us some notable examples, none more so, if we except Hamlet, than Jaques. In the character of Jaques it is very evident that Shakespeare intended to represent a certain delicate shade of incipient melancholia. . . . The melancholy of Jaques is not so much a fixed condition of disease as the gradual ingravescence of the melancholic state. . . . After a careful examination of him, we confess our inability to discover anything more really morbid in his mental or moral organization than what is glanced at above as belonging to the initiatory stage of the disease. . . . His character contrasts most favourably with that of the Duke, who indulges in the grossest personalities toward him, and thereby shows that if the one is the nobleman, the other is, in this respect, much more the gentleman. When Jaques asks, 'What, for a counter, would I do but good?' the Duke replies in a tirade of most ungentlemanly personalities, and the way these are received and replied to by Jaques is characteristic of him and highly creditable to his temper and disposition. How charmingly he eschews all personalities, and a disposition to injure the feelings of individuals in his innocent railings, in his reply to the coarse railings and gross personalities of the Duke!

HUDSON (*Introduction*, p. 18, 1880): *Jaques the Juicy*. Jaques is, I believe, an universal favourite, as, indeed, he well may be, for he is certainly one of the Poet's



happiest conceptions. Without being at all unnatural, he has an amazing fund of peculiarity. Enraptured out of his senses at the voice of a song; thrown into a paroxysm of laughter at the sight of the motley-clad and motley-witted Fool; and shedding the twilight of his merry-sad spirit over all the darker spots of human life and character, he represents the abstract and sum-total of an utterly useless, yet perfectly harmless, man, seeking wisdom by abjuring its first principle. An odd choice mixture of reality and affectation, he does nothing but think, yet avowedly thinks to no purpose; or rather thinking is with him its own end. On the whole, if in Touchstone there is much of the philosopher in the Fool, in Jaques there is not less of the fool in the philosopher; so that Ulrici is not so wide of the mark in calling them 'two fools.' Jaques is equally wilful, too, with Touchstone, in his turn of thought and speech, though not so conscious of it; and as he plays his part more to please himself, so he is proportionably less open to the healing and renovating influences of Nature. We cannot justly affirm, indeed, that 'the soft blue sky did never melt into his heart,' as Wordsworth says of his Peter Bell; but he shows more of resistance than all the other persons to the poetries and eloquences of the place. Tears are a great luxury to him; he sips the cup of woe with all the gust of an epicure. Still, his temper is by no means sour; fond of solitude, he is, nevertheless, far from being unsocial. The society of good men, provided they be in adversity, has great charms for him. He likes to be with those who, though deserving the best, still have the worst; virtue wronged, buffeted, oppressed, is his special delight, because such moral discrepancies offer the most salient points to his cherished meditations. He himself enumerates nearly all the forms of melancholy except his own, which I take to be the melancholy of self-love. And its effect in his case is not unlike that of Touchstone's art; inasmuch as he greatly delights to see things otherwise than as they really are, and to make them speak out some meaning that is not in them; that is, their plain and obvious sense is not to his taste. Nevertheless, his melancholy is grateful, because free from any dash of malignity. His morbid habit of mind seems to spring from an excess of generative virtue. And how racy and original is everything that comes from him! as if it bubbled up from the centre of his being; while his perennial fulness of matter makes his company always delightful. The Duke loves especially to meet him in his 'sullen fits,' because then he overflows with his most idiomatic humour. After all, the worst that can be said of Jaques is, that the presence of men who are at once fortunate and deserving corks him up; which may be only another way of saying that he cannot open out and run over save where things are going wrong.

MACDONALD (*The Imagination*, 1883, p. 109): But what do we know about the character of Shakespeare? How can we tell the inner life of a man who has uttered himself in dramas, in which of course it is impossible that he should ever speak in his own person? No doubt he may speak his own sentiments through the mouths of many of his persons; but how are we to know in what cases he does so? At least we may assert, as a self-evident negative, that a passage treating of a wide question put into the mouth of a person despised and rebuked by the best characters in the play is not likely to contain any cautiously formed and cherished opinion of the dramatist. At first sight this may seem almost a truism; but we have only to remind our readers that one of the passages oftenest quoted with admiration is 'The Seven Ages of Man,' a passage full of inhuman contempt for humanity and unbelief in its destiny, in which not one of the seven ages is allowed to pass over its poor sad stage

without a sneer; and that this passage is given by Shakespeare to the *blasé* sensualist Jaques, a man who, the good and wise Duke says, has been as vile as it is possible for man to be,—so vile that it would be an additional sin in him to rebuke sin; a man who never was capable of seeing what is good in any man, and hates men's vices *because* he hates themselves, seeing in them only the reflex of his own disgust. Shakespeare knew better than to say that all the world is a stage, and all the men and women merely players. He had been a player himself, but only on the stage; Jaques had been a player where he ought to have been a true man. The whole of his account of human life is contradicted and exposed at once by the entrance, the very moment when he had finished his wicked burlesque, of Orlando, the young master, carrying Adam, the old servant, upon his back. The song that immediately follows, sings true: 'Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.' But between the *all* of Jaques and the *most* of the song, there is just the difference between earth and hell.—Of course, both from a literary and dramatic point of view, *The Seven Ages* is perfect.

## CELIA

CHARLES COWDEN-CLARKE (p. 51): The whole of this 'love at first sight' on Celia's part is managed with Shakespeare's masterly skill. I have always felt those three little speeches to be profoundly true to individual nature, where the ladies are questioning Oliver respecting the incident of the lioness and the snake in the forest, and of Orlando's timely succour. Celia exclaims, in amazement, 'Are you his brother?' Rosalind says, 'Was it you he *rescued*?' And Celia rejoins, 'Was 't *you* that did so oft contrive to kill him?' Celia's first exclamation is surprised concern to find that this stranger, who interests her, is that unnatural brother of whom she had heard. Rosalind's thought is of her lover,—Orlando's *generosity* in rescuing one who has behaved so unnaturally towards himself; while Celia recurs to the difficulty she has in reconciling the image of one who has acted basely and cruelly with him she sees before her—who is speedily becoming to her the impersonation of all that is attractive, estimable, and lovable in man. Her affectionate nature cannot persuade itself to believe this villainy of him; she, therefore, incredulously reiterates, 'Was 't *YOU* that did so oft contrive to kill him?' And his reply is a beautiful evidence of the sweetness which beams transparent in her; since it already influences him, by effecting a confirmation of the virtuous resolves to which his brother's generosity has previously given rise, and by causing him to fall as suddenly in love with her as she with him. He says:

'Twas I; but 'tis not I;—I do not shame  
To tell you what I was, since my conversion  
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.'

It is one of the refined beauties that distinguish Shakespeare's metaphysical philosophy, to show us how a fine nature acting upon an inferior one through the subtle agency of love, operates beneficially to elevate and purify. At one process it proclaims its own excellence, and works amelioration in another. Celia's charm of goodness wins the unkind brother of Orlando (Oliver) to a passionate admiration of herself, at the same time that it excites *his* emulation to become worthy of her. It begins by teaching him the bravery of a candid avowal of his crime,—the first step towards reformation. Celia's loving-kindness, like all true loving-kindness, hath *this* twofold virtue and grace: it no less benefits her friends than adorns herself.

## TOUCHSTONE

HAZLITT (p. 308, 1817): Touchstone is not in love, but he will have a mistress as a subject for the exercise of his grotesque humour and to show his contempt for the passion by his indifference about the person. He is a rare fellow. He is a mixture of the ancient cynic philosopher with the modern buffoon, and turns folly into wit, and wit into folly, just as the fit takes him. His courtship of Audrey not only throws a degree of ridicule on the state of wedlock itself, but he is equally an enemy to the prejudices of opinion in other respects. The lofty tone of enthusiasm which the Duke and his companions in exile spread over the stillness and solitude of a country life receives a pleasant shock from Touchstone's sceptical determination of the question in his reply to Corin, III, ii, 14-22. Zimmerman's celebrated work on *Solitude* discovers only *half* the sense of this passage.

## GERMAN CRITICISMS

A. W. SCHLEGEL (*Lectures on Dramatic Literature*, trans. by Black, 1815, vol. ii, p. 172): It would be difficult to bring the contents of *As You Like It* within the compass of an ordinary relation: nothing takes place, or rather what does take place is not so essential as what is said; even what may be called the dénouement is brought about in a pretty arbitrary manner. Whoever perceives nothing but what is capable of demonstration will hardly be disposed to allow that it has any plan at all. Banishment and flight have assembled together in the Forest of Arden a singular society: a Duke dethroned by his brother, and, with his faithful companions in misfortune, living in the wilds on the produce of the chase; two disguised princesses, who love each other with a sisterly affection; a witty court fool; lastly, the native inhabitants of the forest, ideal and natural shepherds and shepherdesses. These lightly-sketched figures pass along in the most diversified succession; we see always the shady dark-green landscape in the background, and breathe in imagination the fresh air of the forest. The hours are here measured by no clocks, no regulated recurrence of duty or toil; they flow on unnumbered in voluntary occupation or fanciful idleness, to which every one addicts himself according to his humour or disposition; and this unlimited freedom compensates all of them for the lost conveniences of life. One throws himself down solitarily under a tree, and indulges in melancholy reflections on the changes of fortune, the falsehood of the world, and the self-created torments of social life; others make the woods resound with social and festive songs to the accompaniment of their horns. Selfishness, envy, and ambition have been left in the city behind them; of all the human passions, love alone has found an entrance into this wilderness, where it dictates the same language to the simple shepherd and the chivalrous youth, who hangs his love-ditty to a tree. A prudish shepherdess falls instantaneously in love with Rosalind, disguised in man's apparel; the latter sharply reproaches her with her severity to her poor lover, and the pain of refusal, which she at length feels from her own experience, disposes her to compassion and requital. The fool carries his philosophical contempt of external show and his raillery of the illusion of love so far, that he purposely seeks out the ugliest and simplest country wench for a mistress. Throughout the whole picture it seems to have been the intention of the poet to show that nothing is wanted to call forth the poetry which has its dwelling in nature and the human mind, but to throw off all artificial constraint and

restore both to their native liberty. In the progress of the piece itself the visionary carelessness of such an existence is expressed; it has even been alluded to by Shakespeare in the title. Whoever affects to be displeased that in this romantic forest the ceremonial of dramatic art is not duly observed, ought in justice to be delivered over to the wise fool, for the purpose of being kindly conducted out of it to some prosaical region.

GERVINUS (*Shakespeare*, 4th ed., Leipzig, 1872, i, 494): The sweetest salve in misery, so runs 'the golden legacy' of the *Novel*, is patience, and the only medicine for want is contentment. Misfortune is to be defied with equanimity, and our lot be met with resignation. Hence, both the women and Orlando mock at Fortune and disregard her power. All the three principal figures (or, including Oliver, four) have this fate in common, that to all their external misfortunes, to banishment and to poverty, there is added, as a new evil (for so it is regarded): love. Even this they strive to encounter with the same weapons, with control and with moderation, not yielding too much, not seeking too much, with more regard to virtue and nature than to wealth and position, just as Rosalind chooses the inferior (*nachgeborenen*) Orlando, and just as Oliver chooses the shepherdess Celia. It is in reference to this that the pair of pastoral lovers are brought into contrast: Silvius loves too ardently, while Phebe loves too prudishly. If this moral reflection be expressed in a word, it is Self-control, Equanimity, Serenity in outward sorrow and inward suffering, whereof we here may learn the price. That this thought lies at the core of Shakespeare's comedy is scarcely at the first glance conceivable. So wholly is every reflection eliminated, so completely is there, in the lightest and freest play of the action and of the dialogue, merely a picture sketched out before us.

ULRICI (*Shakespeare's Dramatic Art*, ii, 14, translated by L. Dora Schmitz, London, 1876): The general comic view of life is reflected throughout the whole play, and forms the foundation and platform upon which the action moves. . . . The motives which set the whole in motion are merely chance, the unintentional encounter of persons and incidents, and the freaks, caprices, and humours, the sentiments, feelings, and emotions, to which the various personages recklessly give way in what they do and leave undone. Nowhere does the representation treat of conscious plans, definite resolves, decided aims and objects; nowhere do we find preconsidered or, in fact, deeper, motives proceeding from the inmost nature of the characters. The characters themselves, even though clearly and correctly delineated, are generally drawn in light, hurried outlines, but are full of life, gay and bold in action, and quick in decision; they appear, as already said, either inconstant, variable, going from one extreme to the other, or possess such a vast amount of imagination, sensitiveness, and love for what is romantic and adventurous that their conduct, to a prosaic mind, can only appear thoughtless, capricious, and arbitrary; and such a mind would be inclined to call them all fools, oddities, and fantastic creatures (in the same way as Sir Oliver Martext, in the play itself, calls the whole company in the forest 'fantastical knaves.' [A doubtful interpretation.—ED.]) And, in fact, all do exactly what and as they please; each gives him or herself up, in unbridled wilfulness, to good or evil, according to his or her own whims, moods, or impulses, whatever the consequences may prove to be. Each looks upon and turns and shapes life as it pleases him or herself. The Forest of Arden is their stage; with its fresh and free atmosphere, its mysterious chiaroscuro, its idyllic scenery for huntsmen and shepherds, it is, at the same time, the fitting scene

for the realisation of a mode and conception of life as is here described. . . . At court, in more complicated relations, in a state of impure feelings and selfish endeavours, [such a life as just described] would lose its poetical halo, its innocence and gayety, and become untruth, hypocrisy, injustice, and violence, as is proved by the reigning Duke, his courtiers, and Oliver de Bois. The point of the piece seems to lie in this contrast; but care had to be taken not to make it too pointed, not to make it a serious moral conflict. . . . Shakespeare's intention—that is, the sense in which he conceived Lodge's narrative and transformed it into a drama, which, as I think, is clearly enough manifested in the spirit and character of the whole, as well as reflected in the several points—is concentrated, and, so to say, condensed in the second and more personal contrast in which the two fools of the piece stand to one another. They, and the unimportant figure of the shepherdess whom Touchstone chooses as his sweetheart, are the only persons whom Shakespeare did not find in Lodge's narrative, but freely invented. This addition, however, is in so far of great importance, as it alone gives the original subject-matter a different character and colouring, and, so to say, forms the ideal norm, which determines the other alterations introduced by Shakespeare. The two fools, by virtue of the contrast in which they stand to each other, mutually complete each other. The melancholy Jaques is not the fool by profession; he appears rather to be a comic character *par excellence*; but his meditative superficiality, his witty sentimentality, his merry sadness have taken so complete a hold of his nature, that it seems to contradict itself, and, therefore, upon a closer examination, distinctly bears the impress of folly, although it certainly is an original kind of folly.

(P. 20): He, Touchstone, the professed Fool, may frankly be declared the most rational person of the whole curious company, for he alone invariably knows his own mind; in regarding everything as sheer folly, he, at the same time, takes it up in the humour in which it must be understood.

F. KREYSSIG (*Vorlesungen*, &c., vol. iii, p. 237, Berlin, 1862): Shakespeare took for the subject of his drama the Pastoral Romance of Lodge, whereof the ruling idea is the contrast between the over-refined worn-out state of society and health-giving freshness of Nature. In the drama, however, both sides of the picture stand out clear and contrasted, and vague dissolving portraiture rises to plastic dramatic representation.

[In III, i, where Oliver tells the usurping Duke that he never lov'd Orlando, and the Duke answers, 'More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors,' &c., Kreyssig exclaims, 'What a significant contribution to the Natural History of political tyranny is contained in this answer of the Duke?' and then adds:] Just as the earnest gravity of the dramatic action is here directed against moral principles, so, the whole piece through, the arrows of wit are aimed at the follies and weaknesses of the world of rank and fashion, the target for the merriment of the fool as well as for the acrid sarcasm of the misanthrope; and, if without bitterness, at least one and all of the healthier natures there turn their backs on it.

(P. 242): And on this dark background of life [*i. e.* all Touchstone's descriptions of court manners] which the Poet has drawn, not in lackadaisical whinings and taffeta phrases, but with the vigorous colours of reality, he has painted a picture of a simple, natural mode of life as bright and fresh as ever quickened the weary soul of a worn-out citizen at the very first breath of the woods and the mountains. Through these scenes, in praise of which all lovers of Shakespeare unite, is wafted the refresh-

ing earthy smell of the woods and the vivifying breeze from the mountains. Like the outlaws of the popular ballad, like Robin Hood and his comrades, the exiled Duke and his faithful friends forget under the boughs of the Forest of Ardennes loss and vexation, envy and ambition, with care and sorrow in their train.

(P. 243): For vigorous natures, temporarily out of tune, the Poet offers a wholesome medicine throughout this airy romantic life, which, however, is not to be regarded as the sentimental ideal of a normal condition which has been overwhelmed and lost in society. What the shepherds and shepherdesses in conventional pastoral poetry really are (without intending to appear so), namely, fugitives from a false social condition enjoying for a while a sort of masquerade and picnic freedom—in place of such, Shakespeare gives us honest and true his romantic dwellers in the Forest of Ardennes. And this is the very reason why he catches the genuine tone of this careless, free, natural existence, which in the case of the ideal shepherds of the Spaniards, French, or Italians is cabined and confined by merely another form of artificial intercourse.

[After having described the effect of the last words of Jaques: 'out of these convites there is much matter to be heard and learned,' and how 'with these words the supersubtle, travelling man of the world takes a fresh comfortless start for new studies in his barren knowledge,' Kreyssig goes on to say:] (P. 250): Thus here in a romantic Arcadia, the law of life prevailing in a well-ordered moral condition of society maintains its sacred rights. And while the genius of the British Poet, conscious of its aim, rises high above the conventional forms of the South which it had borrowed, many of the scenes of this comedy are transformed into a diverting parody of the sentimentalism of pastoral poetry.

#### GEORGE SAND'S *COMME IL VOUS PLAIRA*

GEORGE SAND'S adaptation, *Comme il vous plaira*, is another illustration of the impossibility of transplanting *As You Like It*; it takes even less kindly to French than to German soil.

By way of Preface to her adaptation George Sand gives a letter which she wrote to Régnier, explaining her aims. From the tone of this letter, so outspoken and enthusiastic in its admiration of Shakespeare, it is easy to see that wherein George Sand does not follow her original, it is through no lack of reverence, but that in all sincerity she endeavoured to adapt her version to the usages of her own country, or rather (to be more correct) to the fashion of the hour. 'Whilst Shakespeare,' she says (I quote Lady Monson's translation), 'abandoned himself to the passionate transports or the delicious caprices of his inspiration, he trod under foot, along with the rules of composition, certain requirements which the mind legitimately demands—order, sobriety, the harmonies of action, and logic. But he was Shakespeare; therefore, he did well if such ebullitions were necessary to the pouring out of the most vast and vigorous genius that ever pervaded a theatre.' It is the contrasts in Shakespeare, the high lights and deep shades, it seems, which, to a mind educated in the inflexible laws of the French drama, prove almost insurmountable barriers to a due appreciation of Shakespeare. 'By a strange inconsistency,' she says in another place, 'which appears incomprehensible, he placed the most divine grace and chastity side by side with the most startling cynicism; the gentleness of the angel by

'the fury of the tiger; and the most piercing sorrow in juxtaposition with untranslatable conceits of reckless license.' George Sand, therefore, deemed it 'neither a profanation nor an outrage to clothe this Colossus in borrowed garments—rather it is a homage, rendered to the impossibility of finding robes of modern French fashion sufficiently grand and majestic for him.'

It would be easy enough to be flippant and to make merry over the cut of the very modern French garments in which George Sand has here clothed the characters of *As You Like It*. To her, as to the Germans, the wit and charm of heavenly Rosalind are lost; the melancholy Jaques fascinates her, and he becomes the hero of the play, far eclipsing all the rest. The treatment of such a comedy by such a woman, in our own day, presents so curious a problem that it is, I think, well worth while to ponder over a sketch, at least, of her version.

We must bear in mind that in this adaptation George Sand is simply what her public made her. She merely interprets the demands of the day and speaks to French ears. Under this inspiration, let us trust, rather than under what is genuinely her own, the Forest of Arden is transformed into the *Faubourg Saint-Germain*.

In the opening scene, which is laid on a lawn before the Ducal Palace, with the ring prepared for the wrestling, Orlando declares to Adam his determination to stay and see the games and the court, but, above all, the fair Rosalind; Oliver enters and a quarrel ensues, wherein some of Shakespeare's phrases are used, such as Orlando's demand for his patrimony and reproaches for his ill-treatment. Oliver calls Orlando 'jeune drôle,' and threatens him with a switch, which the younger brother snatches and flings away, but which Adam picks up and respectfully returns to Oliver, who calls him, as is in the original, 'old dog,' and goes out leaving Orlando in tears. Jaques, who had entered during the quarrel and been a silent spectator, now comes forward and asks for an explanation of the scene from Adam, with the suggestion that it may have been a rehearsal for the games at hand;—this, Orlando resents, and at last demands who Jaques is: 'Qui je suis?' replies the latter, 'Hélas! un homme bien las de l'être.' 'Si vous avez le spleen,' rejoins Orlando, 'ne dégoutez pas les jeunes gens de vivre.' After some bitter comments by Jaques on that style of 'living,' Orlando departs, having expressed his determination to try a fall with the champion Charles. Adam then reveals to Jaques that he has recognised him as an old adherent of the banished Duke, and begs to know if a place could be found at the banished Duke's court for Orlando. Before this point is settled Rosalind, Celia, and some pages enter, and Adam and Jaques retire. Celia begs Rosalind to be gay, but the latter explains her melancholy by revealing her suspicions that her uncle by his recent ill-treatment of her intends shortly to banish her. Celia assures Rosalind that when the succession to the throne falls to her she will restore it all again to Rosalind; 'Oh! j'en fais le serment,' she adds, 'et, si j'y manque, puisse-je devenir un monstre de laideur!' Touchstone enters (here called Pierre Touchard), and the original is somewhat followed in the story of the knight and the pancakes, but before it is finished Rosalind catches sight of Jaques and Adam at the back, and gazes intently at Jaques, of whose features she has a dim memory. Adam kisses Jaques's hand and retires; Jaques comes forward, and asks Touchstone which of the two ladies is the daughter of the Duke. Celia advances and replies:

Je suis la fille du duc qui règne. (*Montrant Rosalinde.*) Elle est la fille de celui qui devrait régner.

*Jacques.* Madame, vous dites plus vrai peut-être que vous ne pensez.

*Celia* (étonnée de la brusquerie de Jacques). Ah ! ami, que ne prends-tu le bonnet de ce fou ? Tu sembles fait pour le porter !

*Jacques*. Je sais qu' à la cour, il faut porter ce bonnet pour dire la vérité. (*A Rosalinde, en allant à elle.*) Madame, je vous apporte des nouvelles de votre père.

*Rosalinde*. Mon père ! Ah ! parlez vite ! et parlez beaucoup !

*Jacques*. Il m'a chargé de vous dire qu' il vous souhaitait un printemps aussi vert que sa vieillesse.

*Rosalinde* (allant à Célia.) Embrasse-moi, chère Célia, et Dieu soit loué ! (*A Jacques.*) Est-il toujours dans son château des Ardennes, et compte-t-il y rester encore ?

Jaques is able to assure Rosalind that her father is contented and happy ; and then becomes himself the object of the ladies' curiosity. ' Je ne suis plus ce que j'étais,' he says, ' ne me cherchez pas dans vos souvenirs ; mon nom a changé de sens comme tout le reste. Autrefois, ici, j'étais pour tous Jacques le viveur et le magique ; aujourd'hui, on m'appelle, là-bas, Jacques le rêveur et le solitaire.' He promises to carry a letter from Rosalind to her father, and Celia, as she retires, says of him : ' Son œil est encore vif et beau ; mais sa bouche est une tombe où le sourire est enseveli.' While Jaques is waiting for this letter he overhears Oliver and Charles plotting the death of Orlando at the wrestling, and has time only to warn Adam of it before the Duke and his court enter and take their places to witness the games, and Rosalind gives Jaques the letter. Orlando, despite Adam's agonised entreaties, insists upon wrestling, and is of course victorious. The Duke is angered at hearing his name. Rosalind gives him a chain. The Duke recognises Jaques, and trembles. After the games are over, and Celia, Rosalind, and Jaques are in conversation, Touchstone enters hastily and announces that the Duke's suspicion against Rosalind is again aroused, and that, having marked her interest in Orlando, and detected her in giving a letter to Jaques, is convinced that she is in a conspiracy against him, and that he has therefore banished her. The First Act closes with the resolution of Celia and Rosalind to fly to the Forest of Ardennes under the escort of Jaques and of Touchstone, whose thoughts, by the way, are always engrossed by eating and drinking.

The Second Act opens in the Forest of Ardennes with the Duke, Amiens, and lords. A fire is lit at the back for an improvised kitchen, and valets are unpacking hamper and dishes.

*Le Duc*. Voici le lieu choisi pour notre halte. (*A ses gens.*) Amis, servez-nous la collation sous ces arbres. (*Aux seigneurs.*) Si Jacques revient aujourd'hui, il saura nous retrouver ici. Puissé-je recevoir aujourd'hui des nouvelles de ma fille chérie et revoir la figure d'un ami fidèle ! Et vous, mes frères, mes compagnons d'exil, ne vous tarde-t-il point d'entendre soupirer ou gronder notre philosophe mélancolique ? . . . Pour moi, plus il me gourmande, plus il m'intéresse, et c'est dans ses plus grands accès de misanthropie que je trouve du profit à l'entendre. J'aime alors à le contredire et à le critiquer pour l'obliger à parler davantage ; car, au fond de ses récriminations contre le genre humain, je vois toujours briller l'amour du vrai et la haine du mal, comme les claires étoiles derrière les nuages sombres.

Audrey appears bringing in ' le lait de ses brebis et les fruits de son verger,' whereupon the Duke is touched and thus addresses her : ' Sois toujours la bienvenue, ma pauvre enfant ! Ma fille est à peu près de son âge ; mais combien je me la représente plus grande et plus belle !' Touchstone enters, much to Audrey's alarm, and while demanding to have the Duke pointed out to him falls to eating whatever he can lay



his hands on. At last he takes an apple with the remark : ' Je prends cette pomme pour philosopher sur le destin de l'homme. Ce fruit n'est-il pas son image ? Que faisait cette pomme sur son arbre, et que va-t-elle devenir si je ne la mange ? (*Il mords dans la pomme.*) C'est ainsi que, d'heure en heure, nous mûrissons, mûrissons ; et puis d'heure en heure, nous pourrissions, pourrissions, jusqu' à ce que la mort nous croque et que la terre nous avale.'

Jaques enters with Rosalind, clad as a young boy. ' Jacques !' exclaims the Duke, ' et ma fille ? ma fille ?'

*Jacques.* Voici une lettre d'elle.

*Le Duc.* Une lettre ?

*Jacques.* Vous attendiez-vous donc à la revoir ?

*Le Duc (ouvrant la lettre).* Hélas ! non . . . Si elle est heureuse, . . . qu'elle reste où elle est bien !

*Jacques (à Rosalinde, qui est restée loin derrière lui, à mi-voix).* Approchez . . . et parlez-lui avec précaution.

*Rosalinde.* Ah ! je ne saurais lui parler !

*Le Duc (lisant la lettre).* Elle espère qu'un jour on lui permettra. . . . Ah ! si j'étais moins vieux, j'aurais plus de patience. (*À Rosalinde, qui met un genou en terre devant lui.*) Que veux-tu mon enfant ? Es-tu le fils ou le petit-fils de quelque ami de ma jeunesse ? Et, pour cela, on te persécute peut-être à la cour de mon frère ? (*Jacques fait un signe affirmatif.*) Si tu cherches un refuge auprès de moi, sois le bienvenu. Mais ne compte pas faire ici une brillante carrière. Nous avons perdu la pompe de notre rang et trouvé une vie plus rude pour le corps, plus saine pour l'âme. Ces bois nous offrent moins de dangers que les palais, séjour de l'envie. Ici, nous n'avons à subir que la peine infligée à notre premier père, le changement des saisons et la nécessité de devoir notre nourriture aux fatigues de la chasse ; mais, brûlé par le soleil ou surpris par la tempête, je souris parfois en me disant : " Il n'y a point ici de flatteurs, car voilà des conseillers qui me font sentir qu'un prince est un homme, et un homme est bien peu de chose ! . . ." Mais pourquoi pleures-tu, mon enfant ? car je sens tes larmes sur mes mains ! Mon sort t'effraye, et tu regrettes d'être venu le partager ?

*Rosalinde.* Ah ! je veux vivre près de vous, monseigneur ; ne me renvoyez pas !

*Jacques (souriant).* Gardez-le près de vous ; il vous servira bien.

*Le Duc.* J'y consens ; mais qu'il me dise son nom et me montre son visage.

(*Rosalinde se relève. Il la regarde avec émotion. Elle n'y peut tenir et se jette dans ses bras.*)

*Rosalinde.* Ah ! mon père ! c'est moi !

*Le Duc.* Ma fille, ma Rosalinde ! sous ce déguisement ! (*Surprise et mouvement général.*)

*Rosalinde.* La crainte de vous surprendre trop vite me l'avait fait prendre en voyage.

There is general rejoicing, which is restrained within due bounds by Jaques, who repeats, as the sum of his travels, the Seven Ages. Orlando breaks in, demanding food for himself and Adam pretty much as in Shakespeare. Rosalind speaks to him, and in an *aside* Orlando exclaims, ' O puissances célestes ! Rosalinde !' but, aloud, addresses Rosalind as ' Monsieur,' who in turn, in an *aside*, says sadly, ' Je croyais qu'il m'aurait reconnue !' While still in doubt as to the reception which the exiled Duke would give to his niece, Celia, the daughter of his enemy, it is considered advisable to keep Celia in concealment in an old castle belonging to Jaques. Much

time is now devoted to the conversion of Jaques from a misanthrope to a jealous lover of Celia. In the midst of a conversation between Jaques, Celia, Rosalind, and Orlando, in which Rosalind, still in a page's dress, endeavours in vain to make Orlando tell the name of his love, Touchstone enters hastily, crying to them to save themselves and fly. In the attempt to comply they are met face to face by Charles the wrestler, who at the head of 'une petite escorte de Gens Armés' has been sent by Duke Frederick to bring back his daughter. Out of complaisance to Orlando, his former antagonist and vanquisher, Charles chivalrously and gallantly declines to seize Celia, and, with a grace snatched beyond the bounds of truth, tells his soldiers that the object of their search is not present, and then retires.

The first two or three Scenes of the Third Act are taken up with the love-making of Touchstone, Audrey, and William, with Jaques as the guide, philosopher and friend of all parties. Jaques manifests his increasing devotion to Celia by his exertions to furnish up his old mansion, and while thus occupied Orlando begs his aid in correcting some love-verses which he had composed, beginning: 'Bonnes gens, oyez la merveille! L'Amour, petit comme une abeille, Est venu cacher dans mon cœur Et son venin et sa douceur,' &c. Celia enters, and by her coquetry with Orlando so stirs Jaques's jealousy that nothing less than an appeal to the duello will satisfy Jaques, convinced as he now is that Orlando's verses were intended for Celia, who in vain tries to allay the storm. Rosalind enters, and at a word from her Orlando sheaths his sword; thereupon Jaques does the like, but Orlando is still too bashful to acknowledge that the verses were meant for Rosalind. The Duke enters and announces that his brother has repented and restored to him his dominions. Celia salutes Rosalind as 'ma princesse, ma souveraine! Je te vais prêter foi et hommage! mais tu permettras . . . (*elle fait signe à Roland*) qu'un de ses amis prenne place à tes genoux.' Hereupon the Duke interferes, and in severe tones expresses his doubts as to Orlando's honesty, and commands Oliver to approach, who accuses Orlando and old Adam of robbing him of a sum of money before they left home, and of having threatened his life. Old Adam swears that the money was his own, and Jaques testifies to the plot on Orlando's life which he overheard Oliver and Charles devise. Thereupon, the Duke commands Oliver to be thrown from a high rock; a fine chance is now given to Orlando to show his magnanimity in pleading for his brother's life; and he improves it. Oliver is pardoned. Rosalind is given to Orlando. William eclipses Touchstone and carries off Audrey. Jaques declares that he will not leave the forest, but will bid them all farewell—he cannot follow them. Thereupon, Celia, who is left alone with Jaques, gently confesses that her heart is his:

*Jacques.* Célia! . . . Non! vous raillez! je ne suis plus jeune! . . .

*Célia.* Aimez-vous?

*Jacques.* Je suis pauvre, triste, mécontent de toutes choses. . . .

*Célia.* Vous n'aimez donc pas?

*Jacques (transporté).* Ah! tenez! vous avez raison! Je suis jeune, je suis riche, je suis gai, je suis heureux. Oui, oui, le firmament s'embrace là-haut et la terre fleurit ici-bas! Je respire avec l'amour une vie nouvelle, et mes yeux s'ouvrent à la vérité! Qui? moi, mélancholique? Non! je ne suis pas un impie! Le ciel est bon, les hommes sont doux, le monde est un jardin de délices et la femme est l'ange du pardon . . . (*il tombe à ses pieds*), si je ne rêve pas que vous m'aimez!

*Célia.* Il doute encore! . . . Jacques, par les roses du printemps, par la virginité des lis, par la jeunesse, par la foi, par l'honneur, je vous aime! A présent, voulez-vous me quitter?

*Jacques.* Non, jamais ! car je t'aime aussi ! Oh ! la plus belle parole que l'homme puisse dire : Je t'aime ! . . .

*Célia.* Eh bien, puisque mon père n'est plus ni riche ni puissant . . . puisque, grâce au ciel, je puis être à vous, . . . suis-moi !

*FIN DE COMME IL VOUS PLAIRA.*

#### ACTORS

BOADEN (*Memoirs of Mrs Siddons*, 1827, vol. ii, p. 166) : The Rosalind of *As You Like It* had been a favourite character of MRS SIDDONS on theatres nearer to the Forest of Arden ; and for her second benefit this season [1785] she ventured to appear upon the London stage in a dress which more strongly reminded the spectator of the sex which she had laid down than that which she had taken up. . . . Rosalind was one of the most delicate achievements of MRS SIDDONS. The common objection to her comedy, that it was only the smile of *tragedy*, made the express charm of Rosalind,—her vivacity is understanding, not buoyant spirits,—she closes her brilliant assaults upon others with a smothered sigh for her own condition. She often appears to my recollection addressing the successful Orlando by the beautiful discrimination of Shakespeare's feelings : '*Gentleman*, Wear this for me,' &c., I, ii, 241 ; '*Orlando*' had been familiar, '*young man*' now coarse. And, on the discovery that modesty kept even his encouraged merit silent, the graceful farewell faintly articulated was such a style of comedy as could come only from a spirit tenderly touched. . . . MRS SIDDONS put so much soul into all the raillery of Ganymede as really to cover the very boards of the stage. She seemed indeed brought up by a deep magician, and to be forest born. But the return to the habiliments of Rosalind was attended with that happy supplement to the poet's language, where the same terms are applied to different personages, and the meaning is expanded by the discrimination of look, and tone, and action,—'To you I give myself, *for* I am YOURS.'

CAMPBELL (*Life of Mrs Siddons*, 1834, vol. ii, p. 68) : The new character which she performed [30 April, 1785] was that of Rosalind. After a successful transition from the greatest to the gentlest parts of tragedy, it would have been but one step further, in the versatility of genius, to have been at home in the enchanting Rosalind ; and as the character, though comic, is not broadly so, and is as romantic and poetical as anything in tragedy, I somewhat grudgingly confess my belief that her performance of it, though not a failure, seems to have fallen equally short of a triumph. It appears that she played the part admirably in some particulars. But, altogether, Rosalind's character has a gay and feathery lightness of spirits which one can easily imagine more difficult for MRS SIDDONS to assume than the tragic meekness of Desdemona. In *As You Like It* Rosalind is the soul of the piece ; aided only by the Clown (and, oh that half the so-called wise were as clever as Shakespeare's clowns !), she has to redeem the wildness of a forest and the dullness of rustic life. Her wit and beauty have 'to throw a sunshine in the shady place.' Abate but a spark of her spirit, and we should become, in the forest scenes, as melancholy and moralising as Jacques. Shakespeare's Rosalind, therefore, requires the gayest and archest representative. In a letter from Mr Young, which I have before me, he says, 'Her Rosalind wanted neither playfulness nor feminine softness ; but it

was totally without archness,—not because she did not properly conceive it; but how could such a countenance be arch? Here alone, I believe, in her whole professional career, MRS SIDDONS found a rival who beat her out of a single character. The rival Rosalind was MRS JORDAN; but those who best remember MRS JORDAN will be the least surprised at her defeating her great contemporary in this one instance. MRS JORDAN was, perhaps, a little too much of the romp in some touches of the part; but, altogether, she had the *naïveté* of it to a degree that Shakespeare himself, if he had been a living spectator, would have gone behind the scenes to have saluted her for her success in it. ANNA SEWARD, who, though her taste was exceedingly bad in many points, had a due appreciation of our great actress, speaks of her as follows in the part of Rosalind: 'For the first time I saw the justly celebrated MRS SIDDONS in comedy, in the part of Rosalind; but though her smile is as enchanting as her frown is magnificent, as her tears are irresistible, yet the playful scintillations of colloquial wit, which most strongly mark that character, suit not the Siddonian form and countenance. Then her dress was injudicious. The scrupulous prudery of decency produced an ambiguous vestment, that seemed neither male nor female.' 'But,' MISS SEWARD adds, 'when she first came on as the Princess, nothing could be more charming, nor than when she resumed her original character, and exchanged comie spirit for dignified tenderness.'

THE SCOTSMAN:\* Shakespeare has, in this character of Rosalind, left more to the creative genius of the actor than perhaps in any other of his female characters. Hence, the author and actor have not far from equal shares in the finished work; it is not merely that MISS FAUCIT, in her Rosalind, does justice to the reproduction of Shakespeare's creation; she completes and illuminates for us his conception. The singularly acute and subtle sympathy by which this complement is given to the work of the great dramatist, produces an effect like that of sunlight on some fair landscape,—beautiful before the delicate and generous light flows over it, but, after, glowing with the very perfection of theretofore unimagined loveliness. This exceptional partnership of author and actor imparts one of its great charms to MISS FAUCIT's representation of Rosalind; there is so much of her own in it that we sometimes forget that there is in it anything not her own, and are brought back with a start to the remembrance that, after all, it is playing, and not real living and loving, that is going on before us. It may be a kind of conscientiousness of part-proprietorship in the character of Rosalind that in her representation of it heightens the always high finish, and refines the always delicate handling, which MISS FAUCIT bestows on her acting; certainly a more exquisite and graceful piece of dramatic art playgoers may fairly despair of seeing, and players of presenting. Even Shakespeare has given us no other such outline of an airy, romantic, sensitive female nature joined to great sprightliness, resolution, tenderness, and wit; and MISS FAUCIT's filling in of this rare outline is perfectly harmonious. Not a word, or tone, or gesture jars upon us from first to last; nothing disturbs the ideal that, from Rosalind's earliest appearance, we represent to ourselves, but every touch adds new graces and new charms. Especially in the sudden mutations of mood and style that so frequently occur during the adventures of Ganymede in the forest, was the perfect congruity of MISS FAUCIT's conception conspicuous; never by chance, in all these changes, did she show or hint in

\* A newspaper cutting, undated, kindly sent to me by a correspondent. It certainly deserves preservation, if only for the two or three glimpses which it gives us of look, tone, or gesture in particular passages.—Ed.

Rosalind aught that was not in harmony with everything that went before and was to come after. When, for example, after the mock marriage, Orlando is summoned away to attend the Duke, and Rosalind goes off in a fit of pouting and tears, the counterfeiting was so admirably done as to induce the momentary fancy that her character had broken down under the strain of self-denying deception. But in an instant a radiant smile, growing to a half-railing laugh, altered the whole current, and gave us back the arch yet earnest woman who overflows with gayety, because she has in her hand all that her heart desires, and can afford to torment herself by balking herself of it, because she is so sure of it. Another admirable touch of harmonising colour, so to speak, is conveyed in the partly involuntary and nervous laughter that the assumed Ganymede gives way to; with curious felicity expressing at once maidenly alarm lest her disguise should fail to screen her, and maidenly glee she can ill repress at the knowledge that the man she loves, loves her and is at her command.

THE GLASGOW CONSTITUTIONAL (17 February, 1847): So prolific is Miss HELEN FAUCIT's genius,—so entirely has she adopted and improved upon the conception of Shakespeare,—that above two-thirds of the charming image, which is painted indelibly on every mind which witnessed it, is entirely her own. It is quite Shakespearian, but it is not to be found in Shakespeare. Her pantomime would be nearly as effective if she never said a word. The step, the smile, the arch look, the exquisite playfulness, the uniform grace, the passing malice, and lasting kindness of heart, are all her own.

THE ART JOURNAL (January, 1867—cited by W. C. Russell, *Representative Actors*, p. 410): Like all true artists, [LADY MARTIN] manifestly works from within outward. Whatever character she assumes has a truth and unity which could be produced in no other way. Consider her, for example, in *As You Like It*. It is clear that she has entered into the soul of Rosalind, nor realised that alone, but all the life of the woman and her surroundings as well. Rosalind's words, therefore, sparkle upon her lips as if they were the offspring of the moment, or deepen into tenderness as if her very Orlando were thrilling her heart with tones that are but faint echoes of her own emotion. All she says and does seems to grow out of the situation as if it were seen and heard for the first time. She takes us into Arden with her, and makes us feel, with the other free foresters of this glorious woodland, what a charm of sunshine and grace that clear, buoyant spirit diffused among its melancholy boughs. . . . Her characters seem to be to her living things, ever fresh, ever full of interest, and on which her imagination is ever at work. They must mingle with her life, even as the thickcoming *fancies* of the poet mingle with his. As, therefore, her rare womanly nature deepens and expands, so do they take a deeper tone and become interfused with a more accomplished grace.

#### COSTUME

E. W. GODWIN (*The Architect*, 1 May, 1875): This play refers distinctly to a time prior to the succession of Anne of Brittany, for her duchy was the last of the princedoms added to the crown by her marriage with the King of France. The time of the action, therefore, belongs to some period before the commencement of the six-

teenth century, and the reign of Louis XI (1461-1483), contemporary with that of our Edward IV, is probably as late as we can safely place it. Architecture has very little to do with the scenery of this comedy. Indeed, there is no need of its introduction at all. The First Act gives: 1. An orchard near Oliver's house. 2. A lawn before the Duke's palace. 3. A room in the palace. Now there is nothing to call for any buildings in 1 and 2, and the 3d Scene may just as well be enacted on the lawn (2) as in a room. In the Second Act we have for the 2d Scene a room in the palace, occurring again in the 1st Scene of the Third Act. Both scenes are extremely short, and might be omitted without doing any violence to the conduct of the plot. So, too, the 3d Scene of the Second Act may be the same as the 1st of the First. And as all the rest of the action is in the Forest of Arden, there is really no need of any architectural scenery in *As You Like It*.

The costume of 1461-1483 was not so extravagant in France as it was in England. In the Court of Duke Frederick we should see doublets and gowns of silk velvet and cloth of gold; rich embroideries in Venice gold, chiefly of the net and pine-apple pattern; deep trimmings of fur or velvet to collars, cuffs, and skirts of Rosalind's and Celia's dresses; and various other things, [such as are required for the] plays of *Henry VI* and *Richard III*. But there are so many MSS of this time, especially in the Imperial and National Libraries in Paris, and their illuminations reveal so many different styles of toilette, that the power of selection to a certain extent and within certain limits is in our hands, and our decision in these matters must therefore be more or less influenced by the *physique* of the actor or actress. For the more we know of the costume of the past, the more satisfied we are that we can avoid, if we choose, those curiosities of dress where the ludicrous is predominant, and which, by arousing untimely laughter, interfere sadly with the dramatic action.

[Godwin has referred to the costume of the time of Edward IV as appropriate to this play, of which costume he wrote as follows in the same journal of 6 February:] Fashion in costume was now beginning that activity of life which is so acutely felt at present. Every new thing, no matter how inappropriate, provided only it were brought out in France, was sure to be received in England. Costly materials, such as silk, satin, velvet, cloth of gold, and fur of sables, were worn even by boys. Heavy chains of gold, and girdles of the same material and of silver gilt, were so common as to make it necessary to forbid the use of them, except to such persons as were possessed of 40*l.* a year. In 1464, Edward IV tried to govern the fashion by Act of Parliament, by which only lords had privilege of wearing the indecently short jackets or doublets hitherto worn by knights and squires. The pikes or points of the shoes and boots were limited to a length of 2 inches, excepting only those of the nobility, who had the privilege of wearing them from 6 to as much as 24 inches long. Stuffing of wool, or as we should call it *padding*, was used to such an extravagant degree by the fine young gentlemen of the period that their shoulders looked absolutely deformed. In the armour there is the same padded, bulging look which we recognise in the civil costume. . . . The silk surcoat of earlier days was seldom or ever used, but instead of it they wore either a tabard of arms, as worn by heralds, or a long sleeveless cloak open at the sides. The costume of the ladies was as costly and extravagant as that of the gentlemen. The gowns had enormously wide borders of fur or velvet. Conical caps, as much as three-quarters of a yard high, were quite the correct thing; loose fine kerchiefs hung from the top of them, reaching nearly to the ground. One of these head-dresses, when bordered by wings, was known at the time by the name of 'butterfly;' and head-dresses of this kind, made of starched and

wired lawn, may yet be seen in St. Lô, with the butterfly's wings and all complete as they were worn four centuries ago.

[In the costume of the time of Richard III there was very little change from that just described.] The embroidered pattern of this time was that composed of what was called 'the nett and pyne apple,' a decoration that seems to have been not only a great favourite, but a very long-lived one. For the head, men used hats of estate, the rolls behind and the beeks (pecks) before; little round caps or bonnets (*bonets*), with fur edging and a feather, something like a lady's modern pork-pie hat; and the cape with its hood. Top-boots, 9 or 10 inches higher than the knee and very long pointed toes, were commonly worn. The doublets and gowns were of satin, velvet, or cloth of gold lined with velvet, many of them being richly embroidered with personal badges or the fashionable pattern above mentioned. In the ladies' dresses we note first the disappearance of the tall head-gear, and in its place we see a reasonable caul or net of gold confining the hair at the back of the head, with a very fine kerchief stiffened into shape as in the preceding reign. . . . On ordinary occasions the hair seems to have been worn loosely hanging over the shoulder, *au naturel*. It requires no wonderful wit to render such a costume eminently pleasing.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE (*Studies in Shakespeare*, 1886, p. 242): It would seem as if all the Rosalinds—all of them—laid themselves out to defy both Shakespeare and common sense in this matter [of costume] to the utmost of attainable possibility. When they come before us as Ganymede, they dress themselves not only as no man or boy in England, but as no human creature within the narrow seas, was dressed in Shakespeare's time. Instead of a doublet, they don a kind of short tunic, girdled at the waist and hanging to the knee. They wear long stockings, generally of silk, imagining them to be hose, and ignorant, probably, that in Shakespeare's time there were not a dozen pair of silk hose in all England. Nevertheless, they go about with nothing but light silk stockings upon their legs amid the underwood and brambles of the Forest of Arden. With some appreciation of this absurdity, one distinguished actress in this part wears long buttoned gaiters, which are even more anachronistic than the silk stockings. Upon their heads they all of them, without exception, wear a sort of hat which was unknown to the masculine head in the days of Elizabeth and James,—a low-crowned, broad-brimmed something, more like what is known to ladies of late years as a 'Gainsborough' than anything else that has been named by milliners. If a man had appeared in the streets of London at that day in such a hat, he would have been hooted at by all the 'prentices in Eastcheap. There was not in all the Forest of Arden a wolf or a bear, of the slightest pretension to fashion, that would not have howled at the sight of such a head-gear. Briefly, the Rosalinds of the stage are pretty impossible monsters, unlike anything real that ever was seen, unlike anything that could have been accepted by their lovers for what they pretend to be, and particularly unlike that which Shakespeare intended that they should be.

Let us see what Shakespeare did intend his Rosalind to be when she was in the Forest of Arden. . . . Plainly, when the young princesses set forth on their wild adventure they did all that they could to conceal the feminine beauty of their faces. Celia puts herself in the dress of a woman of the lower classes. Rosalind assumes not merely the costume of a young man, but that of a martial youth, almost of a swashbuckler. She says that she will have 'a swashing and a martial outside,' as well as carry a boar-spear in her hand and have a curtle-axe upon her thigh. And, by the way, it is amusing to see the literalness with which the stage Rosalinds take

up the text and rig themselves out in conformity with their construction, or it may be the conventional stage construction, of it. They carry, among other dangling fallals, a little axe in their belts or strapped across their shoulders. But Rosalind's 'curtle-axe' was merely a short sword, which she should wear as any soldierly young fellow of the day would wear his sword.

Thus browned, and with her hair tied up in love-knots, after the fashion of the young military dandies of that time, with her boar-spear and her cutlass, she would yet have revealed her sex to any discriminating masculine eye had it not been for certain peculiarities of costume in Shakespeare's day. There were the doublet and the trunk-hose. Rosalind, instead of wearing a tunic or short gown, cut up to the knees, should wear the very garments that she talks so much about, and in which I never saw a Rosalind appear upon the stage. A doublet was a short jacket with close sleeves, fitting tight to the body, and coming down only to the hip or a very little below it. Of course its form varied somewhat with temporary fashion, and sometimes, indeed, it stopped at the waist. To this garment the hose (which were not stockings, but the whole covering for the leg from shoe to doublet) were attached by silken tags called points. But during the greater part of Shakespeare's life what were called trunk-hose were worn; and these, being stuffed out about the waist and the upper part of the thigh with bombast or what was called cotton-wool, entirely reversed the natural outline of man's figure between the waist and the middle of the thigh, and made it impossible to tell, so far as shape was concerned, whether the wearer was of the male or female sex. Rosalind, by the doublet and hose that Shakespeare had in mind, would have concealed the womanliness of her figure even more than by her umber she would have darkened, if not eclipsed, the beauty of her face. This concealment of forms, which would at once have betrayed her both to father and lover, was perfected by a necessary part of her costume as a young man living a forest life: these were boots. An essential part of Rosalind's dress as Gany-mede is loose boots of soft tawny leather, coming up not only over leg, but partly over thigh, and almost meeting the puffed and bombasted trunk-hose. To complete this costume in character, she should wear a coarse russet cloak and a black felt hat with narrow brim and high and slightly conical crown, on the band of which she might put a short feather and around it might twist a light gold chain or ribbon and medal. Thus disguised, Rosalind might indeed have defied her lover's eye or her father's. Thus arrayed, the stage Rosalind might win us to believe that she was really deluding Orlando with the fancy that the soul of his mistress had migrated into the body of a page. This Rosalind might even meet the penetrating eye of that old sinner Jaques, experienced as he was in all the arts and deceits of men and women in all climes and countries. With this Rosalind, Phebe indeed might fall in love; and a Phebe must love a man.

Nor are the perfection of Rosalind's disguise and concealment of her sex from the eyes of her companions important only in regard to her supposed relations with them. It is essential to the development of her character, and even to the real significance of what she says and does. . . . Rosalind, for all her soft, sweet apprehensiveness and doubt about Orlando's value of that which she has given to him before he had shown that he desired it, enjoys the situation in which she is placed. She sees the fun of it, as Celia, for example, hardly sees it; and she relishes it with the keenest appetite. If that situation is not emphasized for the spectators of her little mysterious mask of love by what is, for them, the absolute and perfectly probable and natural deception of Orlando, Rosalind lacks the very reason of her being. To enjoy what she does and what she is, to give her our fullest sympathy, we must not be called



upon to make believe very hard that Orlando does not see that she is the woman that he loves; while at the same time we must see that he feels that around this saucy lad there is floating a mysterious atmosphere of tenderness, of enchanting fancy, and of a most delicate sensitiveness. Moreover, we must see that Rosalind herself is at rest about her incognito, and that she can say her tender, witty, boy-masked sayings undisturbed by the least consciousness that Orlando's eyes can see through the doublet and hose, which at once become her first concern, her instant thought, when she is told plainly that he is in the Forest of Arden. The perfection of her disguise is thus essential to the higher purpose of the comedy. Rosalind was fair; but after having seen her in her brilliant beauty at the court of her usurping uncle, we must be content, as she was, to see it browned to the hue of forest exposure and deprived of all the pretty coquetties of personal adornment which set so well upon her sex, and to find in her, our very selves, the outward seeming of a somewhat overbold and soldierly young fellow, who is living, half-shepherd, half-hunter, in welcomed companionship with a band of gentlemanly outlaws. Unless all this is set very clearly and unmistakably before us by the physical and merely external appearance of our heroine, there is an incongruity fatal to the idea of the comedy, and directly at variance with the clearly defined intentions of its writer.

That incongruity always exists in a greater or less degree in the performance of all the Rosalinds of the stage. I can make no exception. In case of the best Rosalinds I have ever seen, the supposition that Orlando was deceived, or that any other man could be deceived, in the sex of Ganymede was absurd, preposterous. They all dress the page in such a way, they all play the page in such a way, that his womanhood is salient. It looks from his eye, it is spoken from his lips, just as plainly as it is revealed by his walk and by the shape and action of the things he walks with. That they should dress the part with female coquetry is, if not laudable, at least admissible, excusable. The highest sense of art is perhaps not powerful enough to lead a woman to lay aside, before assembled hundreds, all the graces peculiar to her sex; but surely no artist, who at this stage of the world's appreciation of Shakespeare ventures to undertake the representation of this character, ought to fail in an apprehension of its clearly and simply defined external traits, or in the action by which those traits are revealed. . . .

(P. 256): All this may be very true, our gently smiling manager replies; but do you suppose that you are going to get any actress to brown her face and rig herself up so that she will actually look like a young huntsman, and play her part so that a man might unsuspectingly take her for another man? O most verdant critic, do you not know why it is actresses come before the public? It is for two reasons, of which it would be hard to say which is the more potent: to have the public delight in them, and to get money. It is in themselves personally that they wish to interest their audiences, not in their author or his creations. . . . She must have an opportunity to exhibit herself and her 'toilettes;' especially both, but particularly the latter. And, O most priggish and carping critic, with your musty notions about what Shakespeare meant and such fusty folly, the public like it as it is. They care more to see a pretty woman, with a pretty figure, prancing saucily about the stage in silk tights and behaving like neither man nor woman, than they would to see a booted, doublet, felt-hatted Rosalind behaving now like a real man and now like a real woman. To which the critic replies, O most sapient and worldly-wise manager, I know all that; and, moreover, that it is the reason why, instead of a Rosalind of Shakespeare's making, we have that hybrid thing, the stage Rosalind.

## JOHNSON'S LOVE IN A FOREST

In 1723, CHARLES JOHNSON, who apparently relieved his mind after the duties of keeping a tavern in Bow Street by unbending it over Shakespeare, had influence enough with Cibber and with Wilks to induce them to bring out at Drury Lane, where it ran for six nights, his version of *As You Like It*, which he re-named *Love in a Forest*.

This version or perversion, with its monstrous jumble of plays, would have received no notice here, were it not that, curiously enough, it anticipates GEORGE SAND in devising a love-match and marriage between Jaques and Celia. JOHNSON'S *Dramatis Personæ* will, of themselves, give a sufficient indication of the composite character of this hodge-podge: 'Jaques; Orlando; Alberto, the banished Duke; Adam; Oliver; Duke Frederick; Amiens; Robert de Bois; Le Beau; Charles, Master of the Duke's Academy; Rosalind; Celia; Pyramus; Wall; Moonshine; Thisby.'

GENEST (iii, 101) gives a synopsis of the play which is more than amply full, and is as follows:

*Act First*: The wrestling between Orlando and Charles is turned into a regular combat in the Lists,—Charles accuses Orlando of treason; several speeches are introduced from *Richard II*.

*Act Second*: When Duke Alberto enters with his friends, the speech about the wounded stag is very properly taken from the First Lord and given to Jaques; an improvement [*sic*] which is still retained on the stage,—in the next scene between the same parties, notwithstanding Touchstone is omitted, yet Jaques gives the description of his meeting with a fool,—much, however, of his part in this scene is left out very injudiciously, as is still the case when *As You Like It* is acted.

*Act Third*: The verses which Celia ought to read are omitted, and Touchstone's burlesque verses are given her instead,—when Orlando and Jaques enter, they begin their conversation as in the original, and end it with part of the First Act of *Much Ado*,—Jaques speaking what Benedick says about women,—when Rosalind and Celia come forward, Jaques walks off with Celia,—Rosalind omits the account of time's different paces,—Jaques returns with Celia and makes love to her, after which he has a soliloquy patched up from Benedick and Touchstone, with some additions from C. Johnson.

*Act Fourth* begins with a conversation between Jaques and Rosalind, in which he tells her of his love to Celia,—in the scene between Orlando and Rosalind considerable omissions are made, and Viola's speech, 'She never told her love,' &c., is inserted,—Robert (Jaques) de Bois brings the bloody napkin to Rosalind, instead of Oliver, who does not appear after the *First Act*,—Robert says that he (not Oliver) was the person rescued from the lioness,—that Oliver had killed himself, &c.—the Act concludes with the Second Scene of Shakespeare's *Fifth Act*, in which Rosalind desires all the parties on the stage to meet her to-morrow,—Jaques and Celia are made in some degree to supply the place of Sylvius and Phebe.

*Act Fifth* consists chiefly of the burlesque tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe from *Midsummer Night's Dream*; this is represented before the Duke, while Rosalind is changing her dress, instead of Touchstone's description of the quarrel,—when Rosalind returns, the play ends much as in the original, except that Jaques marries Celia, instead of going in quest of Duke Frederick, and that the Epilogue is omitted.

[See also the notice in 'Music,' *post*, of a composition by HENRY CAREY, called *The Huntsman's Song*, introduced in *Love in a Forest*.]

## MUSIC

*Under the greene wood tree.*

Act II, Scene v, Lines 3-9.

ALFRED ROFFE (*Handbook of Shakespeare Music*, London, 1878, p. 6): Before I speak for myself as to the music belonging to this beautiful pastoral, I wish to let Mr Linley be heard. The following are his words respecting the music for Amiens: 'In this charming play several songs are introduced, two of which have been delightfully set to music by *DR ARNE*. Of both these pieces the Doctor has omitted to notice some of the words; a circumstance greatly to be regretted, and difficult to be accounted for. The first song, "Under the greenwood tree," is in the play followed by a chorus, "Who doth ambition shun," which could not so well have been sung to the opening strain, but how easily, and with what superior characteristic effect, could he not have proceeded with the chorus in question.' Dr Arne's felicitous setting of Amiens's first song, 'Under the greenwood tree,' is of course well known to every one who cares for Shakespeare and for music. It had at first seemed to me, as to Mr Linley, singular that the Doctor had not included the words, 'Who doth ambition shun,' in his composition,—setting them to another, or varied, strain, of course; but it has since occurred to me, that at all events it does not follow, but that the Doctor may have composed 'Who doth ambition shun' as a chorus, following the stage-direction of 'All together here,' and yet that *it may never have been printed*. All who are interested in old opera and oratorio music know how unmercifully choruses and recitatives are left *unprinted*. It must also be remembered that there is a certain amount of most characteristic dialogue, which takes place between the *close* of Amiens's song and the introduction of the chorus. [For the purpose of showing that *in the drama* "Under the greenwood tree" and "Who doth ambition shun" are really two distinct pieces, Roffe here cites lines 10-37 of this same scene, and then continues.] Observe the expression used by Jaques, 'Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.' From this it plainly seems that Jaques looks for a chorus; and although Amiens replies, 'I'll end the song,' that would merely relate to the fact that he is the leader of the rest,—the solo singer whenever, not merely a *song* is required, but also the little piece of solo requirement which often belongs to a chorus.

The want which in this case *MR LINLEY* felt, he has in some measure supplied, so far as his own work was concerned, by composing music to the words, 'Who doth ambition shun' as a chorus to follow at once upon Dr Arne's song. Still, the *dramatic* effect is not attained, as Mr Linley has written his chorus for first and second sopranos and bass (with a view to performance in the drawing-room only), and not for male voices entirely, as required by the stage situation.

Dr Arne's melody has been arranged as a glee for four male voices by *SIR HENRY BISHOP*, and in that form was introduced into the operatised *Comedy of Errors*. [He also arranged Dr Arne's melody for Voice and Piano in his *The whole of the Music in As You Like It*, 1824, pp. 34-37.—*New Shakspeare Society*, p. 4.] There is a little three-voiced 'Under the greenwood tree' in a book of vocal compositions by *MARIA HESTER PARK* (date, about 1790). Lastly, as far as I at present know, there is a very elaborate setting of the song by *STAFFORD SMITH*, 1792. The first soprano part of this composition, which is a glee for four voices, is of a somewhat florid character, and the glee altogether is one which I doubt not, if it were skilfully performed, would give much pleasure to the Shakespearian musician.

THE NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY (*List of Songs, &c.*, Series VIII, *Miscellaneous*, No. 3, p. 4) adds the following settings:

EDWARD SMITH BIGGS, about 1800. Three voices.

G. A. MACFARREN, 1869. Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass. Novello's *Part-Song Book*.

H. W. WAREING, 1878. Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass. Part-Song. Novello.

[In OECHELHÄUSER's adaptation for the German stage (1870), a setting, as a duet, of this song is given, composed by ED THIELE, Hofkapellmeister in Dessau.]

*Blow, blow, thou winter winde.*

Act II, Scene vii, Lines 185-197

ROFFE (*Ibid*, p. 9): DR ARNE's beautiful setting of this song is of course known to every one who thinks of Shakespeare and music. It does, however, really seem somewhat singular that the Doctor should have omitted to set the burthen 'Heigh, ho! the holly,' &c. It cannot but be considered as a great mistake not to have set the poem entire. MR LINLEY has remarked upon the fact of this omission, and has accordingly composed the music himself for the burthen, and has added it to Dr Arne's melody. Mr Linley, as I imagine, has executed his self-imposed task very felicitously, and it can hardly be conceived that any one, after hearing the song with Mr Linley's addition, would ever desire to hear the Doctor's beautiful melody without Shakespeare's 'Heigh, ho! the holly,' as made musical by Mr Linley. N. B.—Any baritone, desirous of singing Amiens's song with Linley's addition, will find the whole flow on very pleasantly by transposition into the key of Eb, which will then make the highest note fall on the upper F.

MR R. J. STEVENS has set this song in its entirety as a four-voiced glee, for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, producing a very attractive composition of its kind; and SIR HENRY BISHOP, having harmonised Dr Arne's air for four male voices (to be introduced into the operatised *Comedy of Errors*), has added, with the proper acknowledgement to Mr Stevens, *the burthen from his glee*. In this case Sir Henry has raised the key from Bb, the original key, as sung by Mr Lowe (at least according to the printed copy), to C, so as to use an alto voice for the melody, accompanied by two tenors and a bass. Of Dr Arne's melody, strictly, there is another arrangement, as a glee for four male voices, by the eminent glee composer JOHN DANBY. In this case the original key is retained, so that the glee might be called one for three tenors and a bass.

In a collection of Vocal Music composed by SAMUEL WEBBE, the younger, published about 1830, will be found an elaborate setting of this song as a glee for five voices.

There is a setting of this song by the HON. MRS DYCE SOMERE. This is a slow air (in the key of D), and suitable for either contralto or baritone, or, indeed, for any voice, the compass being only from the lower C# to D. The melody is simple, and not without a certain feeling, however remote from the merits of that of Dr Arne. The burthen 'Heigh, ho,' &c. is omitted.

There is also a setting of this song by AGNES ZIMMERMAN, which I find reviewed in *The Athenæum* for 27 June, 1863. I transcribe the words of the critic, who, of this and of another composition by Miss Zimmerman, writes that they 'go far to justify the reputation gained by this young lady in the Royal Academy.' The critic then goes on to give his view, that 'there is a certain ungraciousness of character in the Shakespeare song, referable, no doubt, to the words; but be it right, be it wrong,

'we prefer Arne's rendering. The mixture of melancholy, melody, and freshness in his setting is almost unparagoned in the library of Shakespeare's songs.'

The latest setting of this song, that I have heard of, is a 'part-song' composed by *R. SCHACHNER*, and published in 1865.

THE NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY :—

*Mrs A. S. BARTHOLOMEW* (first MOUNSEY), 1857. Part Song. S, A., T., B. 'Six four-part Songs,' No. 3. Novello.

*G. A. MACFARREN*, 1864. Part Song. S., A., T., B. Novello. 'Choral Songs,' No. 7.

[In OECHELHÄUSER's adaptation a setting of this song, as a Baritone Solo with male chorus, is given, composed by *ED. THIELE*, Hofkapellmeister in Dessau.]

*From the east to western Inde.*

Act III, Scene ii, Lines 87-92.

THE NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY (*Jb.* p. 5) :—

*SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN*, 1865. Solo, Soprano. Called 'Rosalind.' Metzler & Co. He adds a spurious verse: 'Rosalind, of many parts,' &c. [See lines 148-153 of the same scene. It is hardly fair to call a verse 'spurious' which is Shakespeare's own. The composer merely transferred the verse, which, I think, is quite permissible.—ED.]

*What shall he have that kild the Deare ?*

Act IV, Scene ii, Lines 12-20.

See notes and music *ad loc.* pp. 227-231.

ROFFE (p. 12): *JOHN STAFFORD SMITH* set this song as a glee for alto, two tenors, and bass, and omitted the burthen [line 14]. This composition *MR LINLEY* has transferred to his work, adapting it, however, for two sopranos and a bass, apologising, at the same time, for the liberty of introducing a strain for this burthen: 'Then sing him home,' &c. *SIR HENRY BISHOP* has written for *The Comedy of Errors*, in his very effective and dramatic style, a setting of this song including the burthen. Of this work by Sir Henry Bishop, which is in Eb, and for men's voices only, in four parts, it may be noted that in *The Shakespeare Album* it is reproduced, but transposed into Ab, and arranged for soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass, soli and chorus.

There is a composition by *HENRY CAREY*, called *The Huntsman's Song in Love in a Forest*, which is a setting of Shakespeare's song, with an alteration of certain words in the original. [Lines 16-18] are transformed into 'It was the crest thy father wore, Thy father's father long before.' This composition by Carey, as *printed*, is on only two lines, the one vocal and the other a simple bass. There appears no symphony either for the introduction or the close, and no parts are given for the chorus, which is merely indicated by the word 'Chorus.' . . . No doubt this is the same piece of music of which mention may be found in an advertisement for a benefit at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, upon Tuesday, 12th of May, 1723, wherein we are promised: 'Several Entertainments of Singing and Dancing, particularly a Song 'on the Death of a Stag. The words by Shakespeare, set to music by Mr Henry Carey, and sung by Mr Ray, accompanied by French Horns, concluding with a Dance of Foresters.'

There is a three-part composition to this hunting-song by *DR PHILIP HAYES*. It is in a simple style, and I think has not the burthen, which is given by Carey.

There is also in Warren's Collection a setting of this song by *R. J. STEVENS*, with the burthen. The composition is for four male voices.

THE NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY (*Jb.* p. 6):—  
*E. EDGAR*, 1881. 'The horn, the horn.'

*It was a Louer, and his lasse.*

Act V, Scene iii, Lines 17-34.

See notes and music *ad loc.*, pp. 262-263.

ROFFE (p. 16): [In addition to the setting of this song as a duet by *LINLEY*, there is also] a setting, as a glee, by *R. J. STEVENS*. This is one among that composer's favorite pieces. *SIR HENRY BISHOP* has likewise a setting in the solo form, which was sung by Miss M. Tree in the operatised *Comedy of Errors*.

Lastly, I find in a Catalogue a setting of this song put down as a 'part-song,' composed by *S. REAY* in 1862; and again, another 'part-song' setting by *EDWARD LODGE* is to be found in the programme of a performance at St James's Hall on the 22nd of April, 1864.

THE NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY (*Jb.* p. 7):—

*F. STANISLAUS*, 1868. Solo, Soprano or Tenor. Ashdown.

*G. A. MACFARREN*, 1869. Part Song, S., A., T., B. Novello.

*H. HILES*, 1870. S., A., T., B. Novello.

*C. H. HUBERT PARRY*, 1874. 'Spring Song. 'A Garland,' No. 2. Contralto. Sung by Mad. Ant. Sterling. Boosey.

*M. B. FOSTER*, 1876. Solo, Contralto. Alfred Phillips. Kilburn.

*J. MEISSLER*, 1877.

*C. LABUNEYER*, 1881. 'In the spring-time.

*D. DAVIES*. Part Song. First sung May 7, 1883, at the Highbury Philharmonic Society.

*DR J. C. BRIDGE*, Nov., 1883. Part Song. S., A., T., B. Novello.

*B. LUARD SELBY*. Part Song. Novello.

*J. BOOTH*. Part Song. Novello.

*MICHAEL WATSON*. Part Song. S., A., T., B. Ashdown.

[*OECHELMÄUSER* gives a setting, as a duet, of this song, by *ED. THIELE*, Hofkapellmeister in Dessau.]

Hymen. *Then is there mirth in heaven.*

Act V, Scene iv, Lines 111-118.

ROFFE (p. 17): Mr Linley, after he has given the high praises due to Dr Arne's compositions for the songs of Amiens, goes on to assign his reasons for not allowing this song of Hymen to appear at all in his work. These are Linley's words, with a few italics of my own:—'There is another song of *ARNE*'s introduced when this play 'is performed, which begins: "Then is there mirth in Heaven;" but the words are 'not *Shakespeare's*, neither does the tune bear any comparison with the pastoral air-iness and originality of the former pieces.' It is curious that Linley offers not the least authority for his assertion [as to the authenticity of the words]. As to his

remark upon Arne's setting of this Hymen song, as compared with that of Amiens's song, no one would dispute its truth.

Hymen's song has been set not only by ARNE, but also (much more happily, to my mind) by SIR HENRY BISHOP, whose composition I heard, when Sir Henry's operatised *As You Like It* [was first brought out], most attractively given by Master Longhurst, who personated Hymen. There are many triplets in the composition, which were executed with a most agreeable neatness.

THE NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY (*Id.* p. 8) : In his setting of the operatised *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, 1821, SIR H. BISHOP has, at pp. 81-91, first a Soprano Solo of the first four lines of *Sonnet 25*, then a Chorus made up [as follows: 'Good Duke! receive thy daughter! Hymen from Heaven brought her. Such is great Juno's crown: To Hymen, honour and renown!'], and then a duet, one soprano taking the first four lines of *Sonnet 25*, the other, the first four of *Sonnet 97*.

[I have a setting composed by C. DIDDIN, arranged for the Piano by J. Addison, published by Caulfield.—ED.]

*Wedding is great Iunos crown.*

Act V, Scene iv, Lines 144-149.

ROFFE (p. 18) : This has been set by THOMAS CHILCOT, whose work, Linley writes, 'he should have gladly introduced had he found it in any degree expressive 'of the sense of the words.' LINLEY considered it 'too flippant for the dignity of the 'sentiments.' He has, therefore, set the words himself, and no doubt with infinite superiority. Chilcot's setting, which I have seen, I take to be of about the year 1740. [I have it arranged for the Piano by J. Addison, Caulfield.—ED.]

THE NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY (*Id.* p. 9) :—  
*B. Tours, 1882. Part Song. Unpublished.*

## PLAN OF THE WORK, &c.

IN this Edition the attempt is made, to give, in the shape of TEXTUAL NOTES, on the same page with the Text, all the Various Readings of *As You Like It*, from the First Folio to the latest critical Edition of the play; then, as COMMENTARY, follow the Notes which the Editor has thought worthy of insertion, not only for the purpose of elucidating the text, but at times as illustrations of the history of Shakespearian criticism. In the APPENDIX will be found discussions of subjects, which on the score of length could not be conveniently included in the Commentary.

### LIST OF EDITIONS' COLLATED IN THE TEXTUAL NOTES.

<i>THE FIRST FOLIO</i>	..	..	..	[F <sub>1</sub> ]	..	..	..	..	1623
<i>THE SECOND FOLIO</i>	..	..	..	[F <sub>2</sub> ]	..	..	..	..	1632
<i>THE THIRD FOLIO</i>	..	..	..	[F <sub>3</sub> ]	..	..	..	..	1664
<i>THE FOURTH FOLIO</i>	..	..	..	[F <sub>4</sub> ]	..	..	..	..	1685
ROWE (First Edition)	..	..	..	[Rowe i]	..	..	..	..	1709
ROWE (Second Edition)	..	..	..	[Rowe ii]	..	..	..	..	1714
POPE (First Edition)	..	..	..	[Pope i]	..	..	..	..	1723
POPE (Second Edition)	..	..	..	[Pope ii]	..	..	..	..	1728
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